

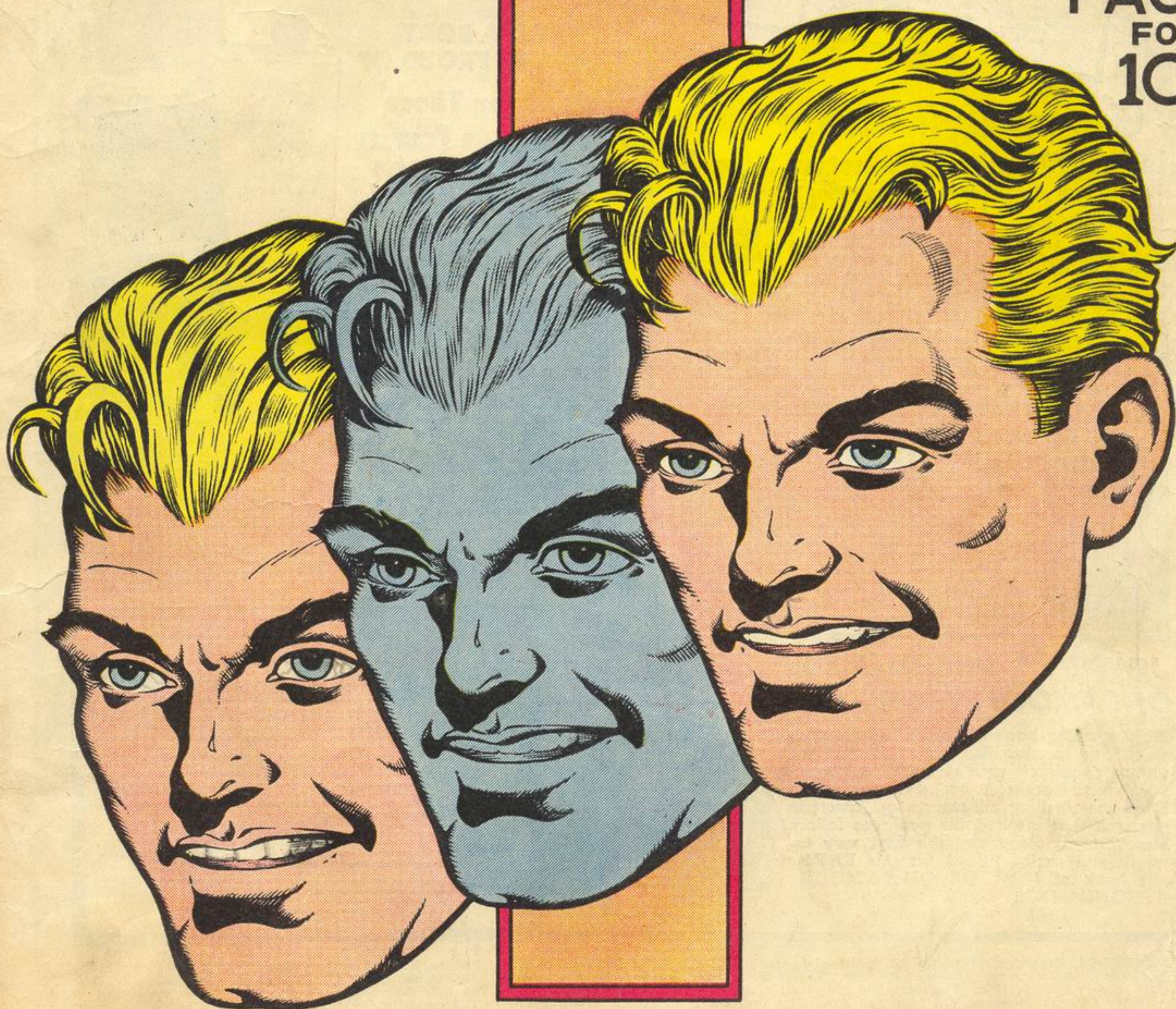
NOVEMBER
No. 45

CRACK COMICS

SM
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11

Captain **TRIUMPH** outwits KING,
The Jack of all Trades!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

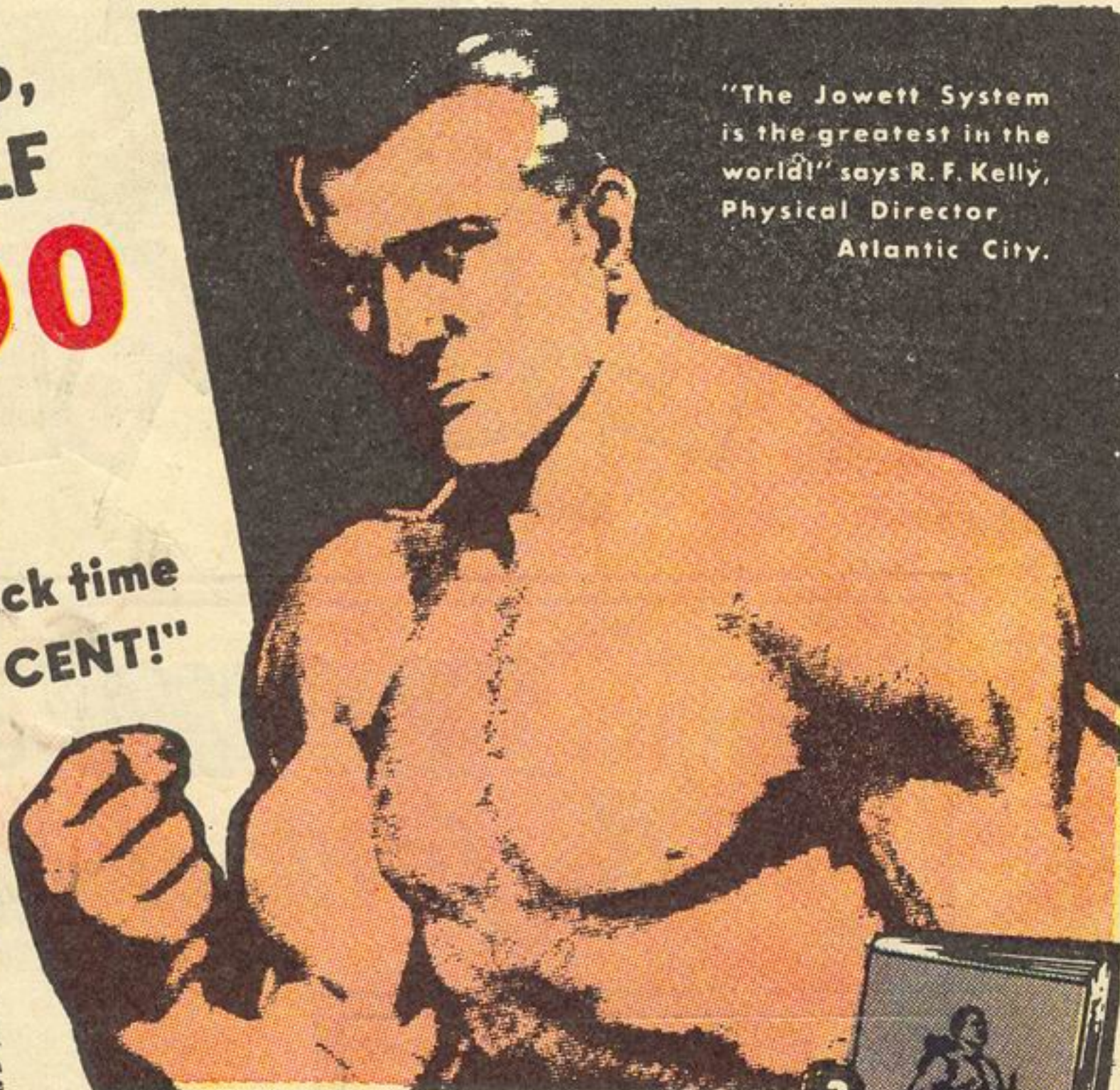
"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO -TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y. 1
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.....\$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding Mighty Legs.25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Arm 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Grip 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Back 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

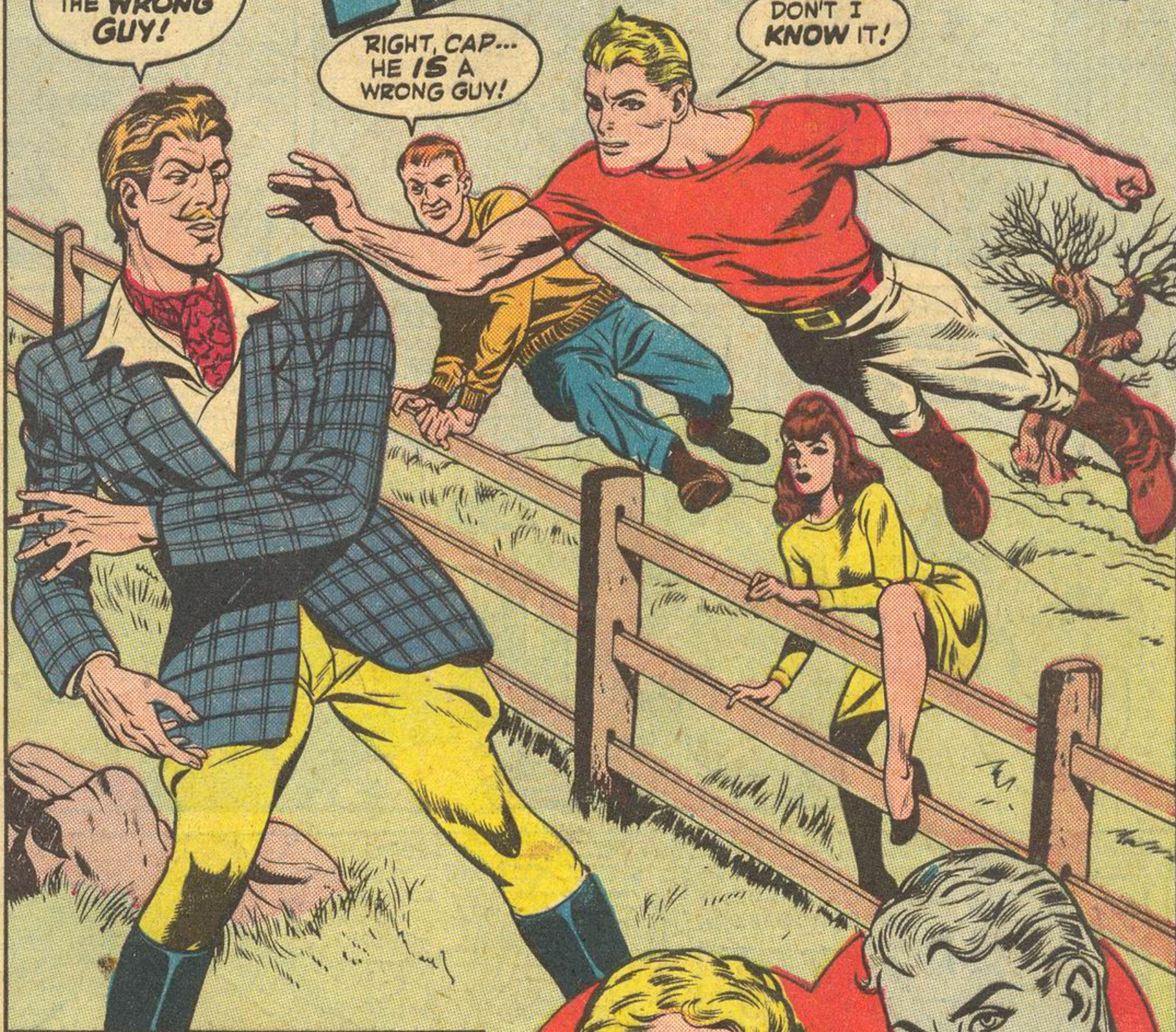
ADDRESS.....

Captain TRIUMPH

LAY OFF!
YOU'RE AFTER
THE **WRONG**
GUY!

RIGHT, CAP...
HE **IS** A
WRONG GUY!

DON'T I
KNOW IT!



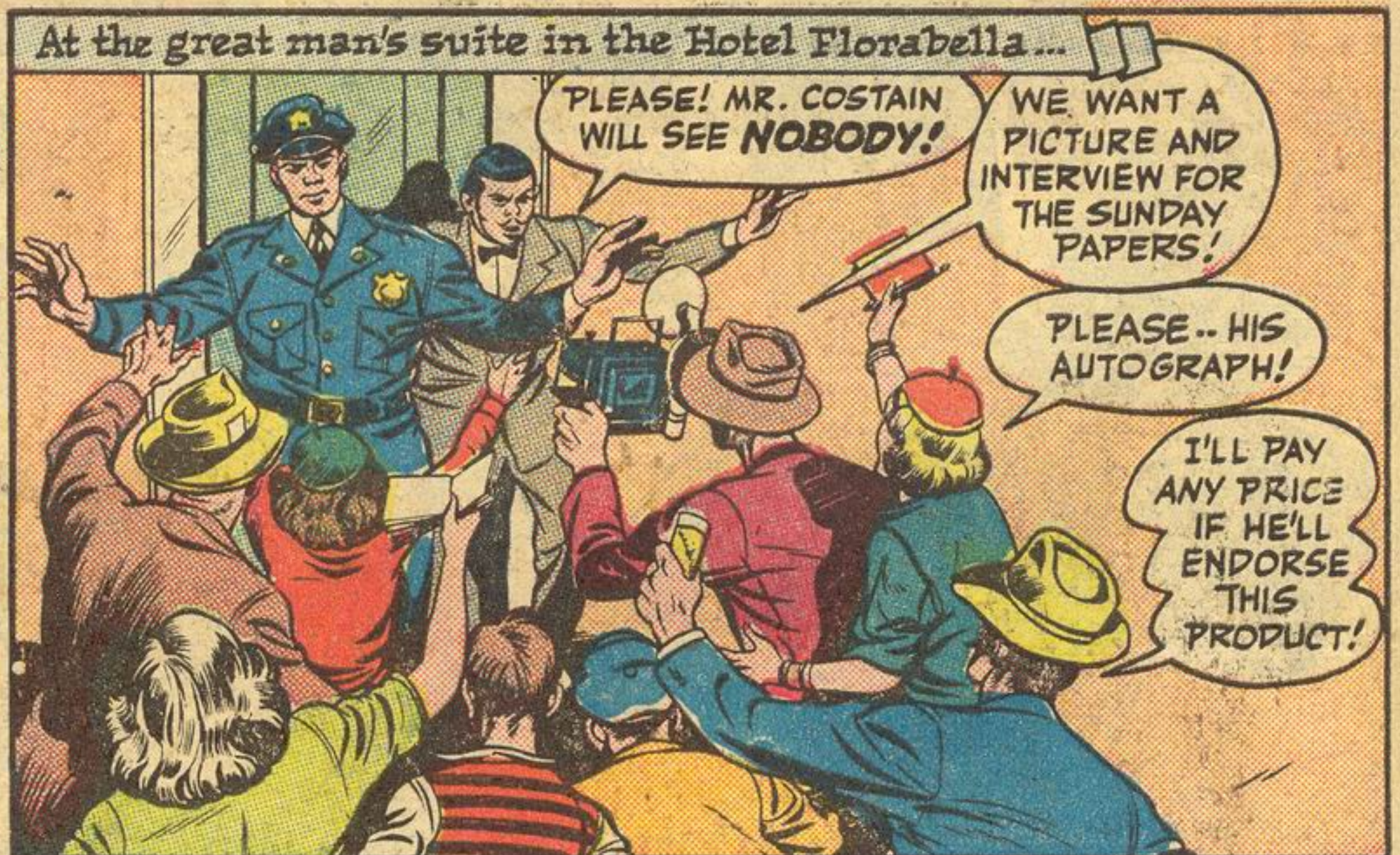
KING COSTAIN could **DO NO WRONG!** Men feared and respected him Women swooned over him Fortunes were offered to him!

Why couldn't **THE KING** let well enough alone and let **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH ALONE, TOO ???....**

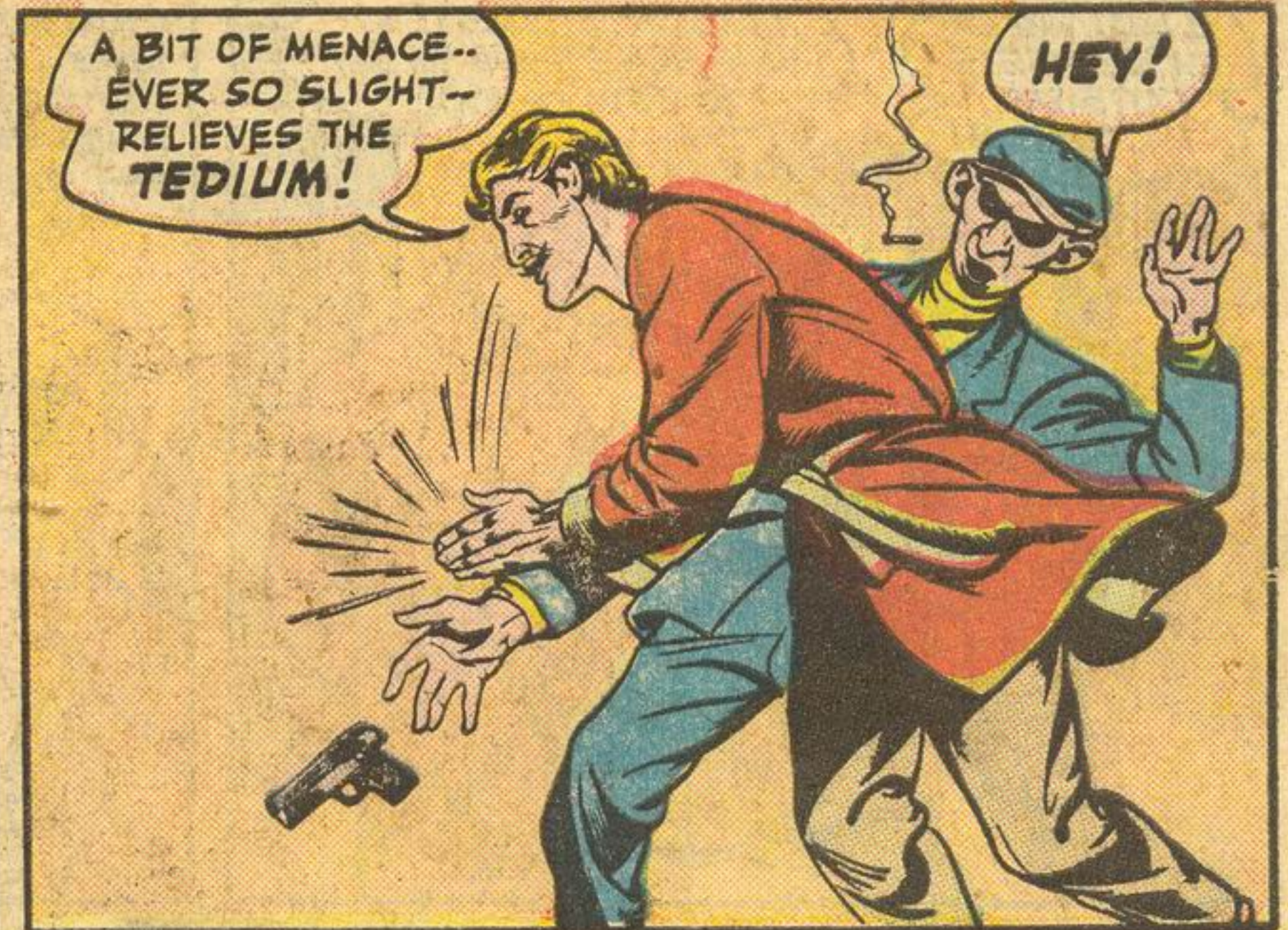


When Lance Gallant touches the magic mark on his wrist, he merges with the ghost of his dead twin Michael into the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**

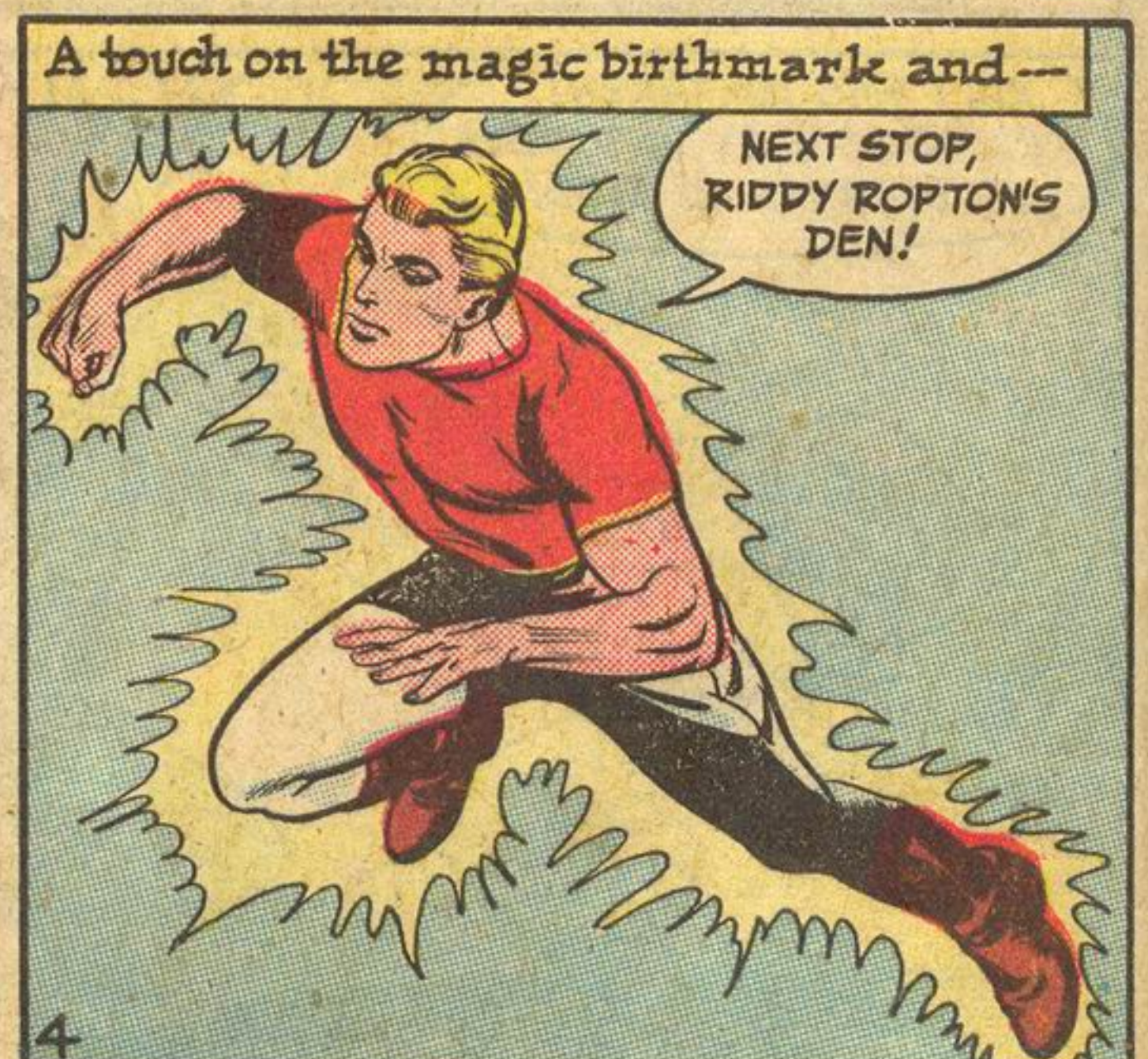
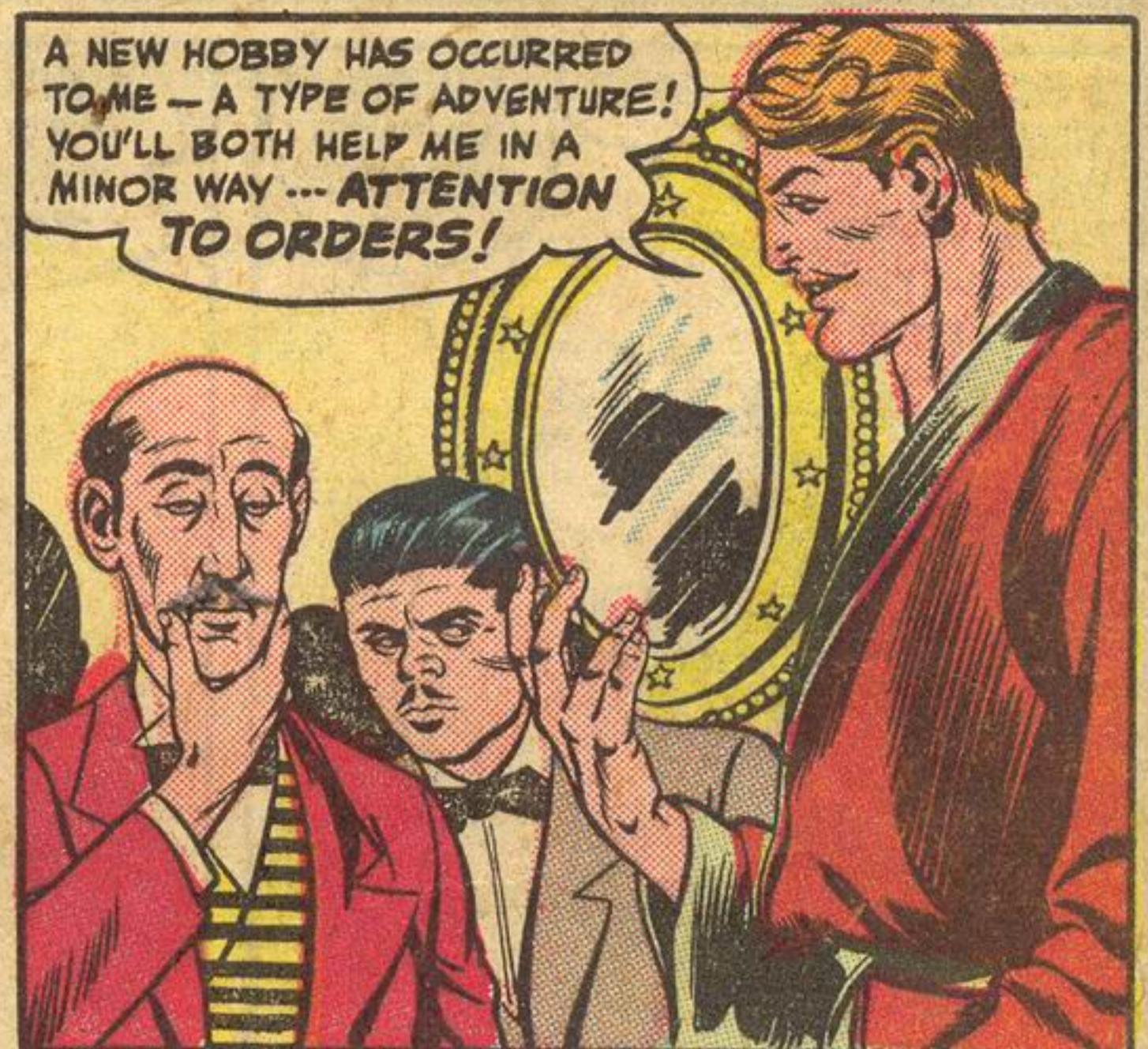
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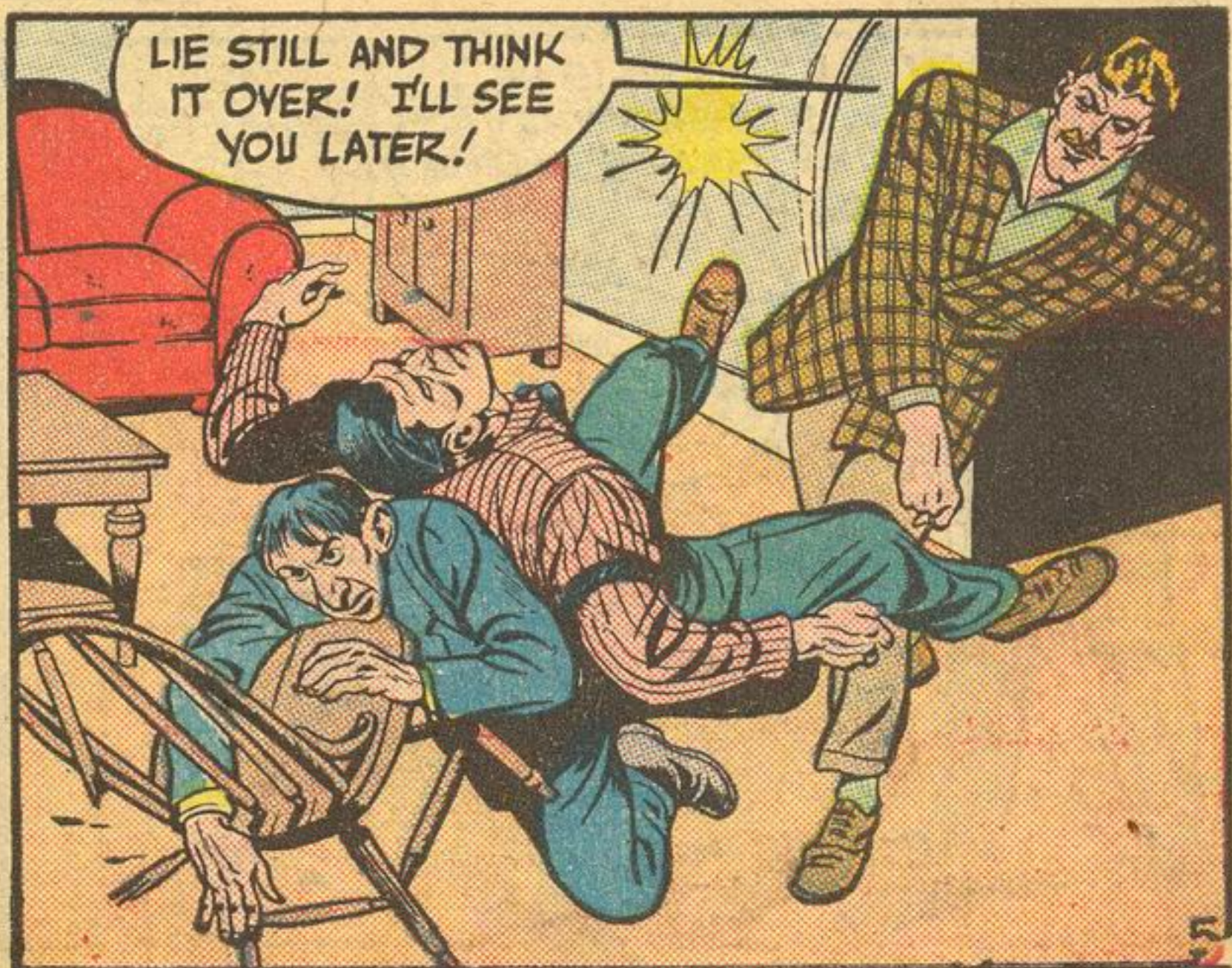
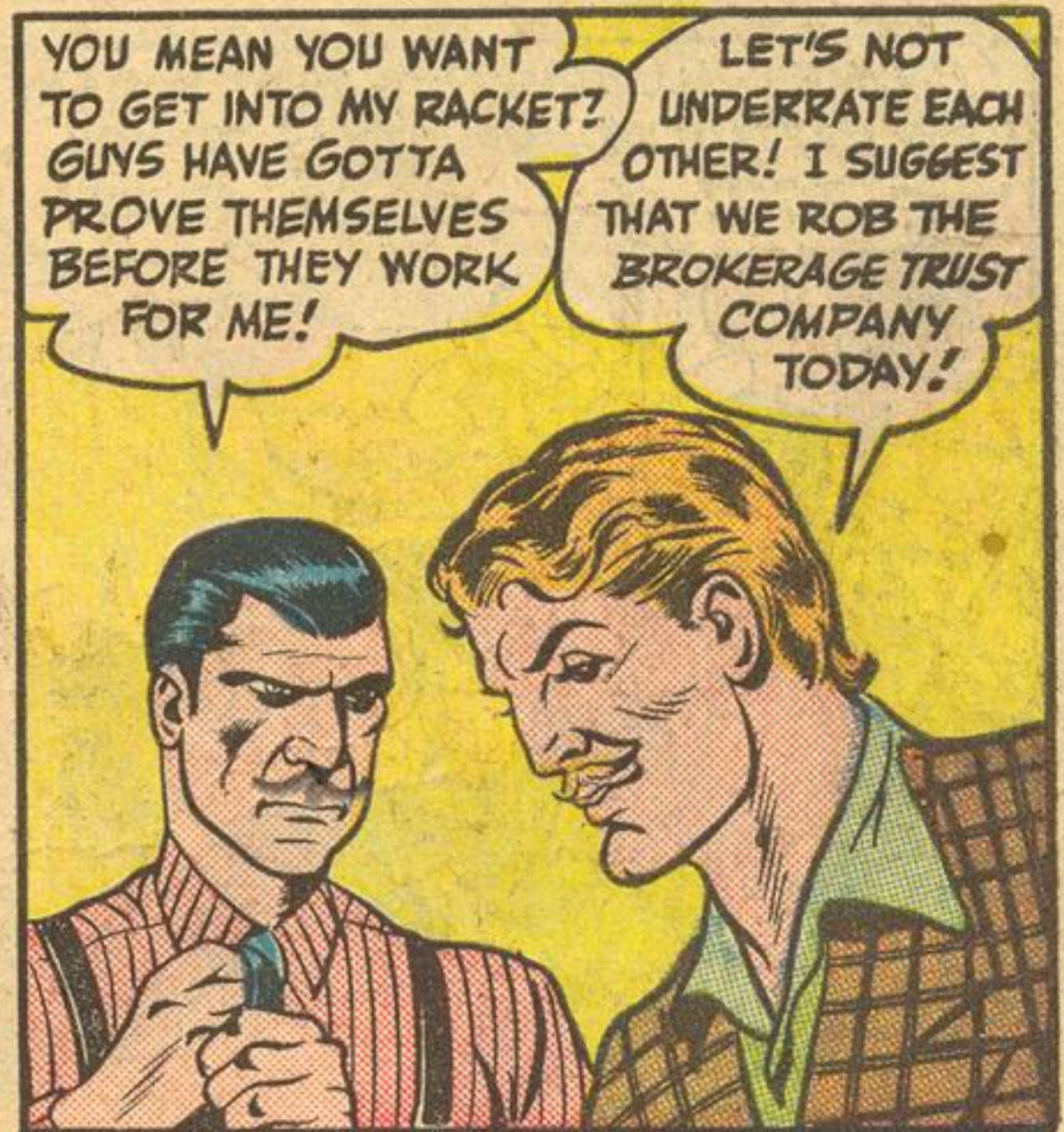
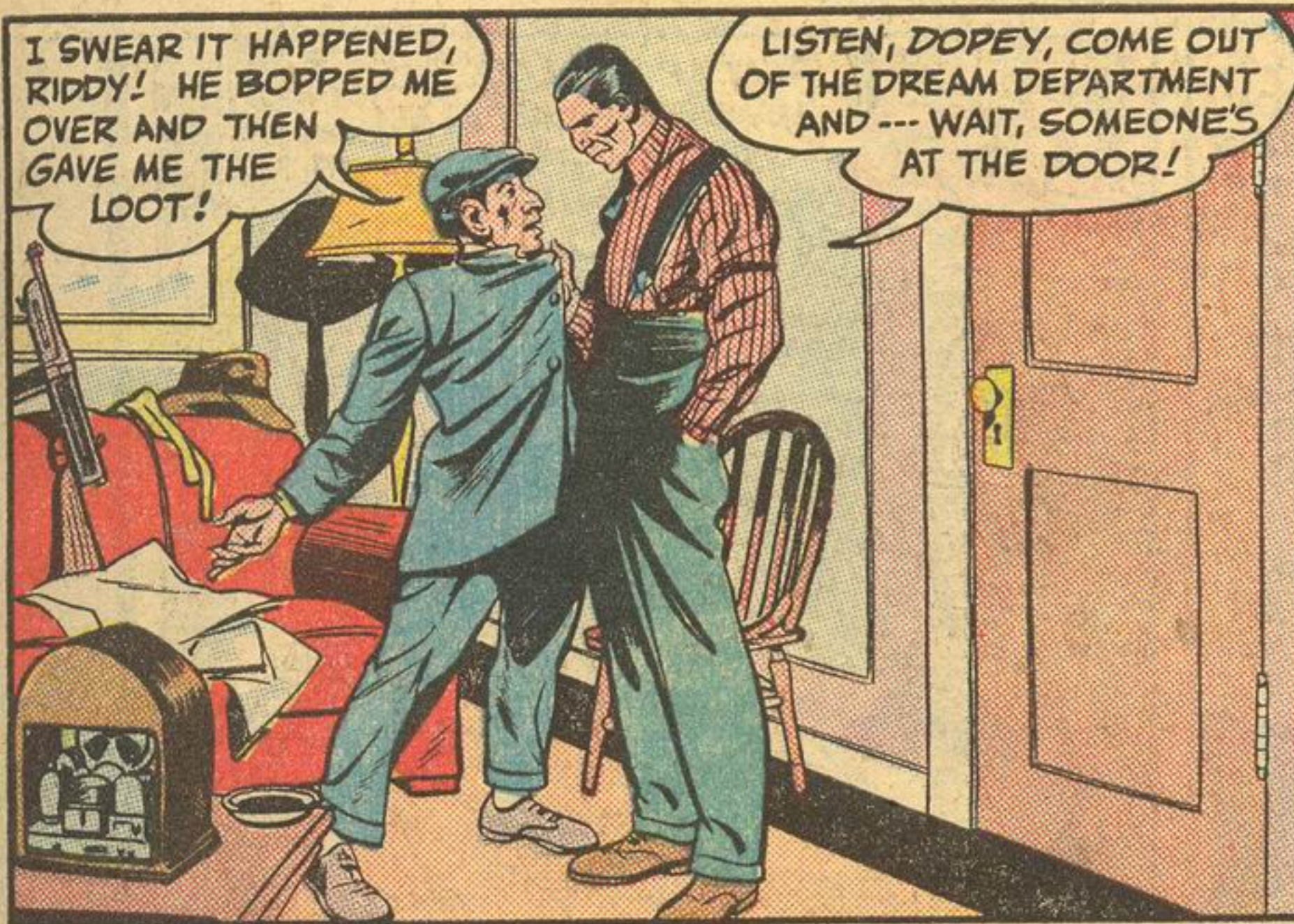
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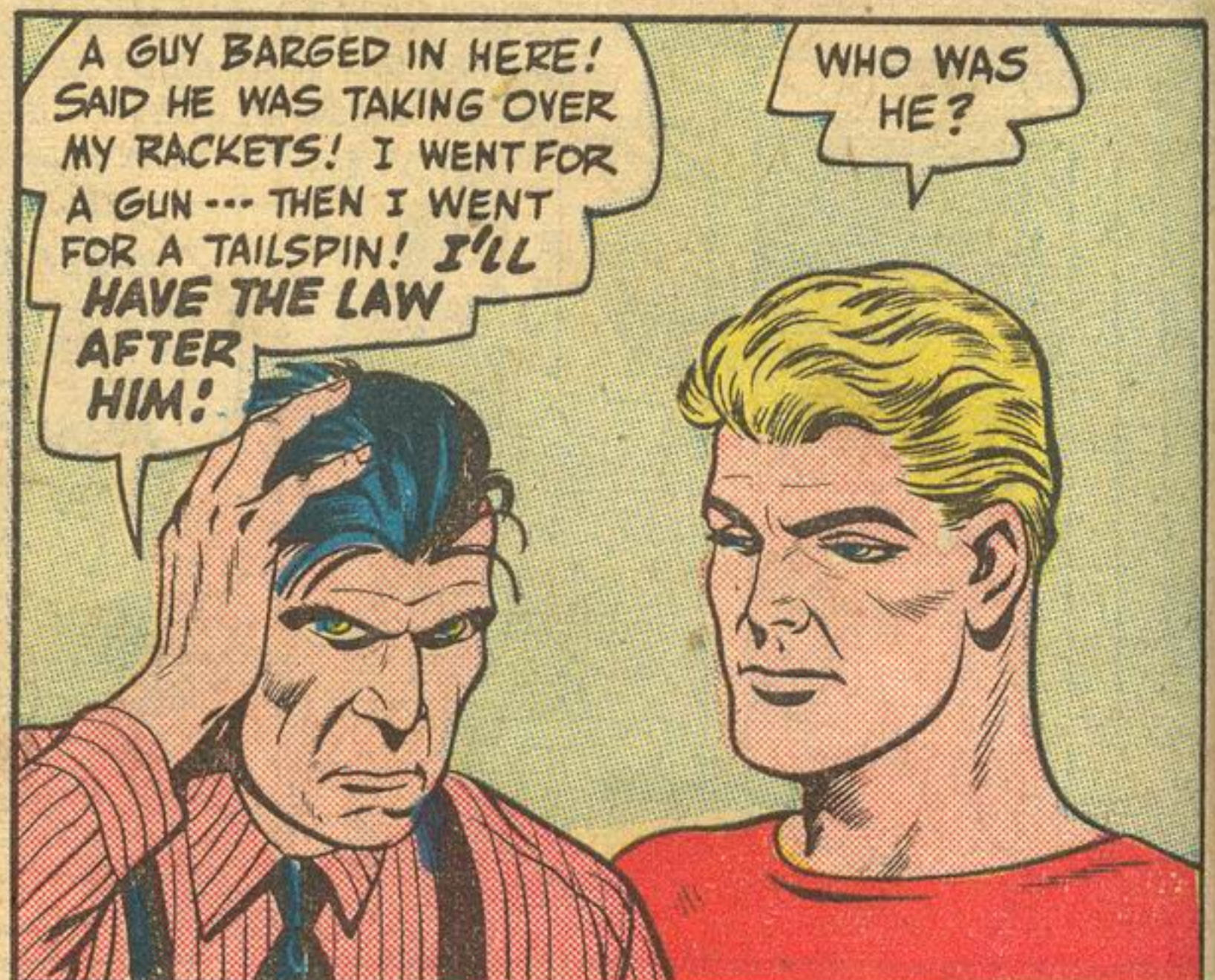
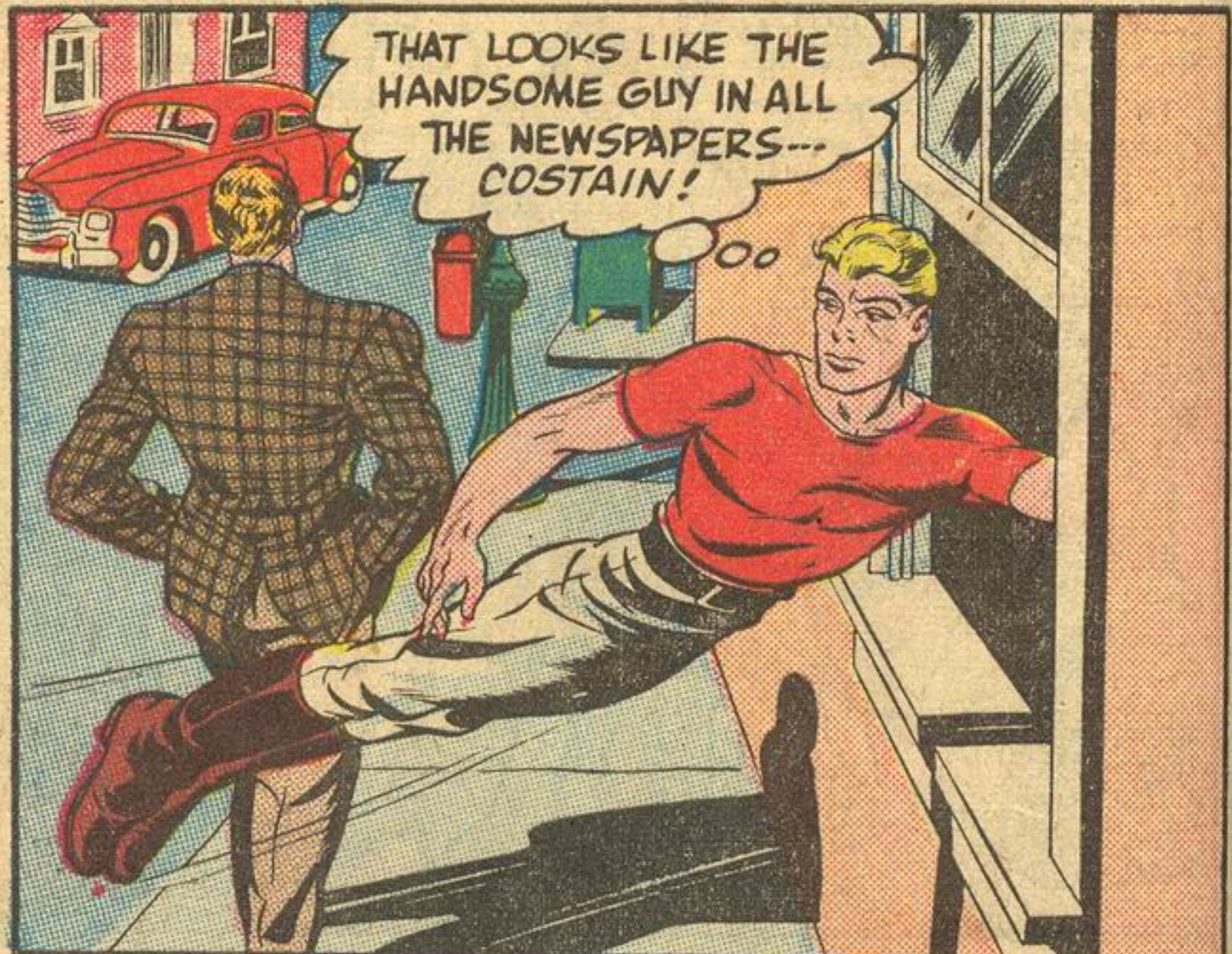
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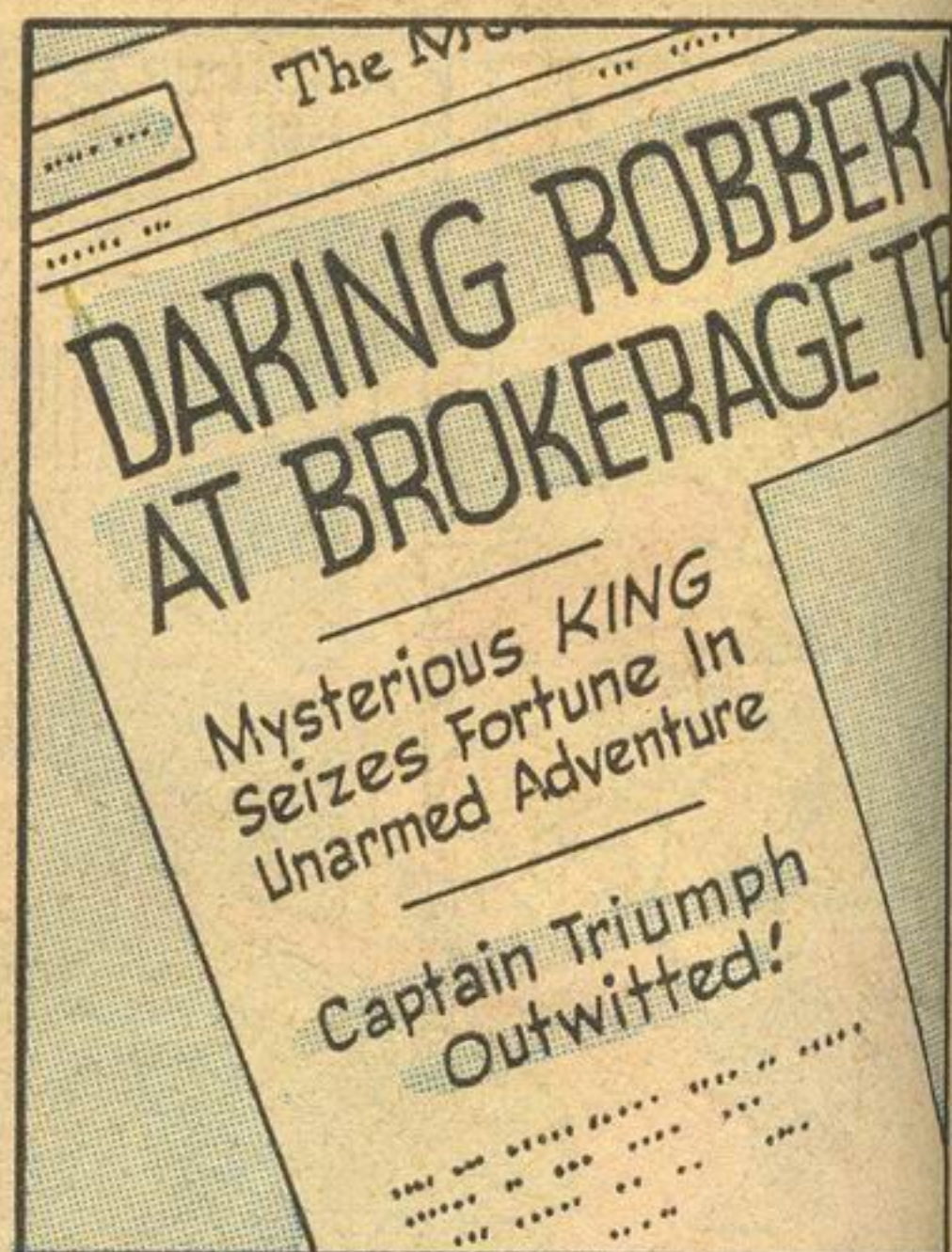
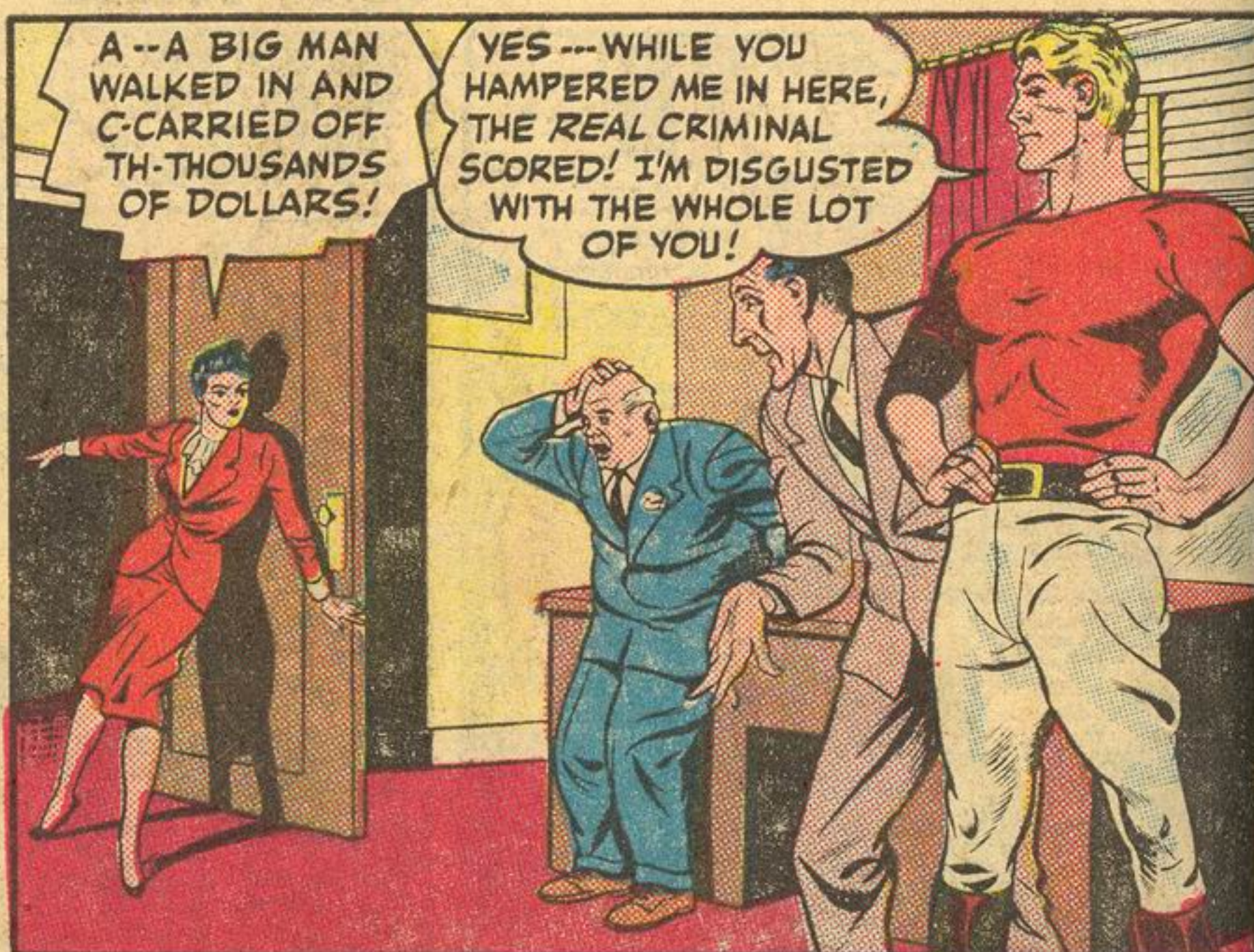
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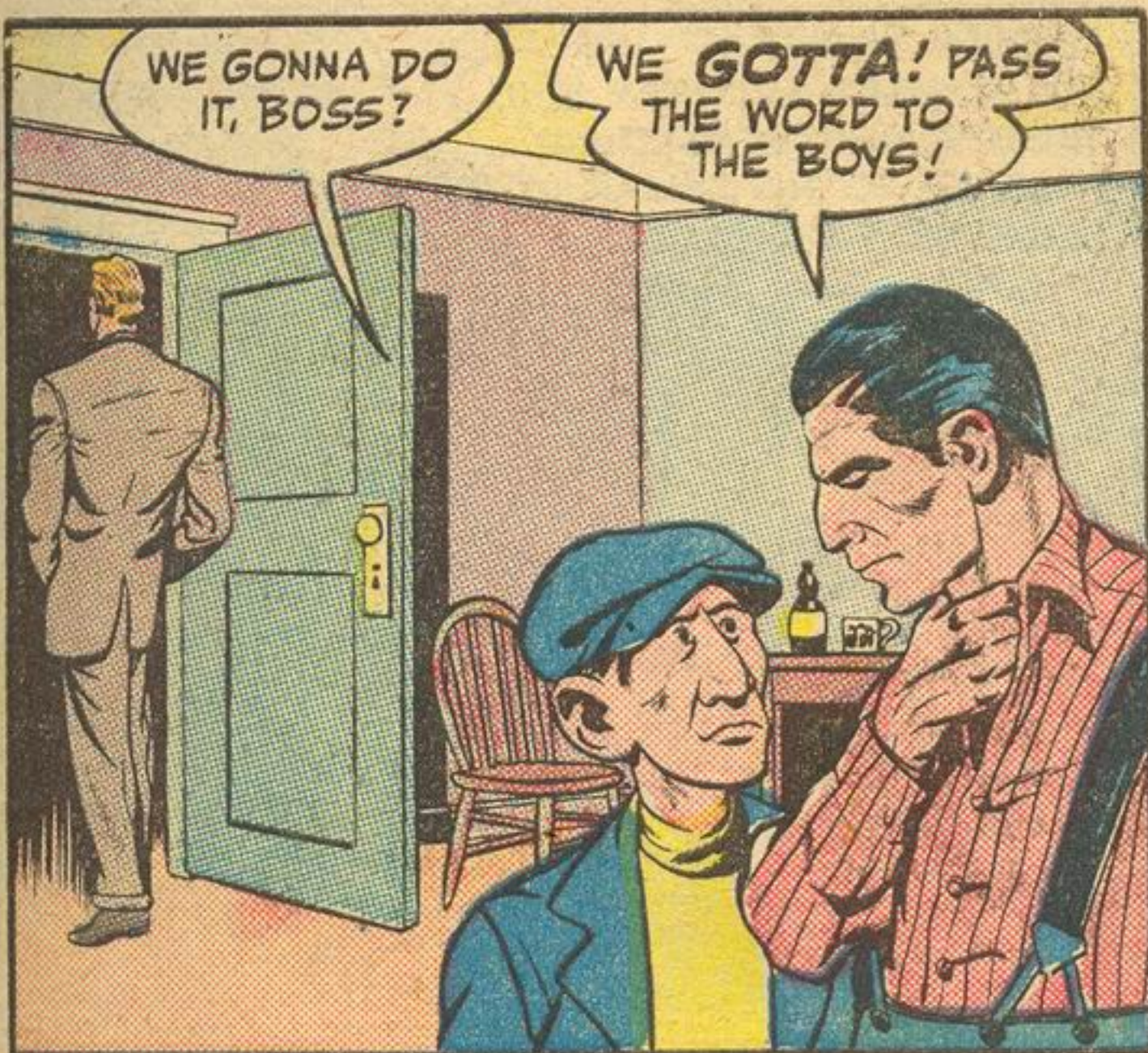
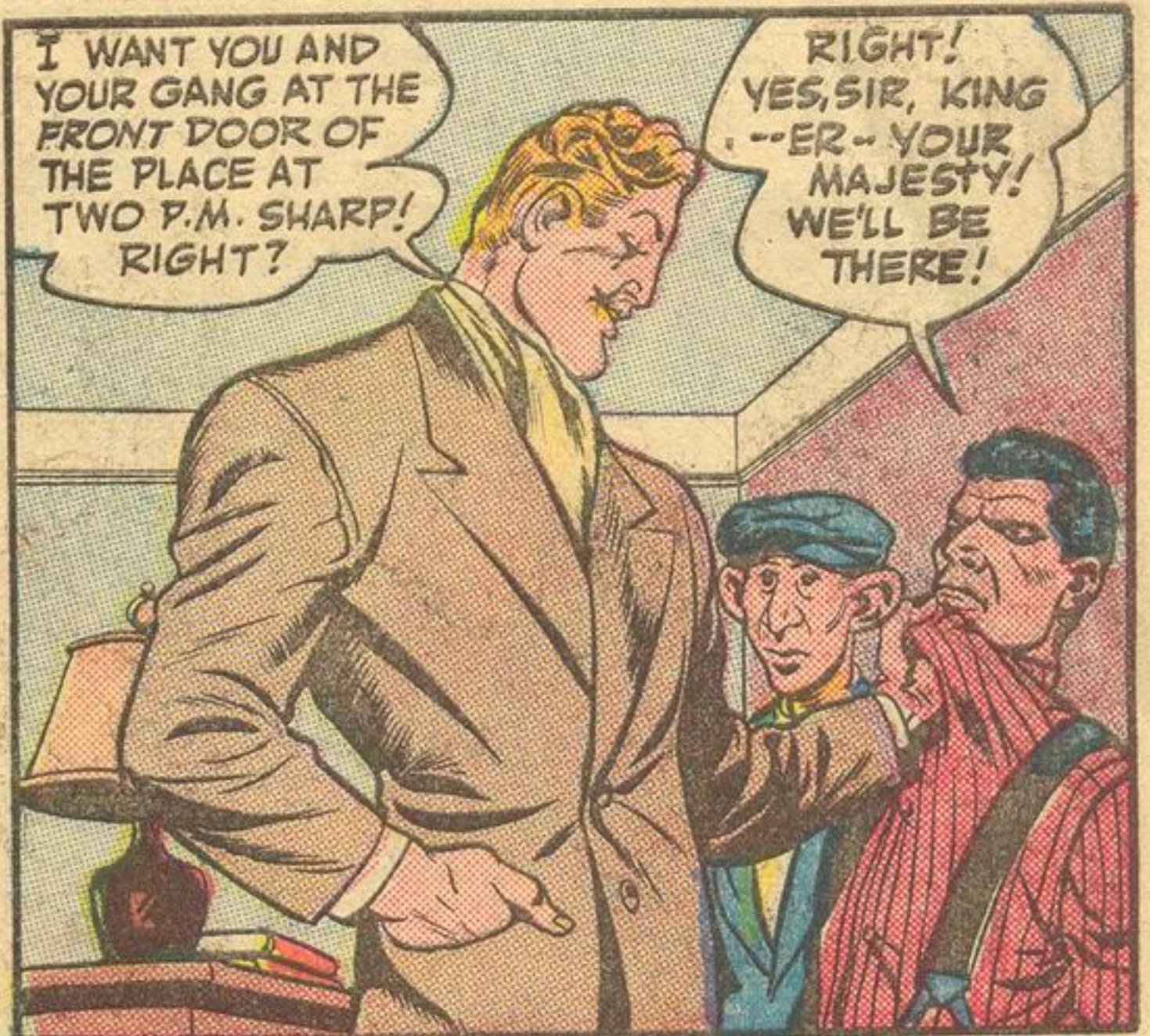
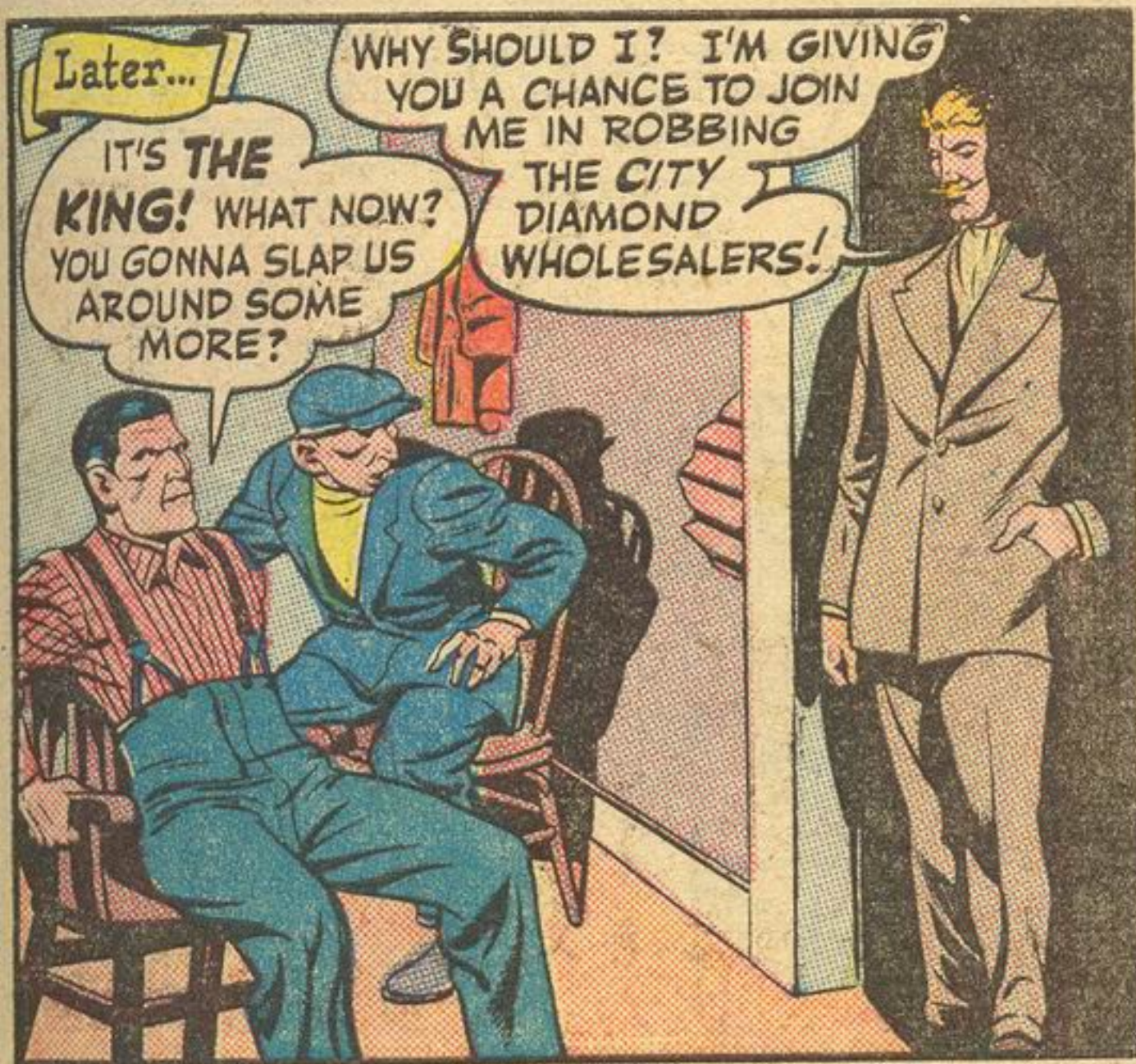
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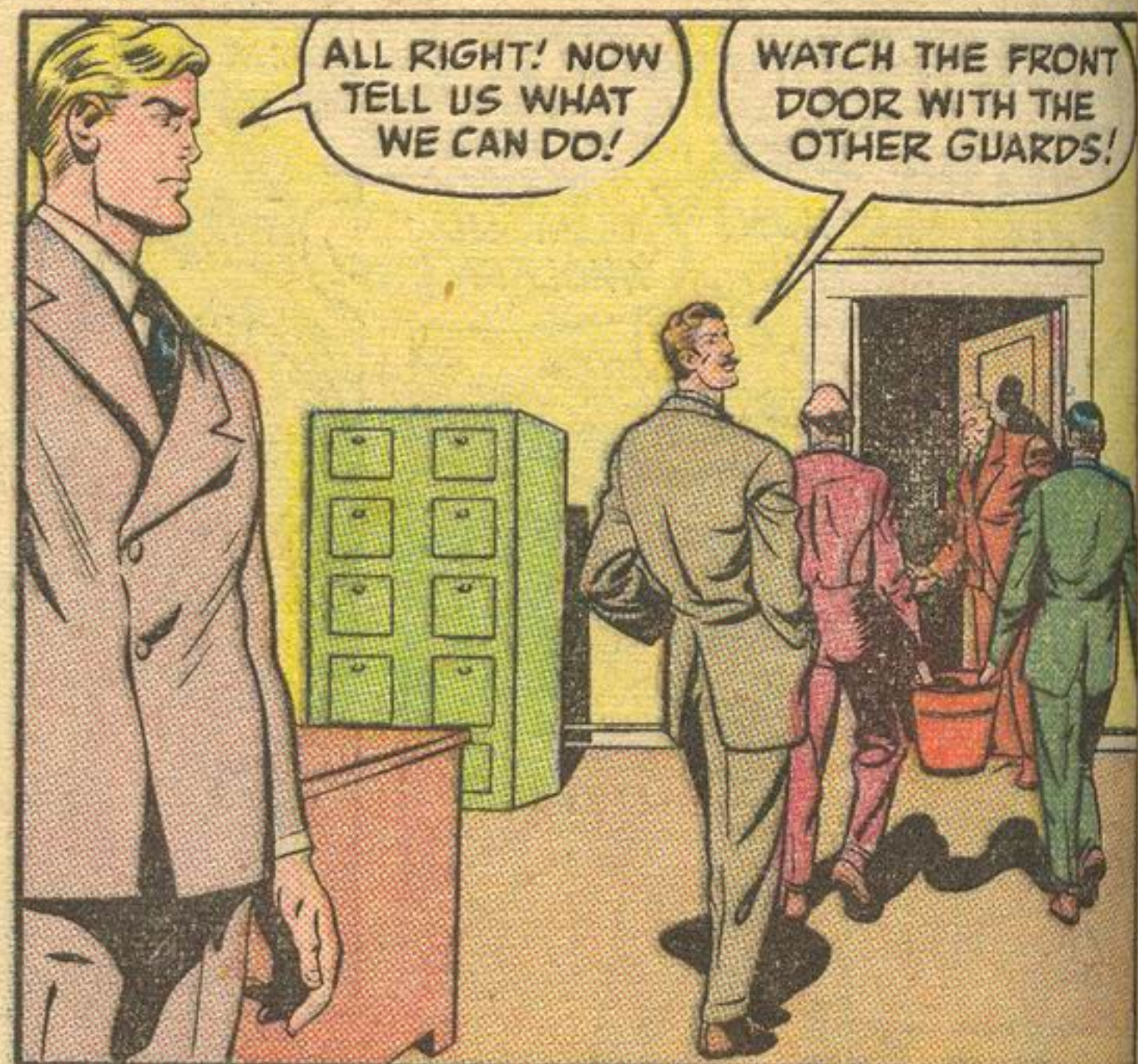
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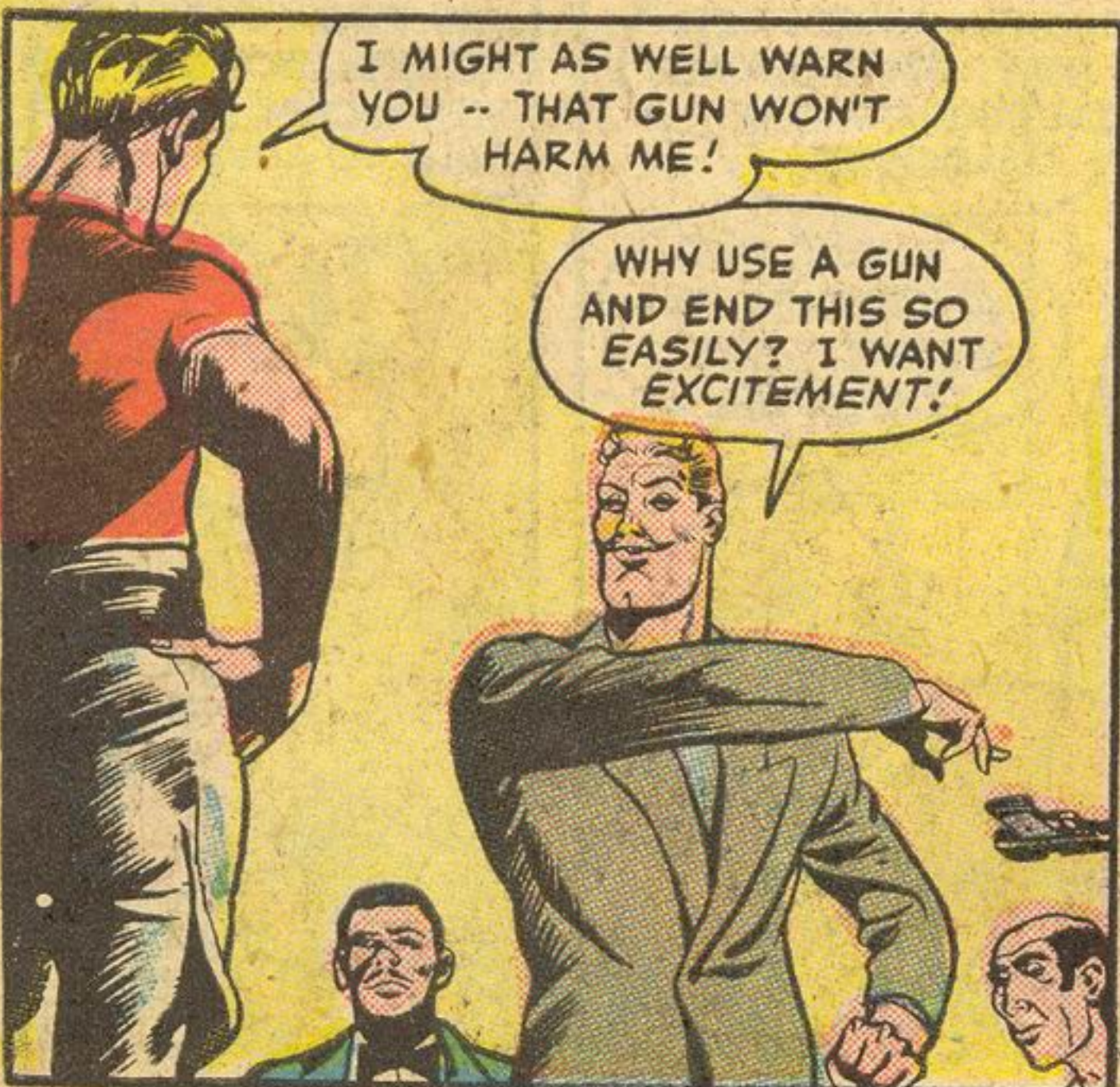
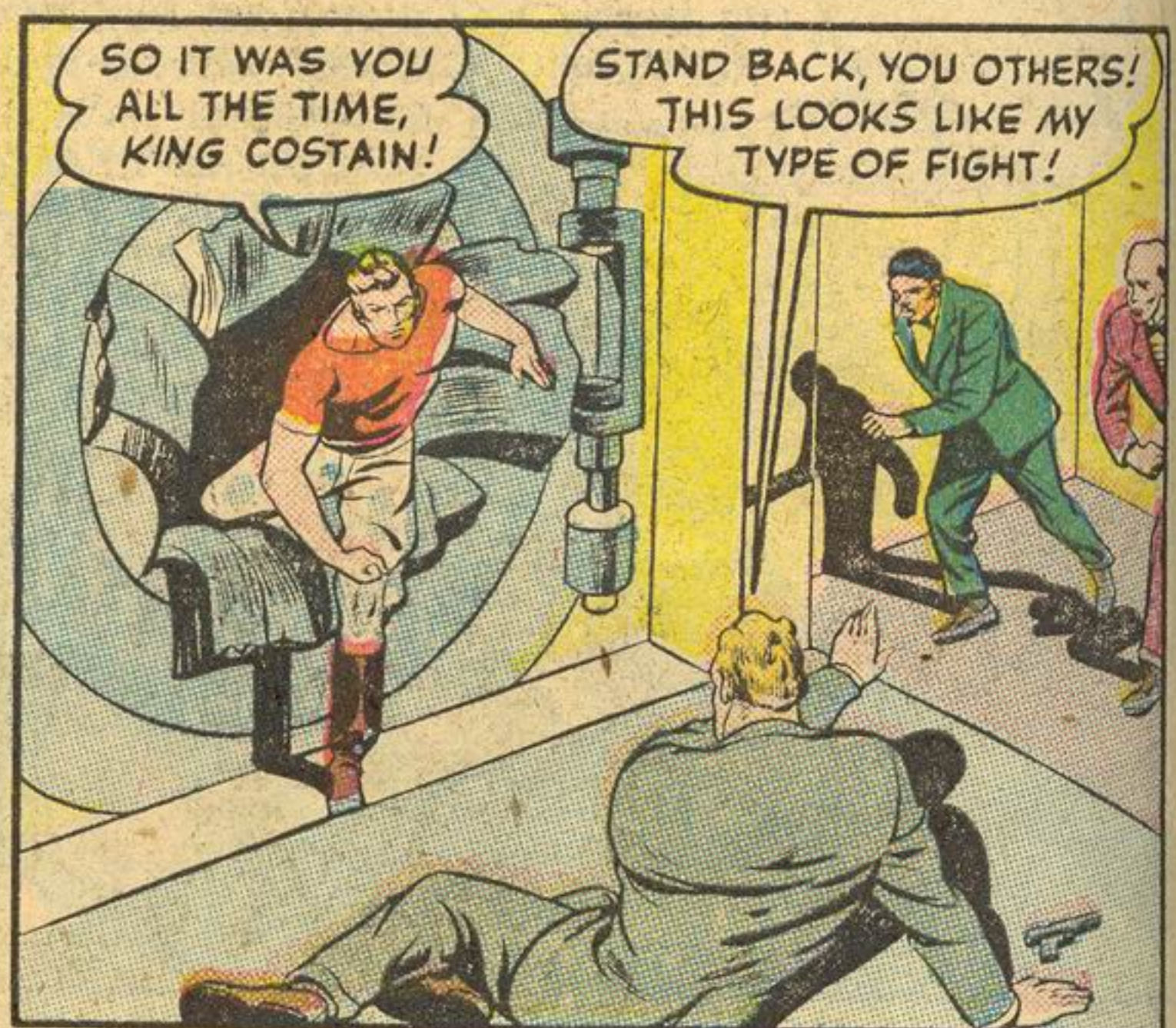
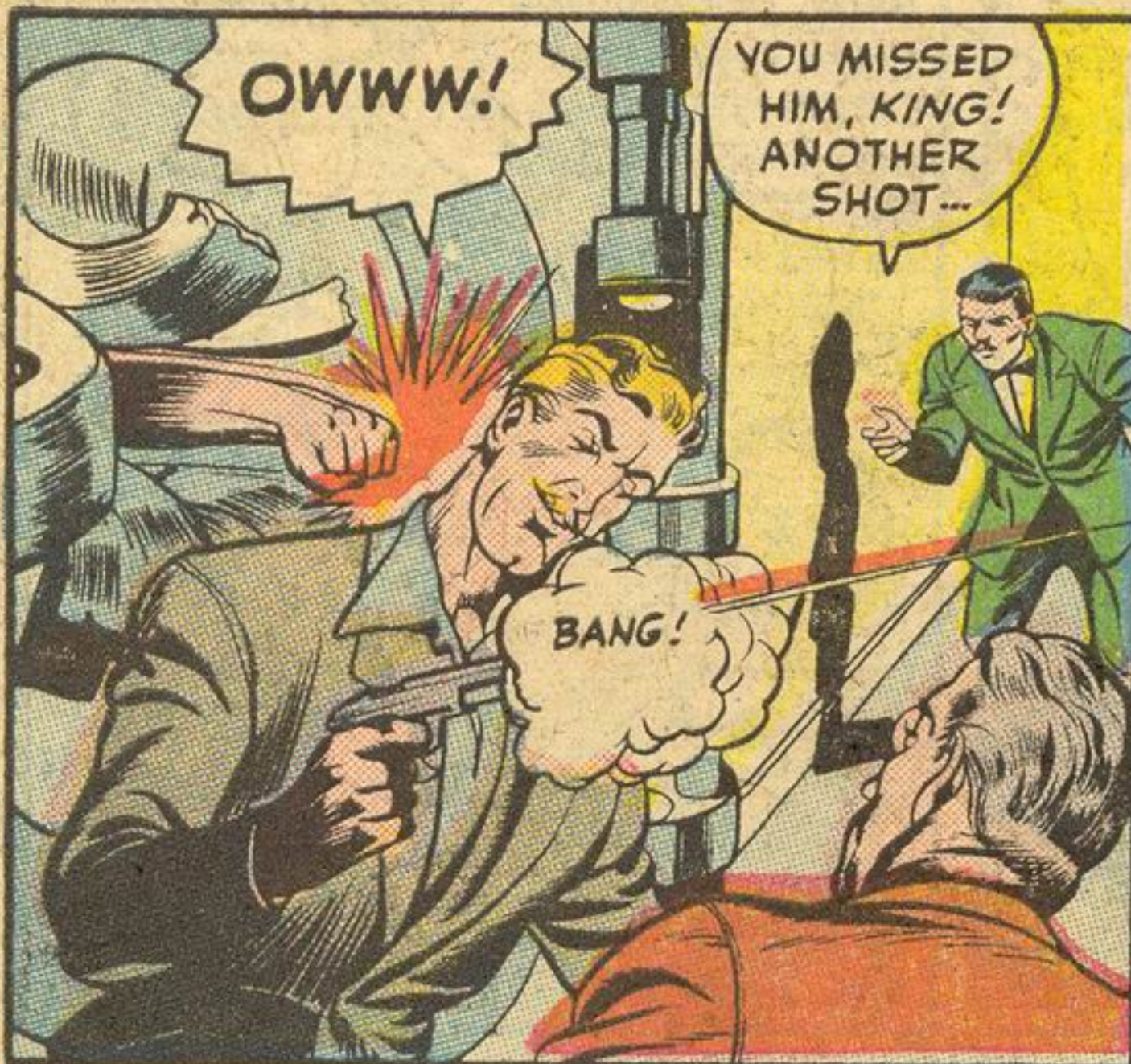
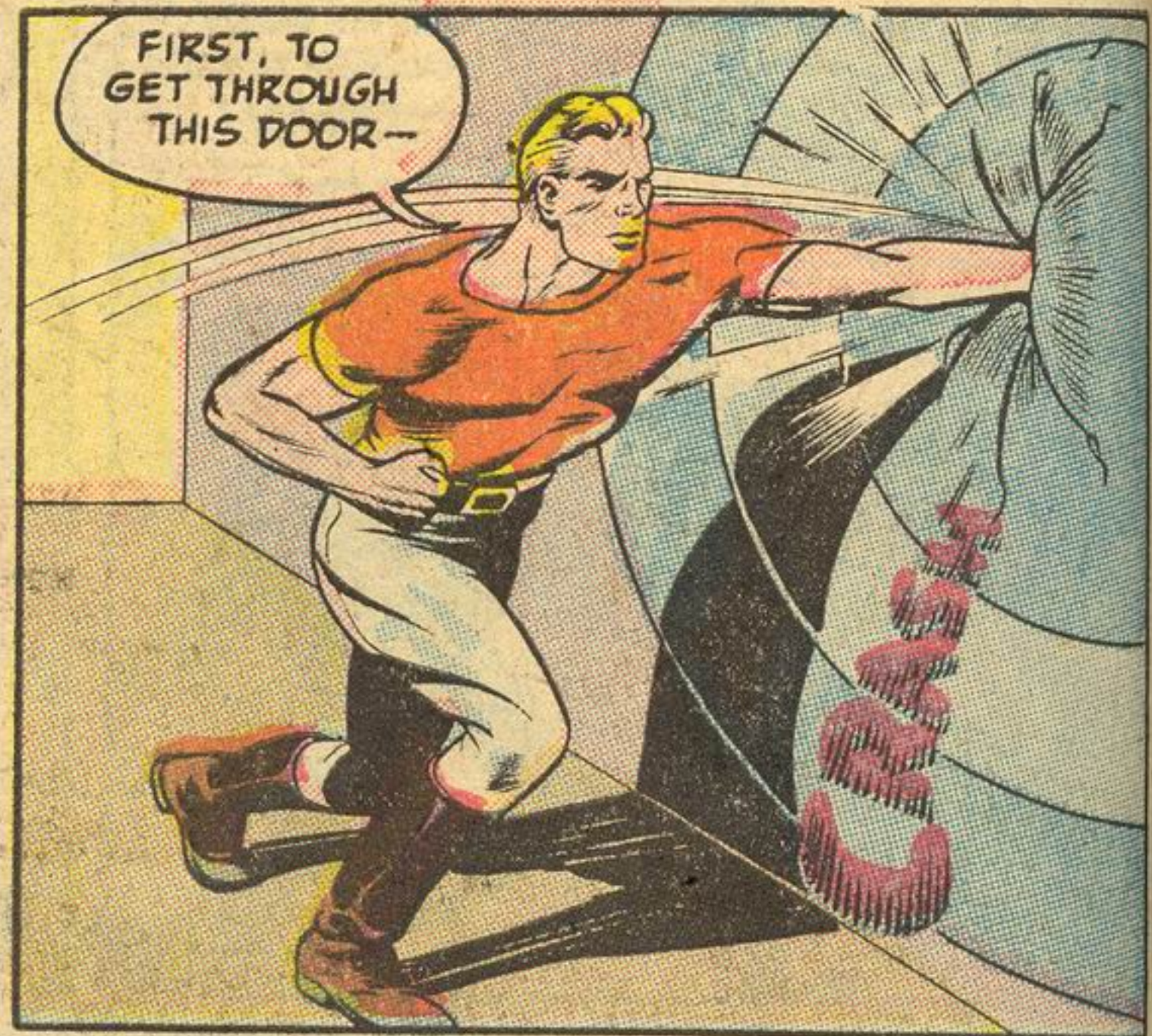
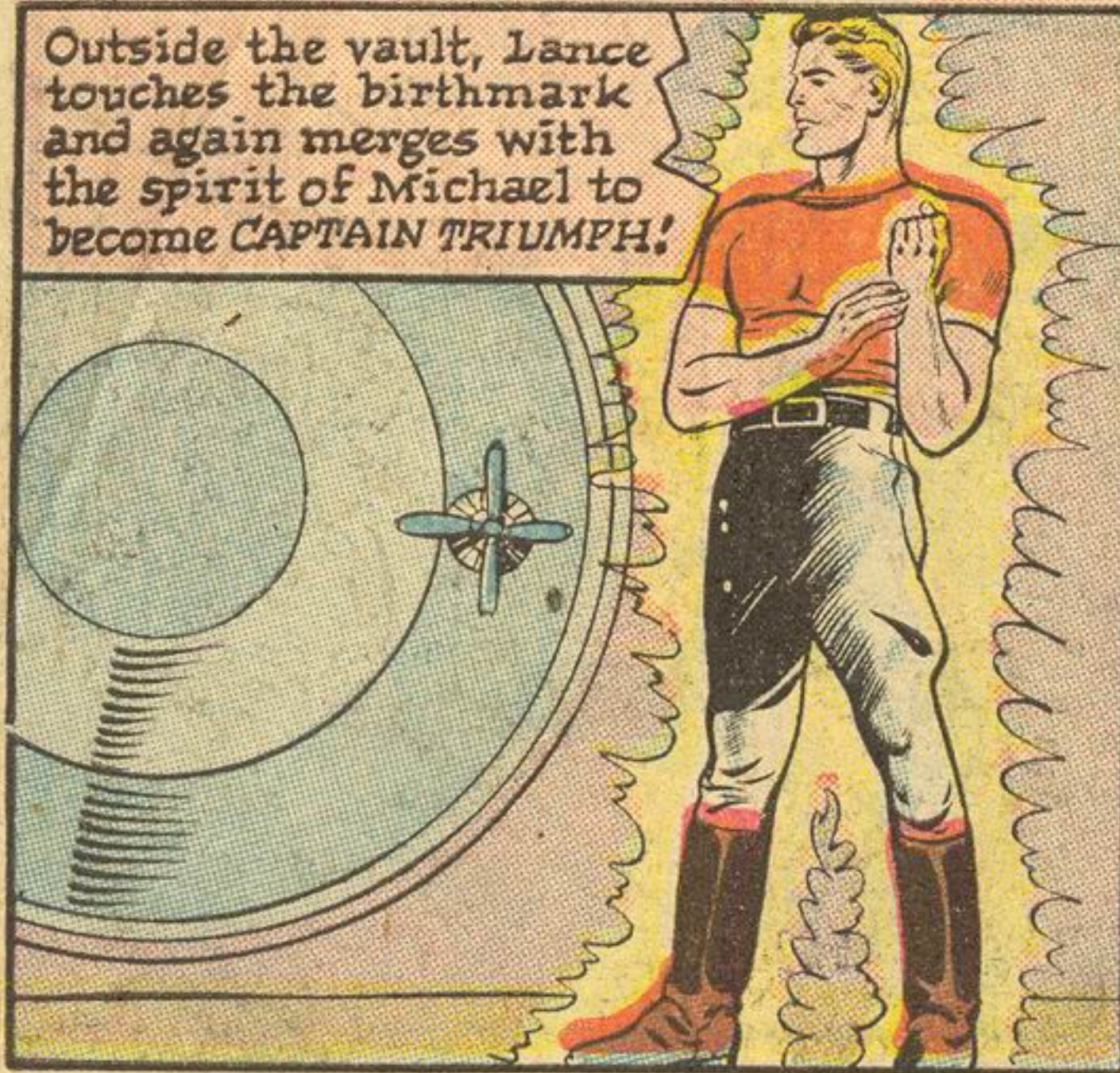
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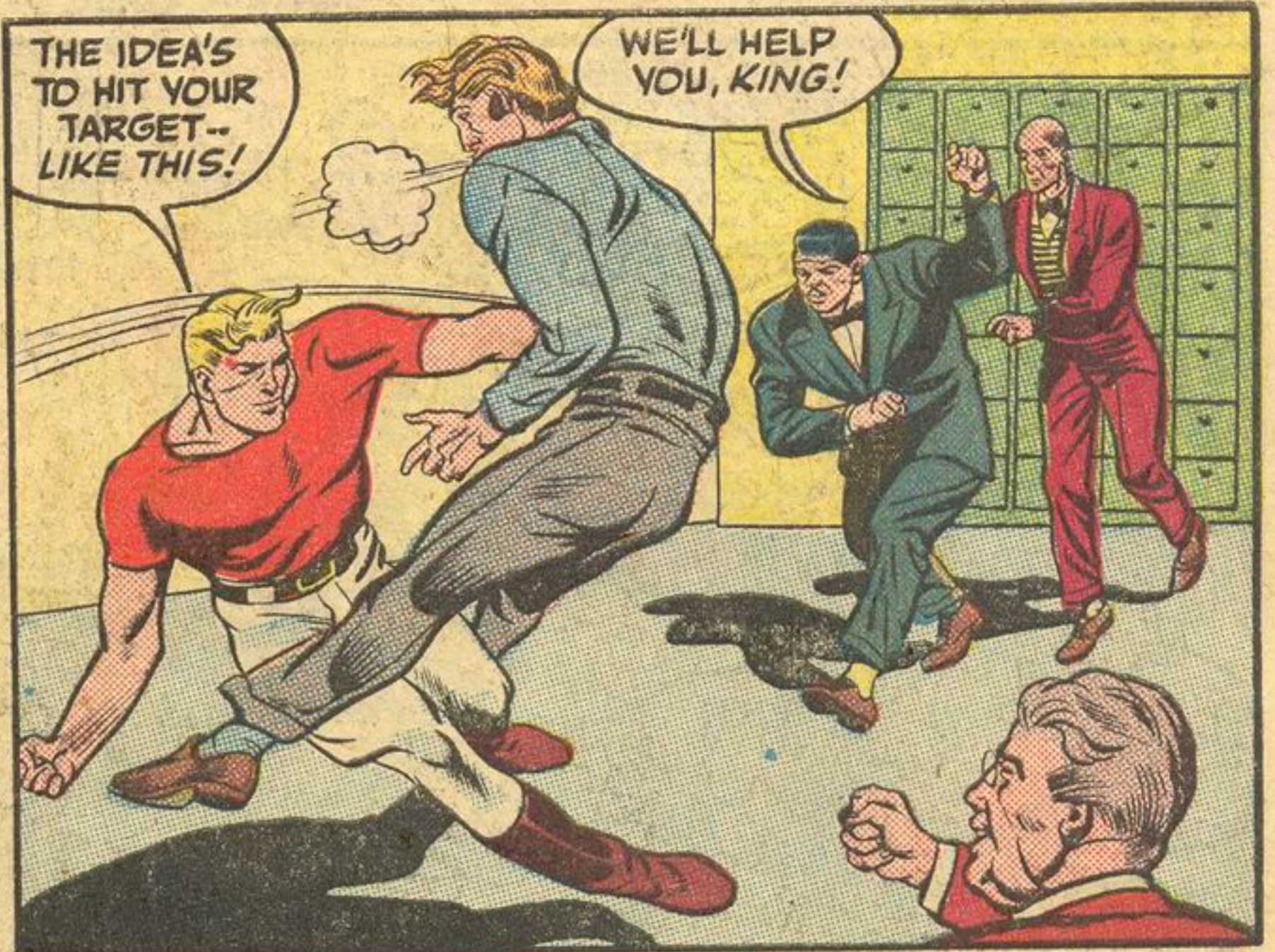


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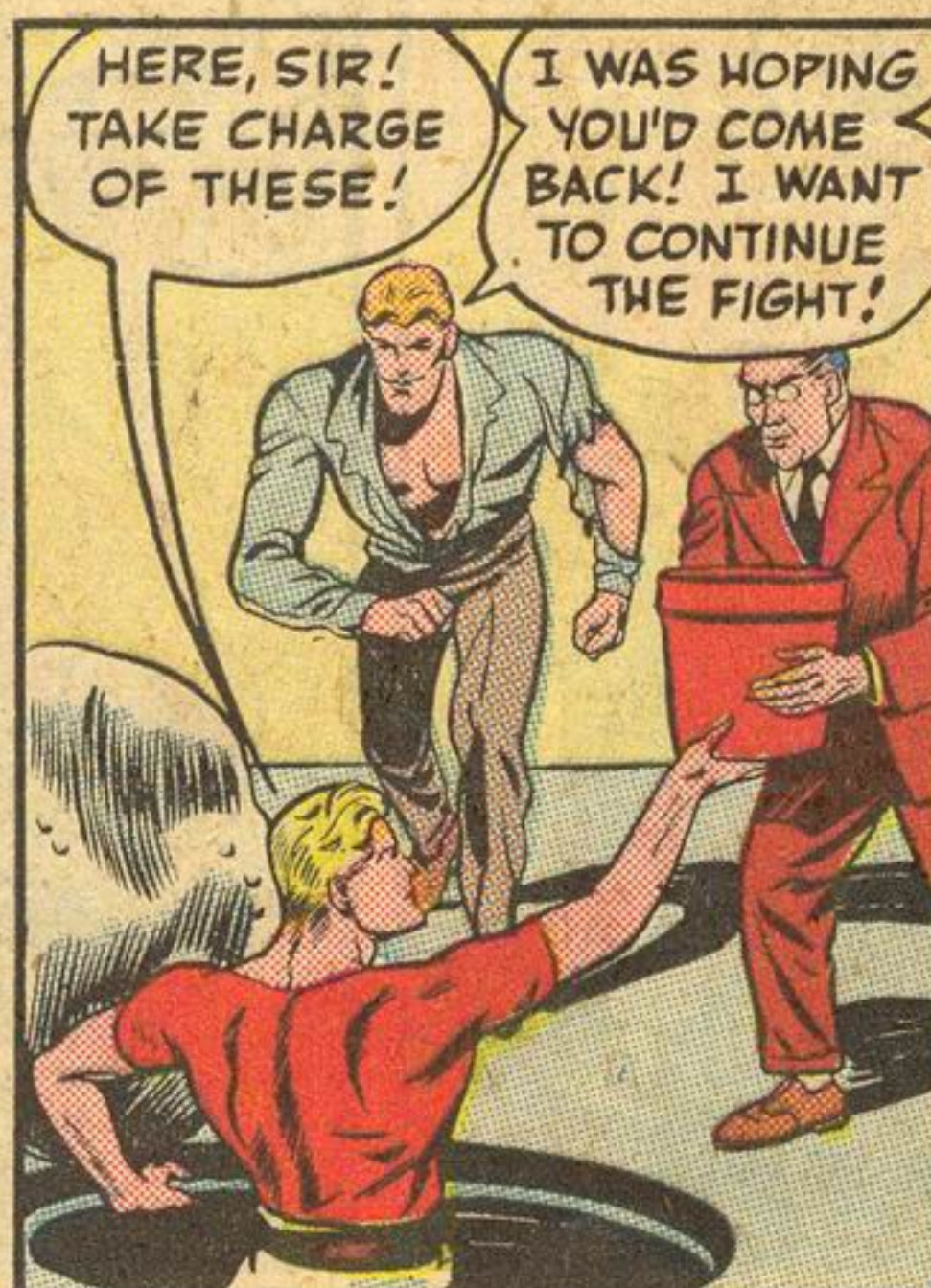


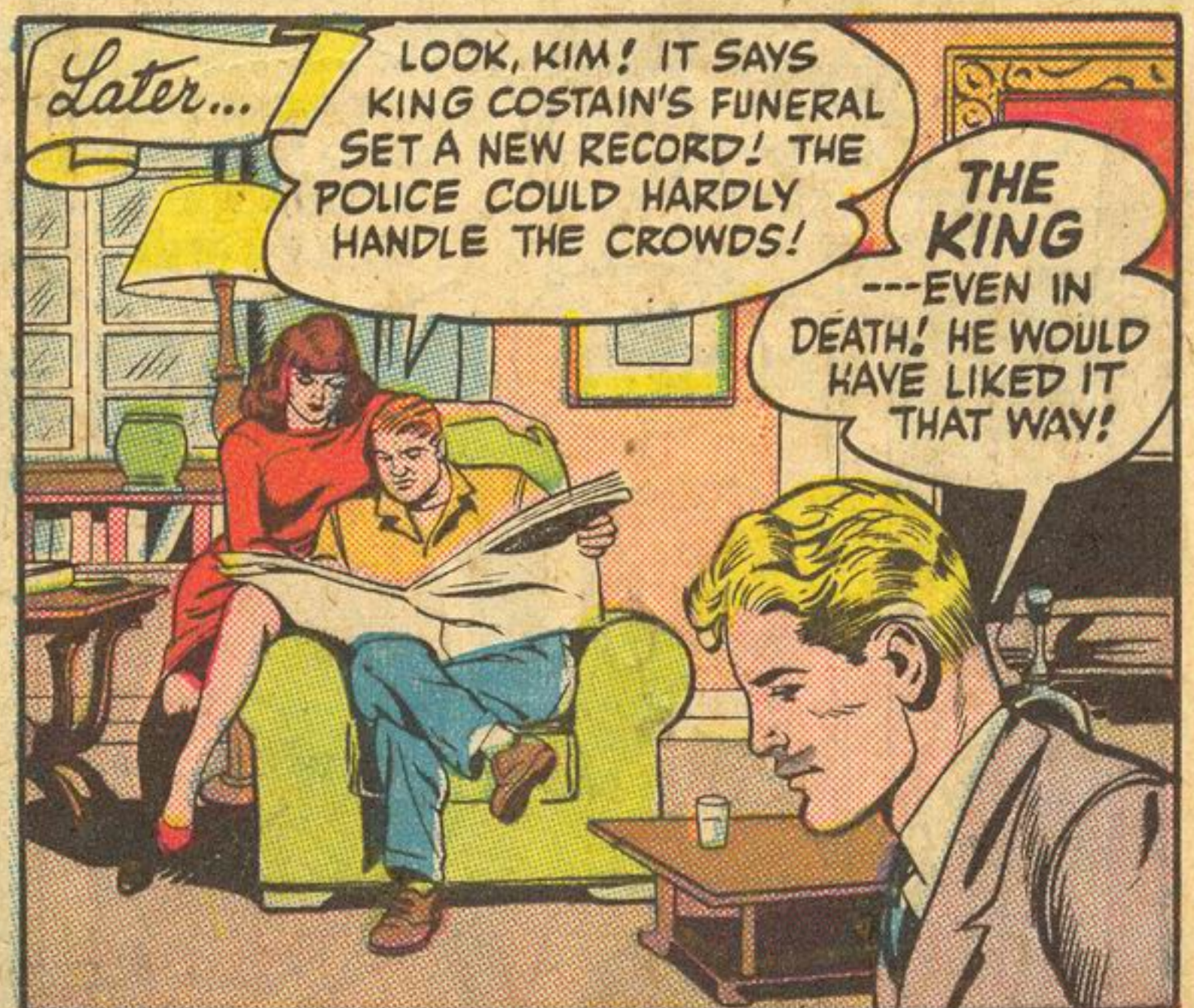
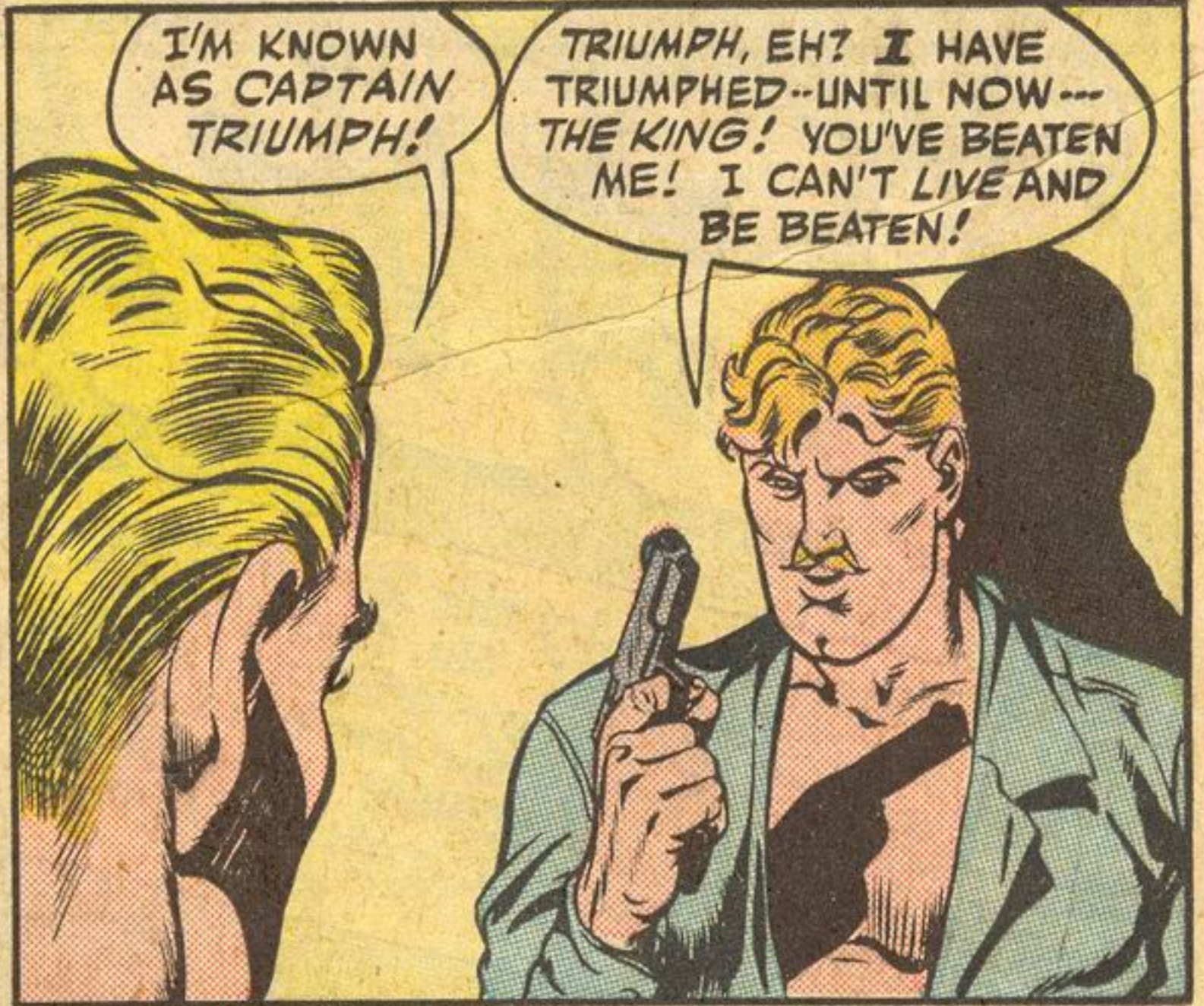
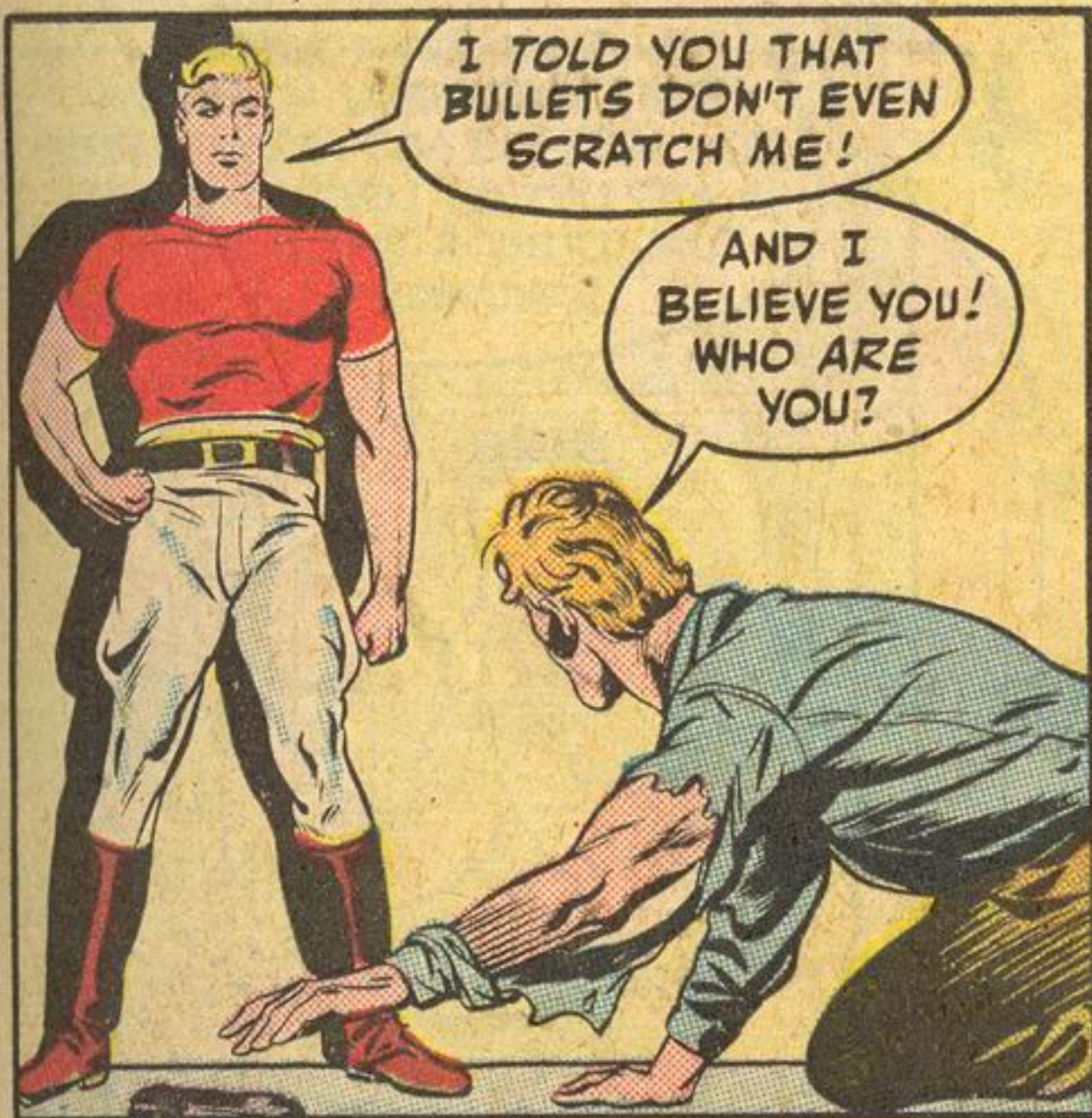






CRACK COMICS





BEEZY

Bitten again by the love bug is BEEZY BUMBLE! He, this time, suffers the somewhat nutty notion that he's found the one true light of his life in **YVONNE DE HUBBA**, one of the town's trickier night club dancers!

OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT BEEZY, MA! YOU KNOW HOW KIDS HIS AGE ARE... THEY'RE IN AND OUT OF LOVE LIKE TIPSY TUMBLEBUGS BUILDING A SANDHOUSE!

I KNOW, BUT...

...HE'S TOO OLD TO SPANK! I WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING, THOUGH!

MAYBE IF I HAD A GOOD HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH THE LADY... INVITED HER OUT TO DINNER AND OVER A NICE, QUIET GLASS OF...

NO! NEVER MIND THAT!

Meanwhile... the object of Beezy's affections...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

COME IN!

YVONNE! I WAS JUST PASSIN' BY, SO...

OH, YOU!

I'M PRETTY BUSY RIGHT NOW, BEEZY! COULD YOU DROP AROUND A LITTLE LATER?

ABOUT AN HOUR MAYBE? OKAY, YVONNE!

WOTTA WOMAN! WOTTA WOMAN! WOTTA WOMAN!

WOTTA JERK! WOTTA JERK! WOTTA JERK!

CRACK COMICS

LOOK! SEEIN' YOU'RE VISITIN' US, COUSIN BATTIE, MAYBE YOU GOT SOME SMART IDEA HOW TO SUBTLY SQUELCH THIS DAFFY ROMANCE OF BEEZY'S!

SURE I HAVE!

IN THE FIRST PLACE, DON'T LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE TRYIN' TO GIVE THIS HONEY THE HEAVE-HO! THAT'LL ONLY MAKE HIM GO FOR HER THE HARDER!

IF SHE'S THE GAL I THINK SHE IS, SHE'LL PLAY BALL WITH US! THE PLOT CALLS FOR HER TO PLAY UP TO BEEZY IN A BIG WAY-- THEN DROP HIM LIKE A HOT RIVET!

BUT AIN'T THAT KINDA ROUGH ON HIM?

SHUX, NO! HE'LL FIND ANOTHER GIRL FASTER THAN JOE DI MAGGIO PICKS OFF LINE DRIVES!

BUT S'POSE THIS DAME DON'T SEE IT OUR WAY?

SHUX! IF SHE'S IN SHOW BUSINESS, I KNOW JUST THE ONE TO TALK TO HER! ONE OF MY LODGE PALS IS A BIG PRODUCER AND I'LL HAVE HIM CONTACT HER RIGHT AWAY!

STOP WORRYING! ALL I NEED IS THE LADY'S NAME AND ADDRESS HERE ... IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

SO THAT'S YOUR COUSIN'S CRACK IDEA! WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT, PA!

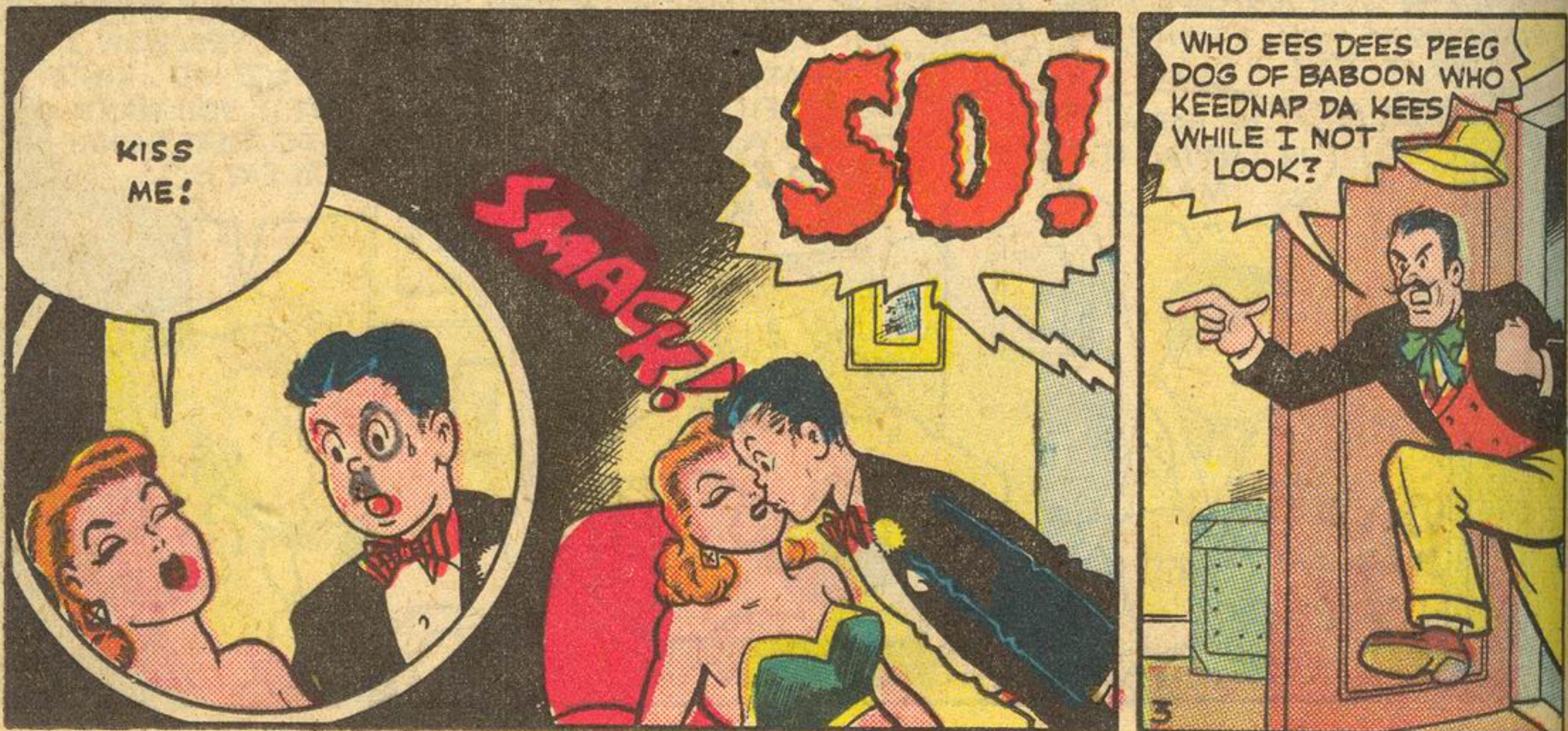
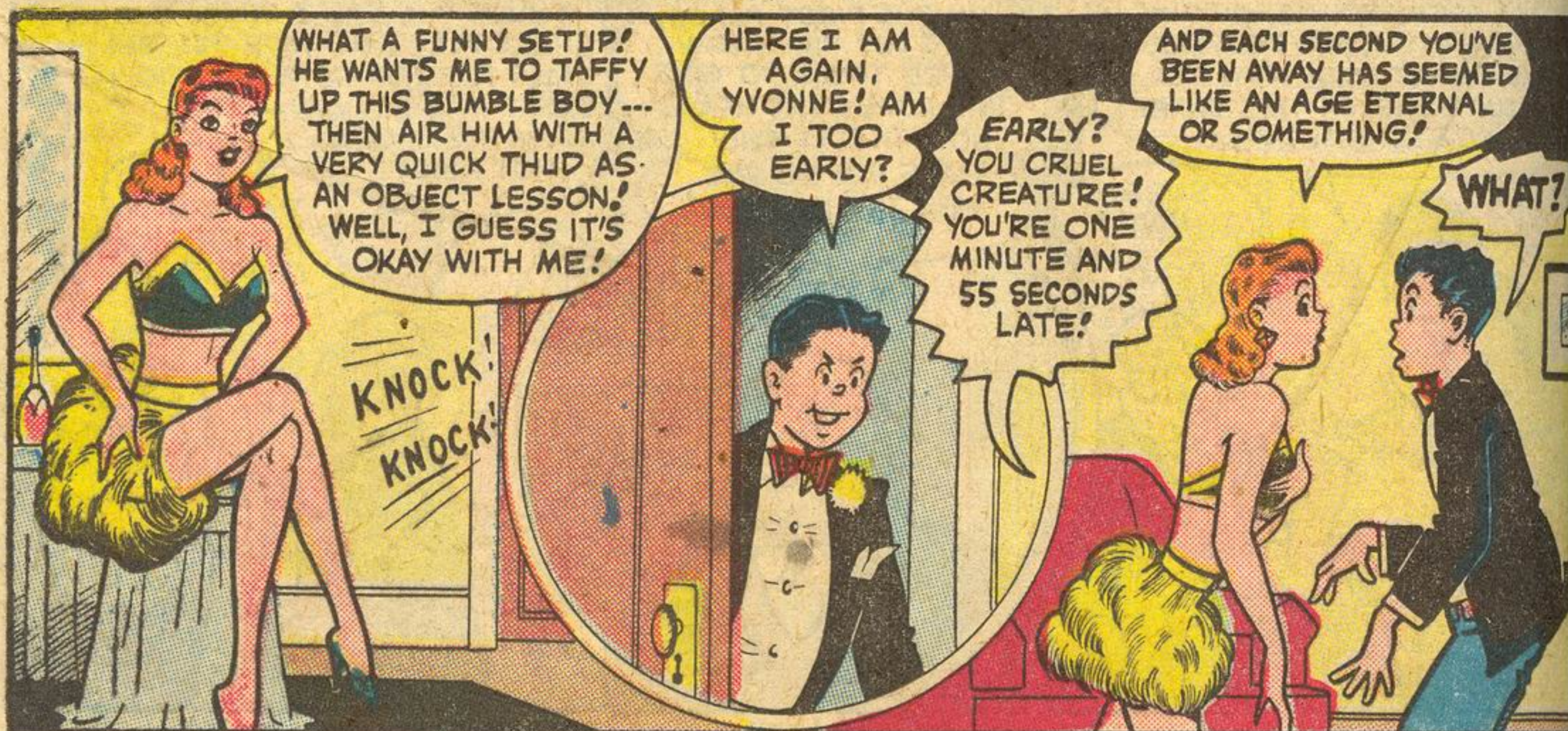
NO HARM IN TRYIN' IT, MA!

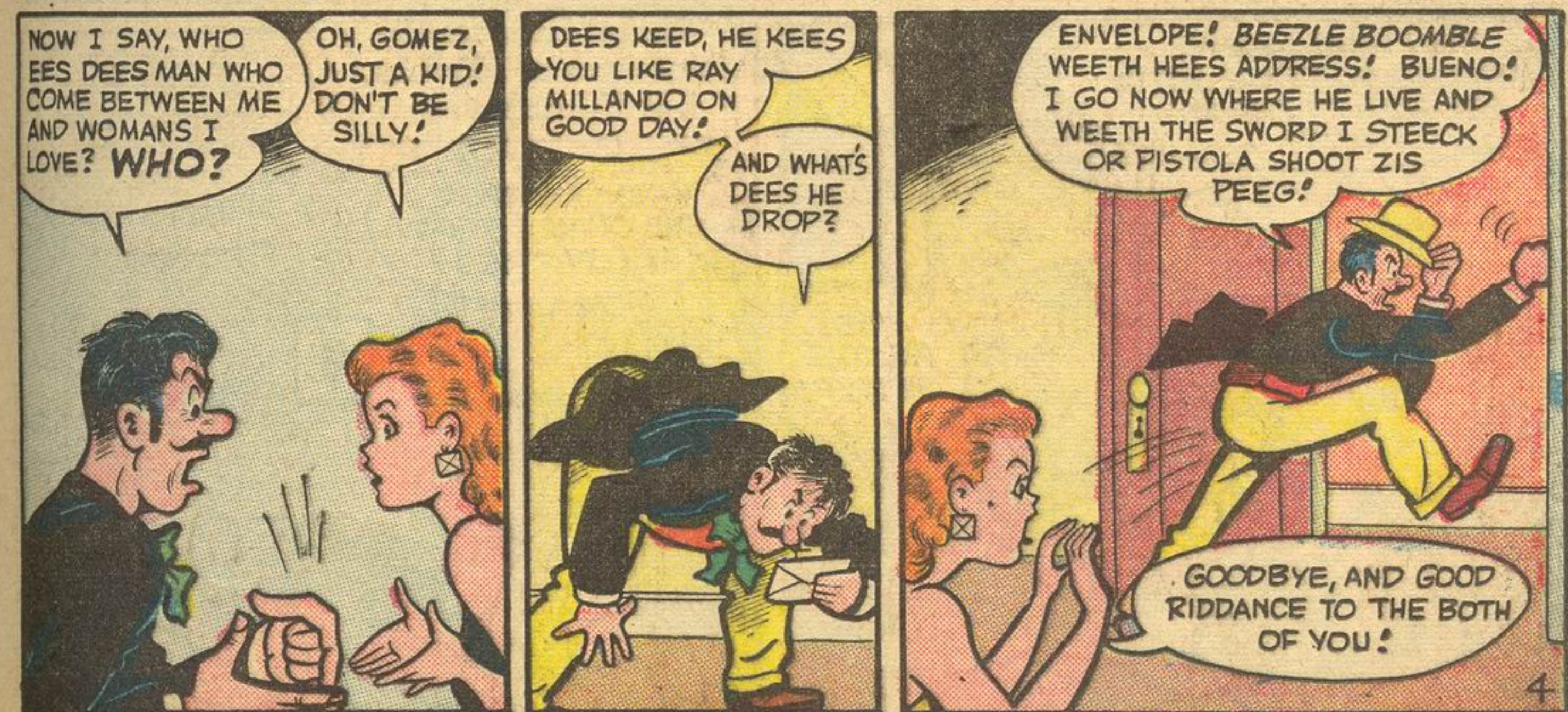
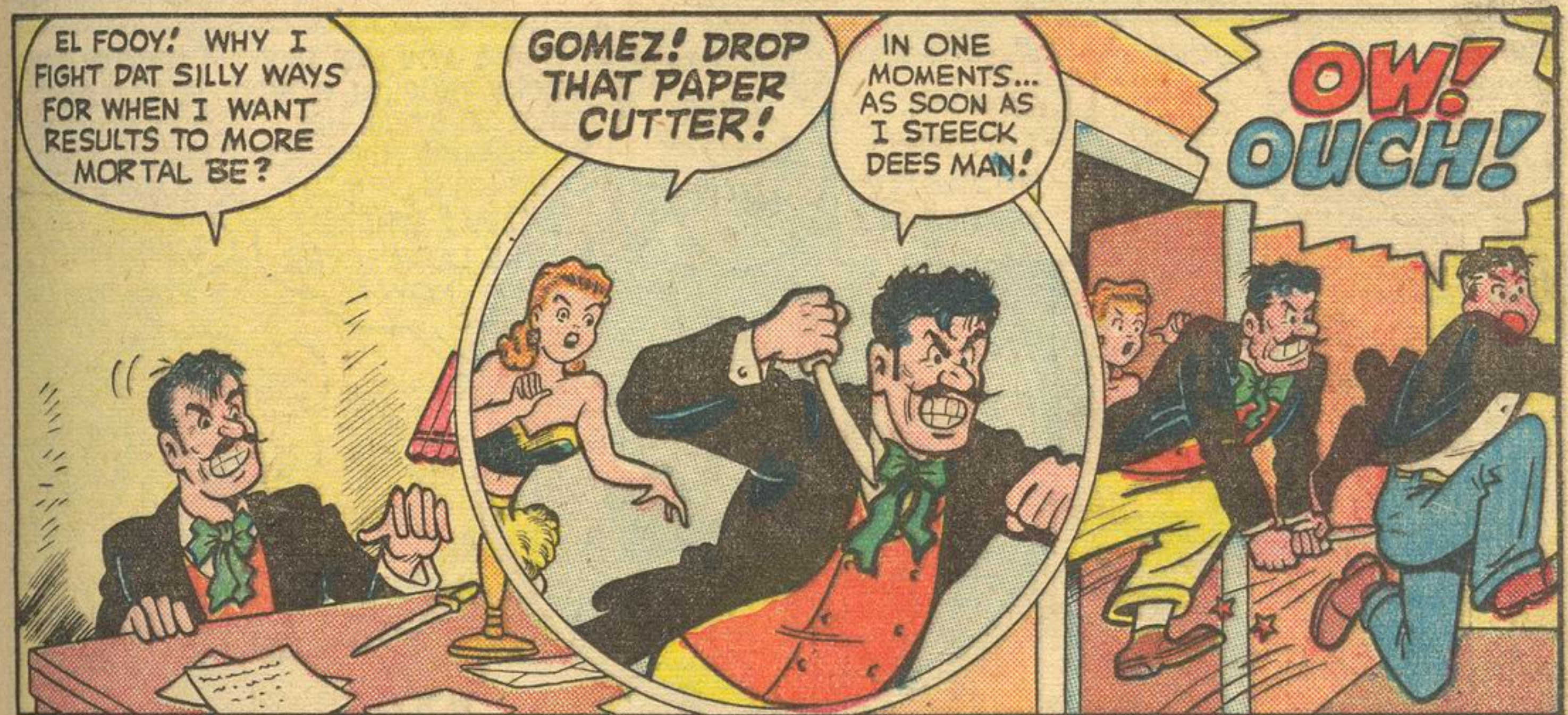
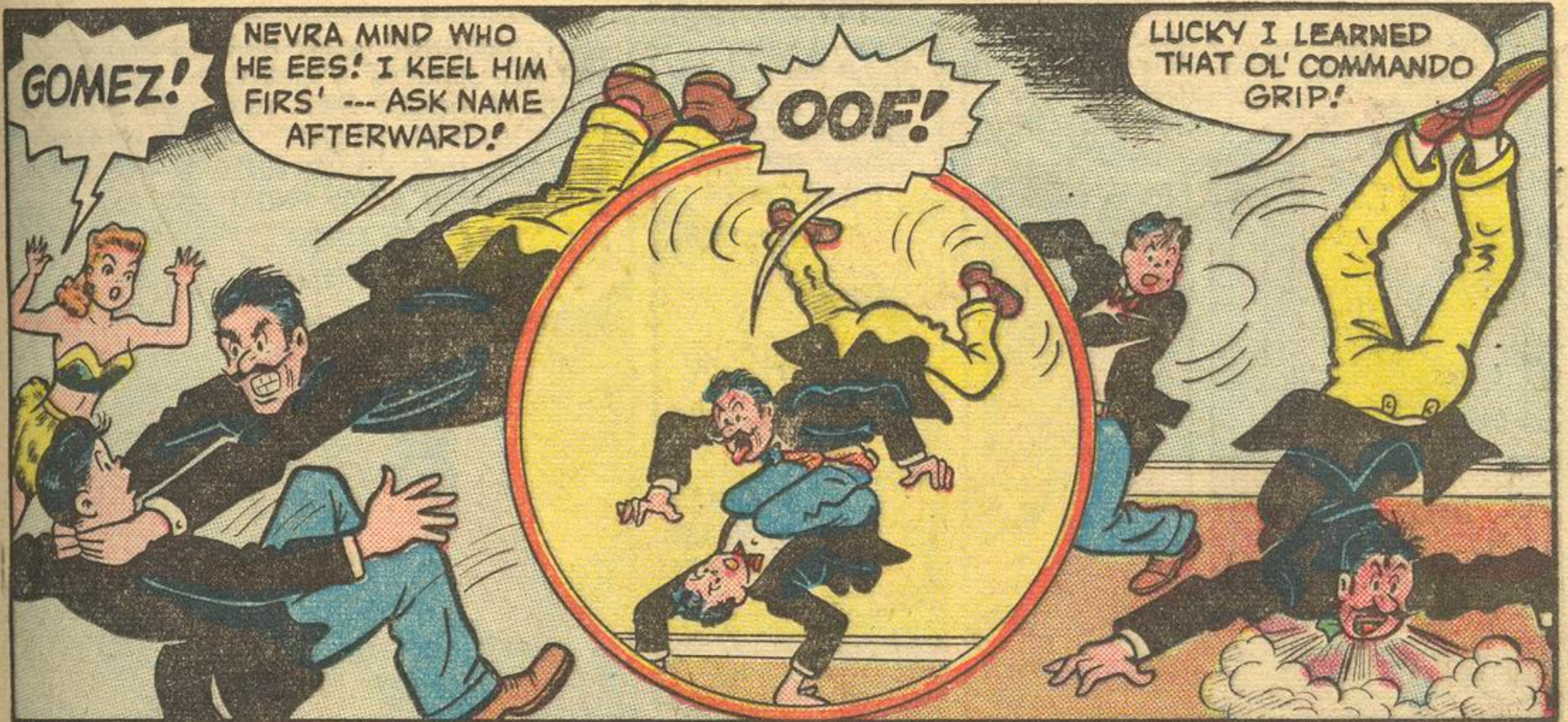
Later...

YES, THIS IS YVONNE DE HUBBA! WHAT? WOULD I DO MR. P.T. FITZWILLIE, THE PRODUCER, A FAVOR? **WOULD I? YOU BET, I WOULD!**

BUMBLE? BUMBLE? **BEEZY** BUMBLE? OH, YES, NOW I KNOW! A NICE KID ... KINDA SILLY, BUT ... YOU WANT ME TO DO THAT? OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO!

CRACK COMICS

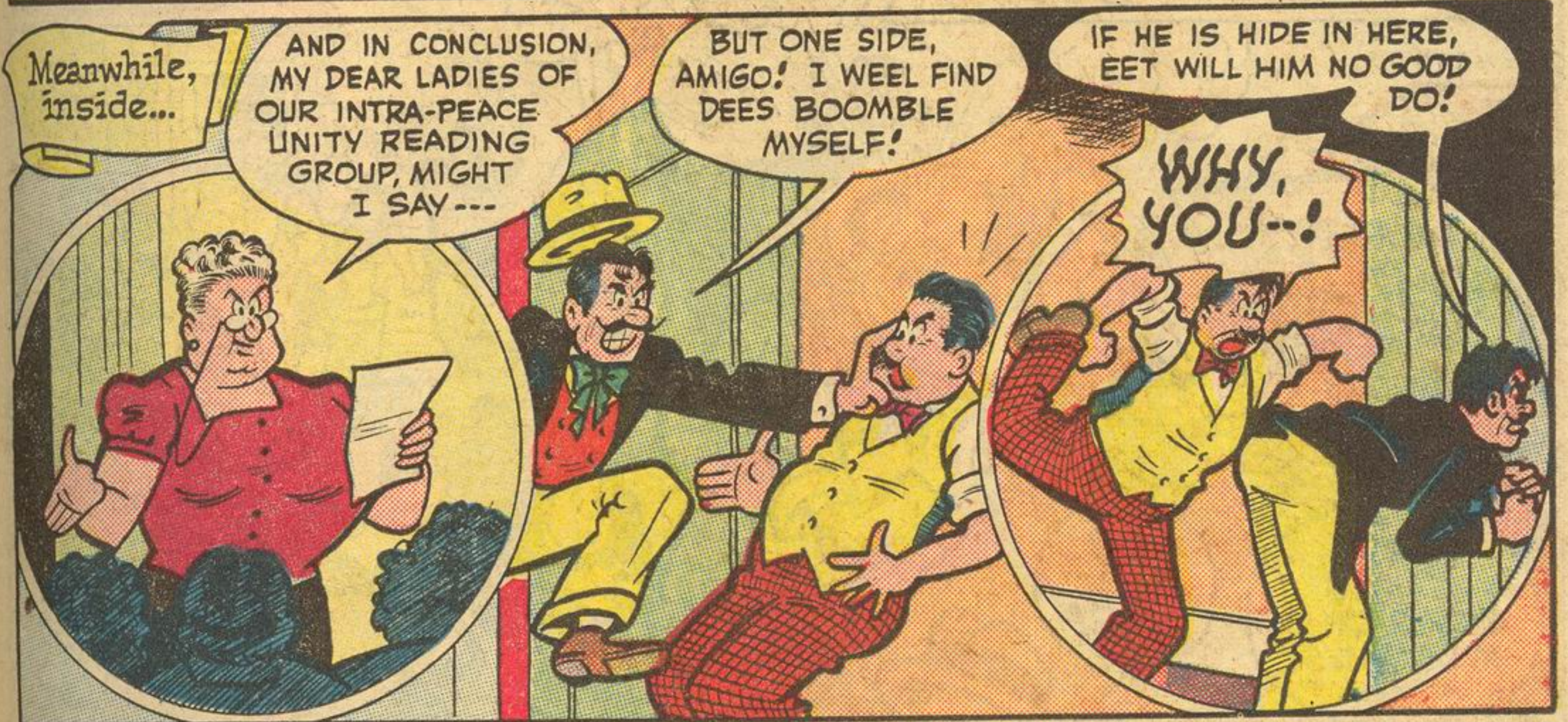
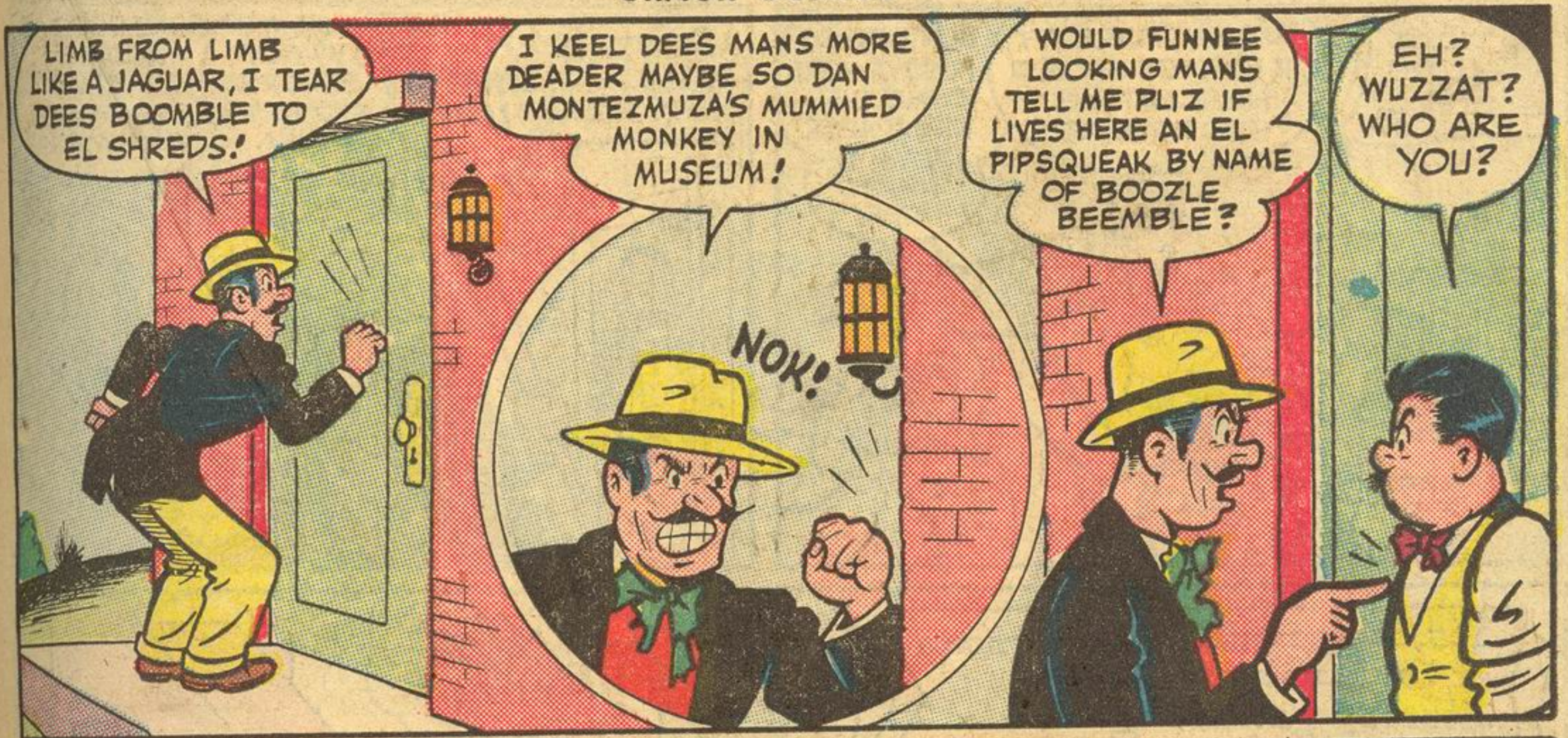




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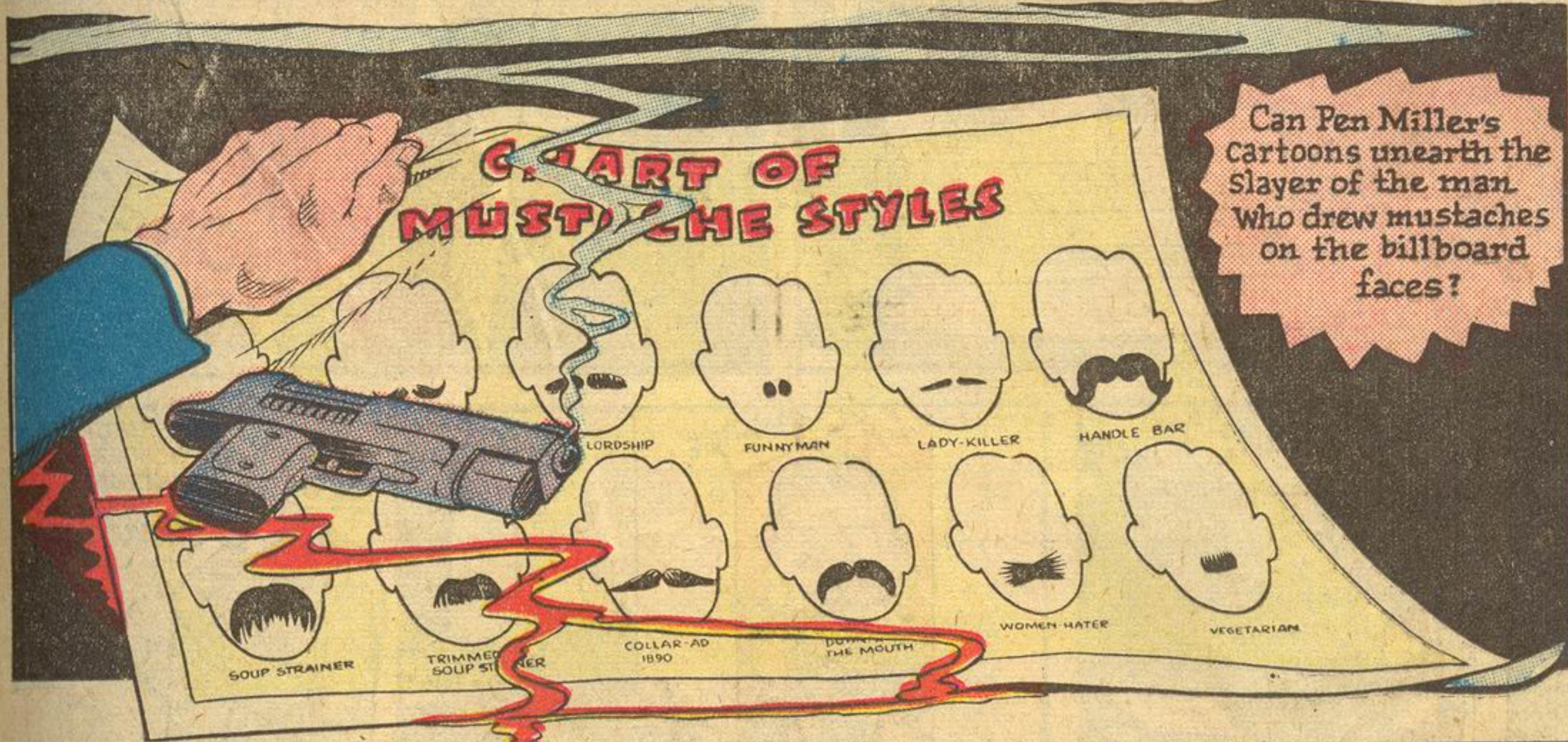
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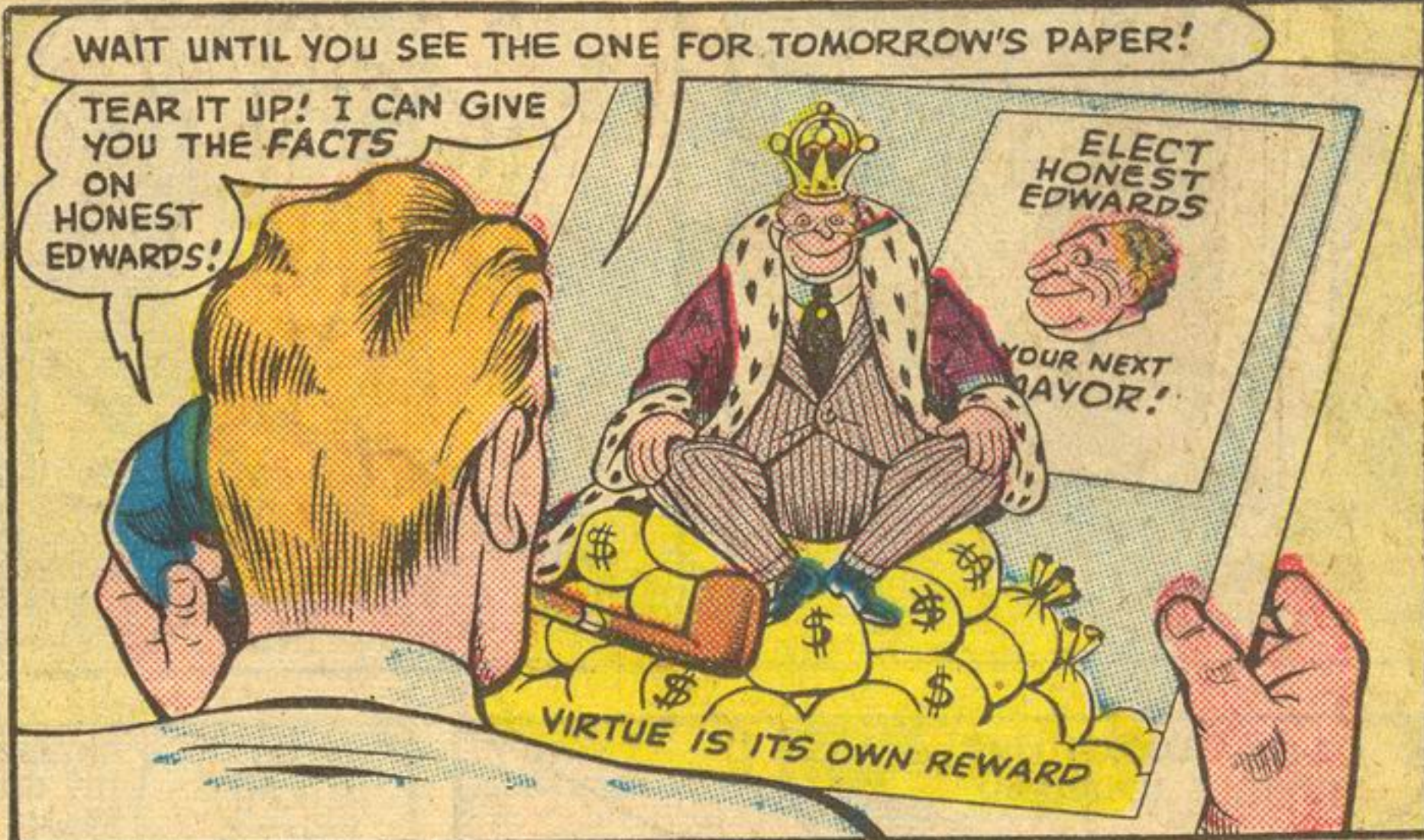
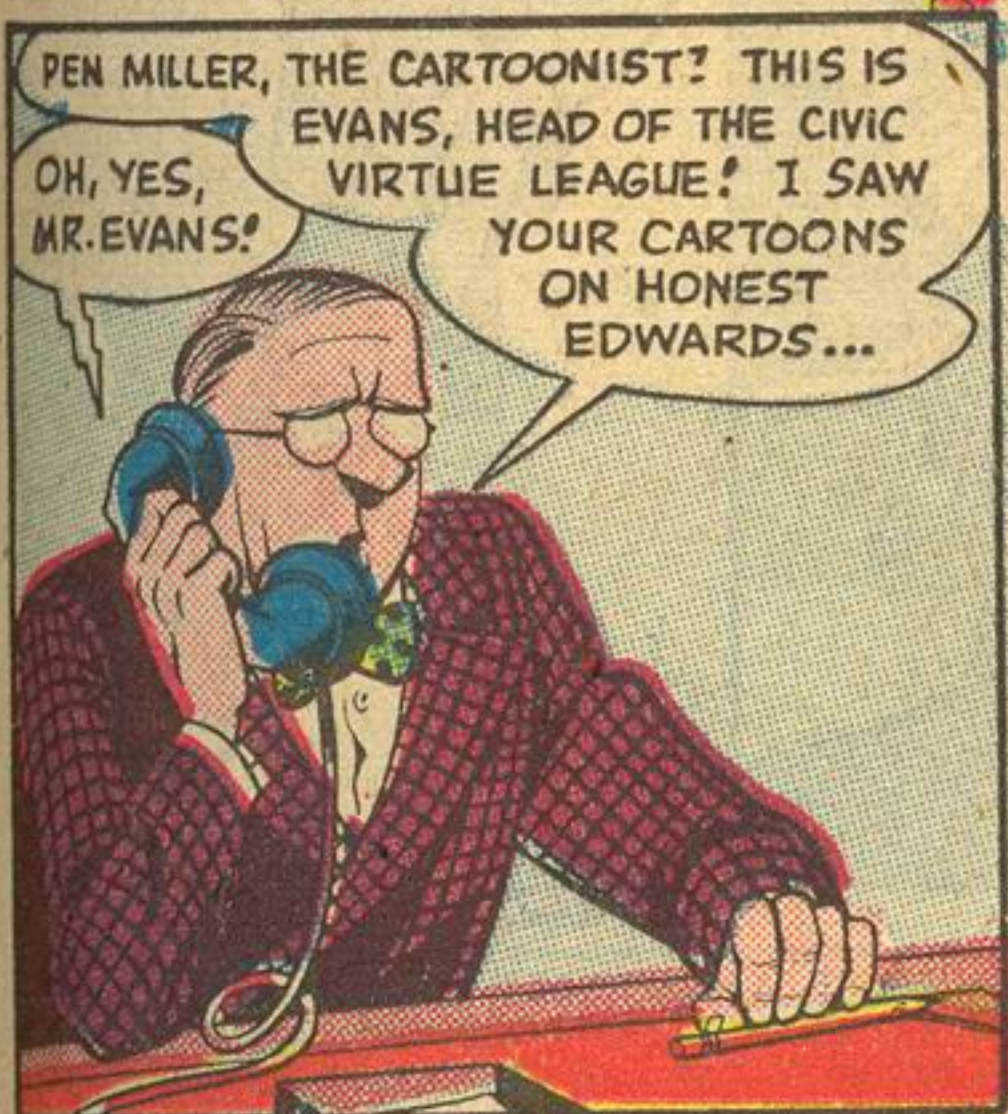
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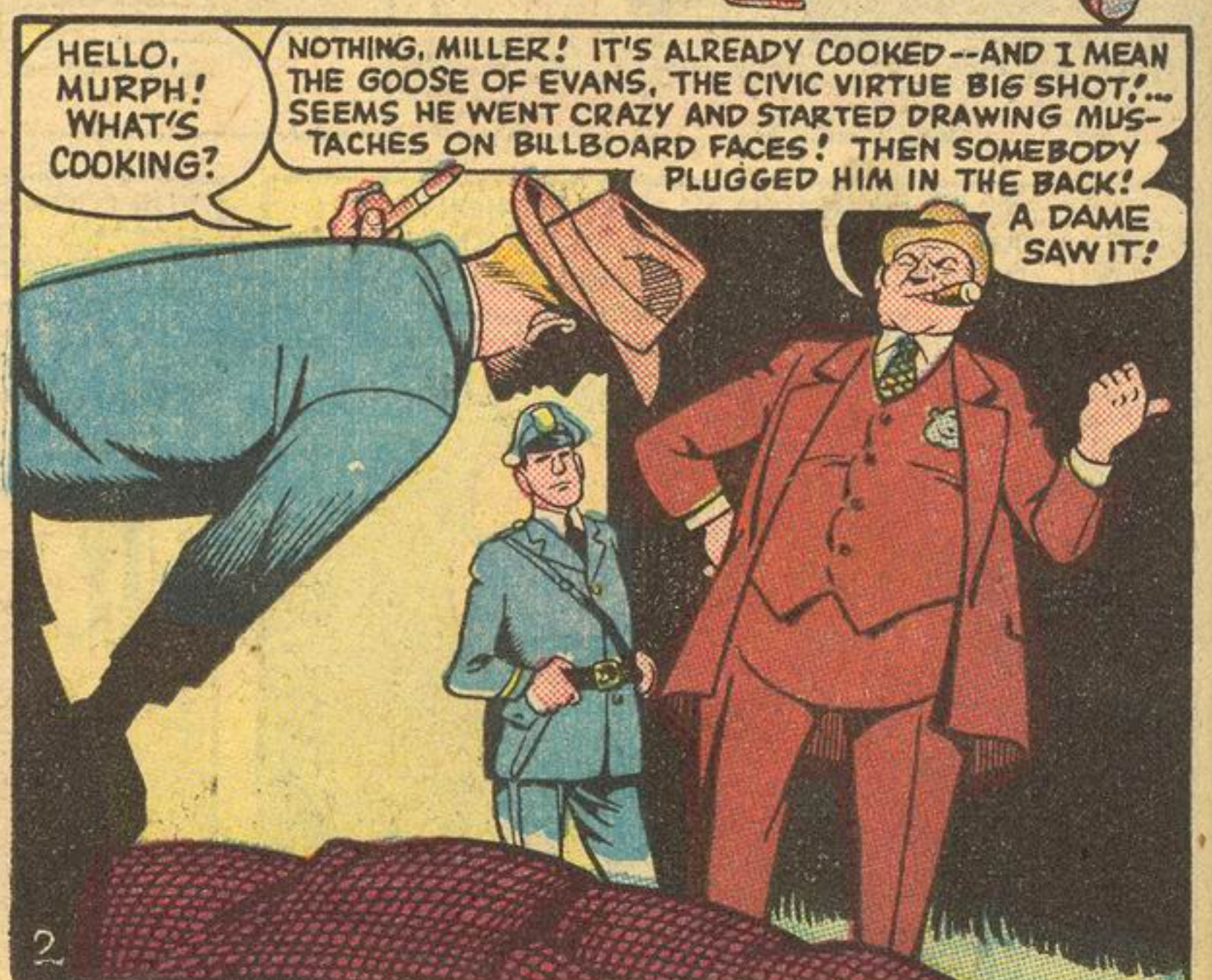
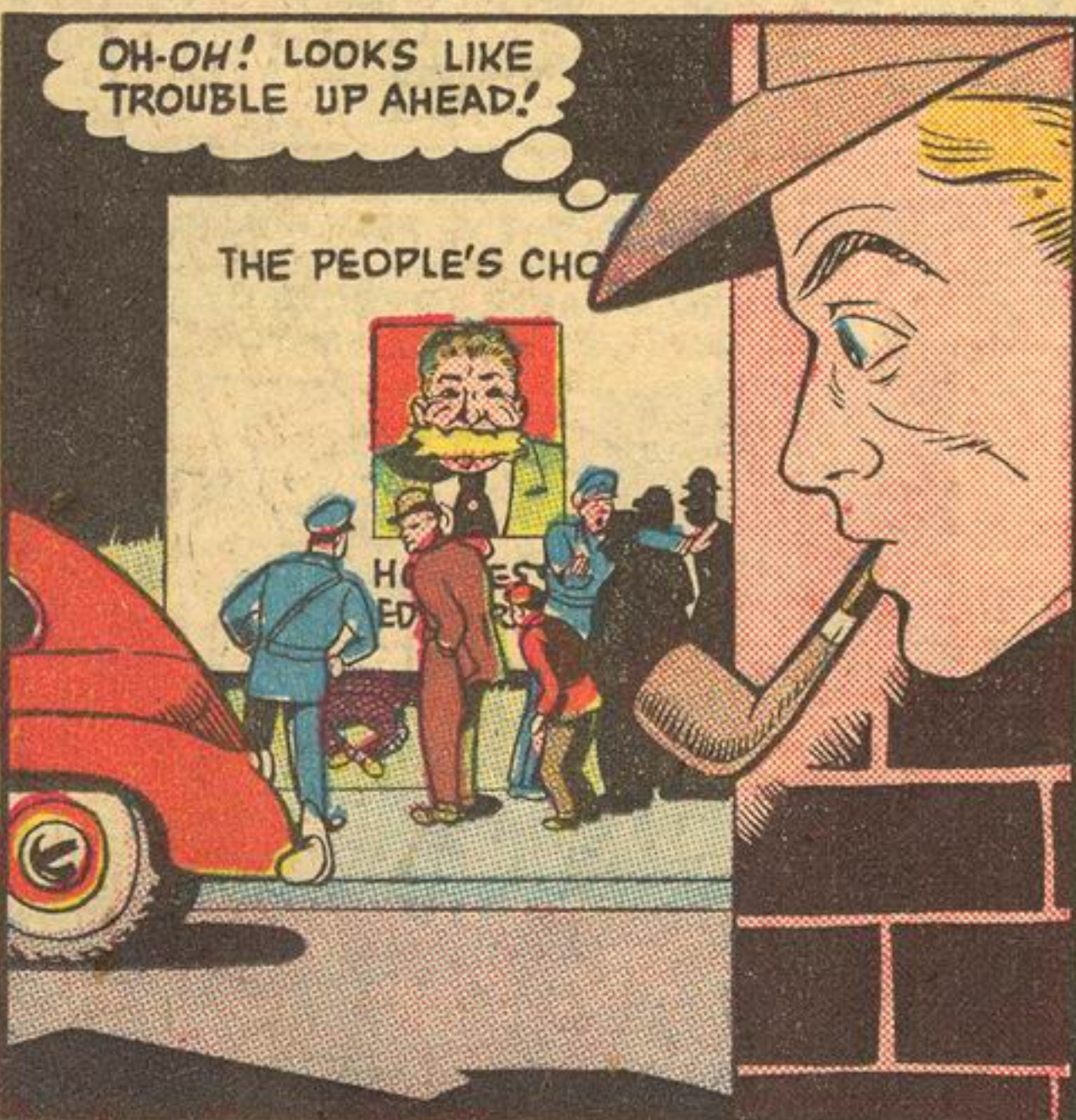
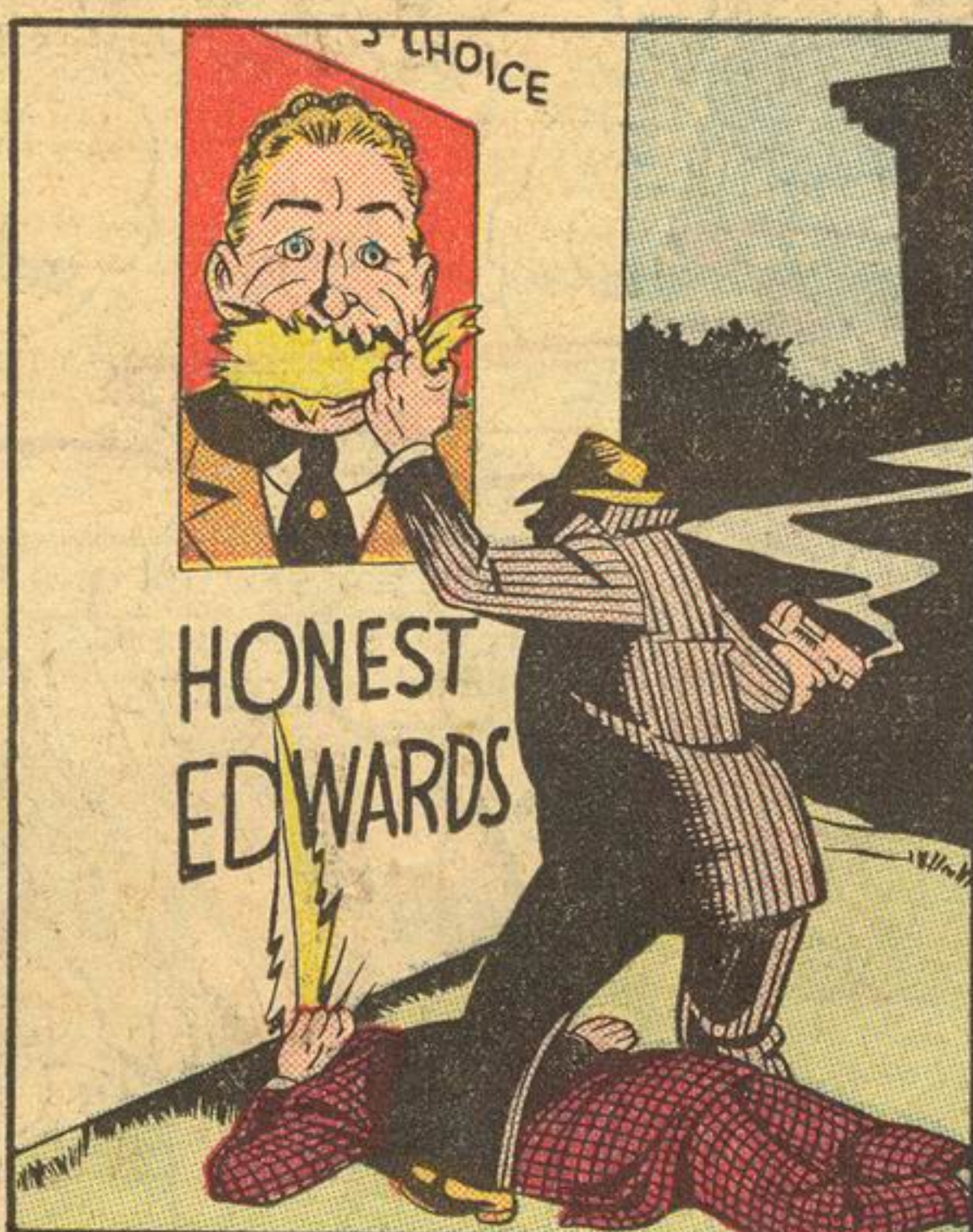
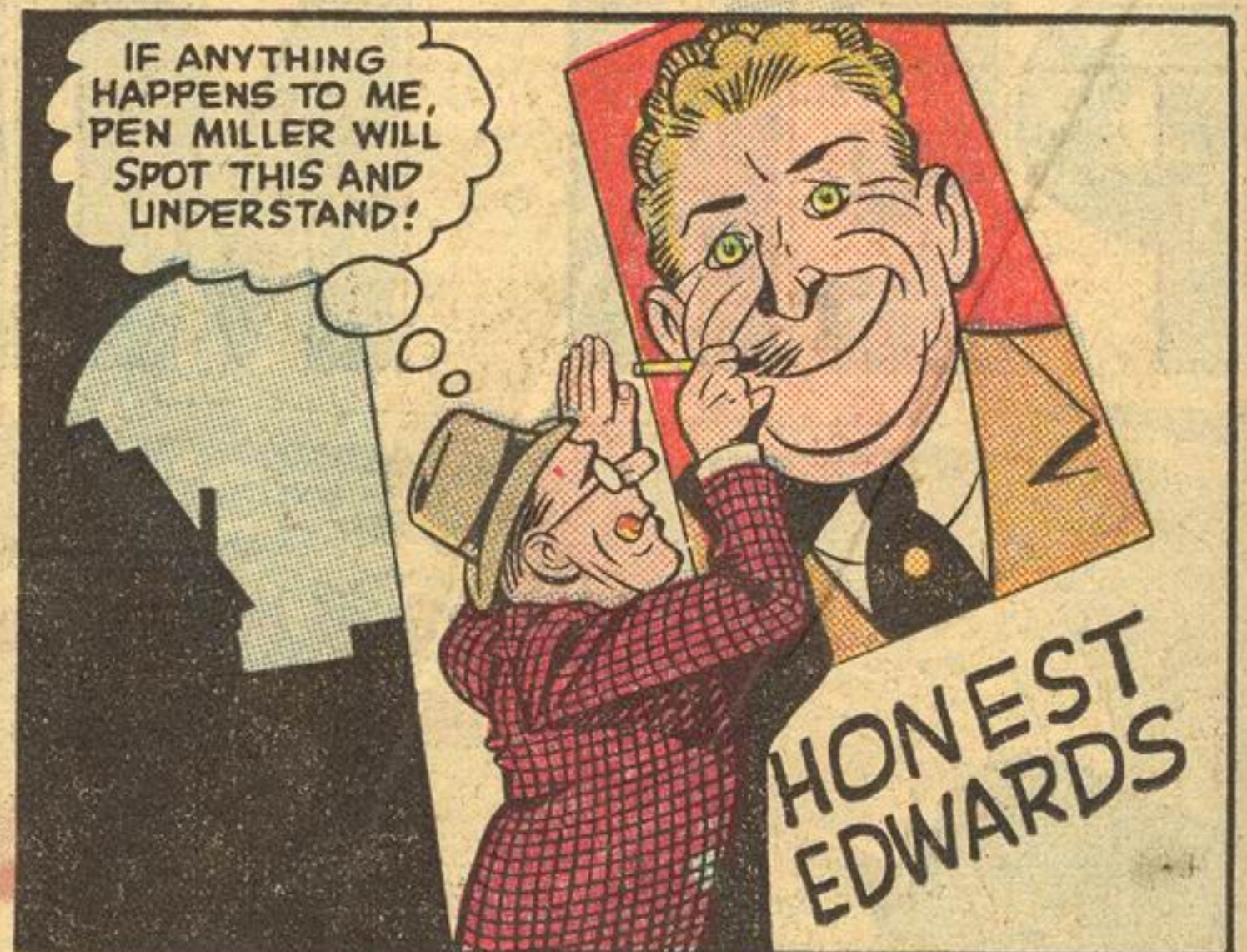
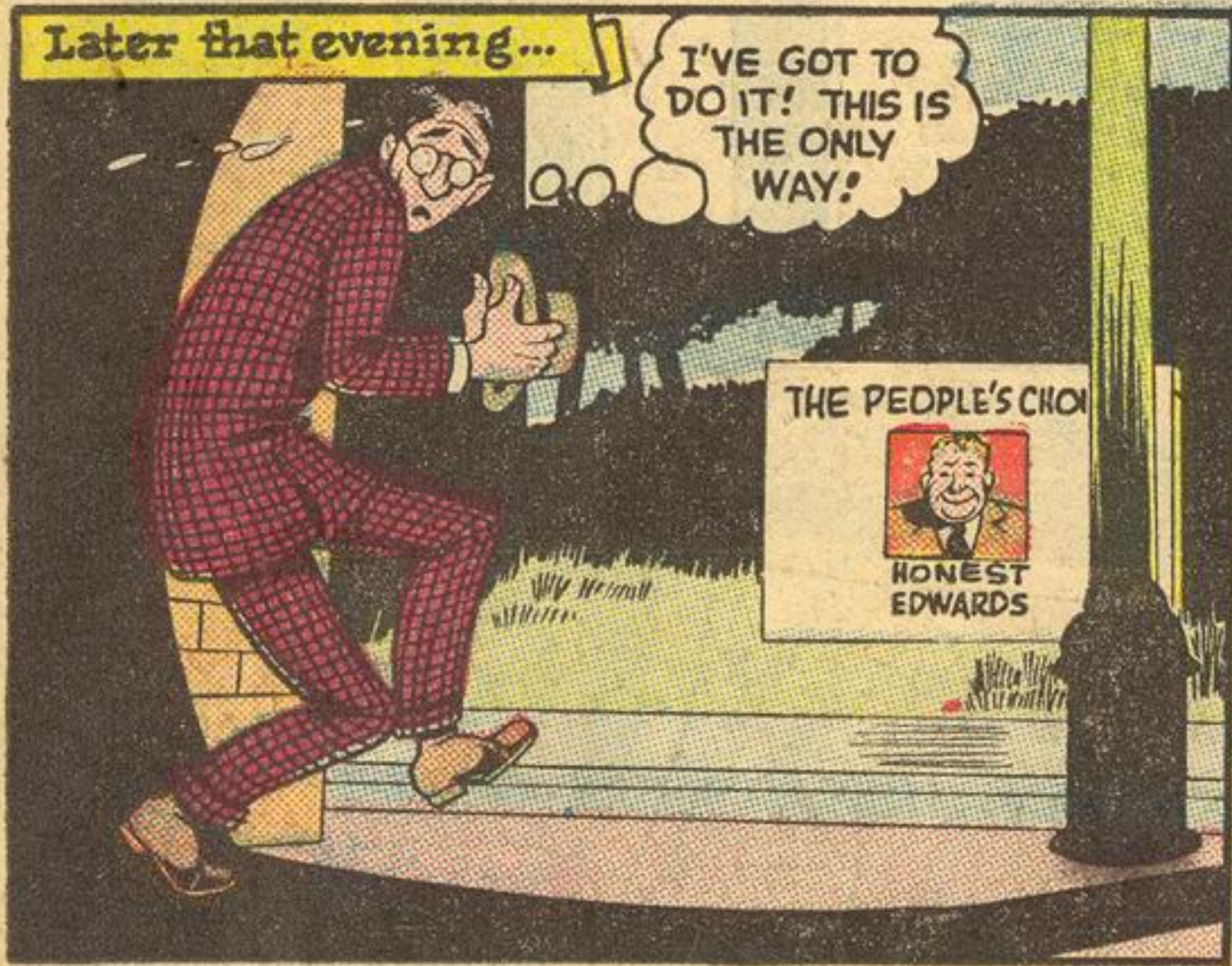
PEN MILLER



Can Pen Miller's
Cartoons unearth the
Slayer of the man
Who drew mustaches
on the billboard
faces?



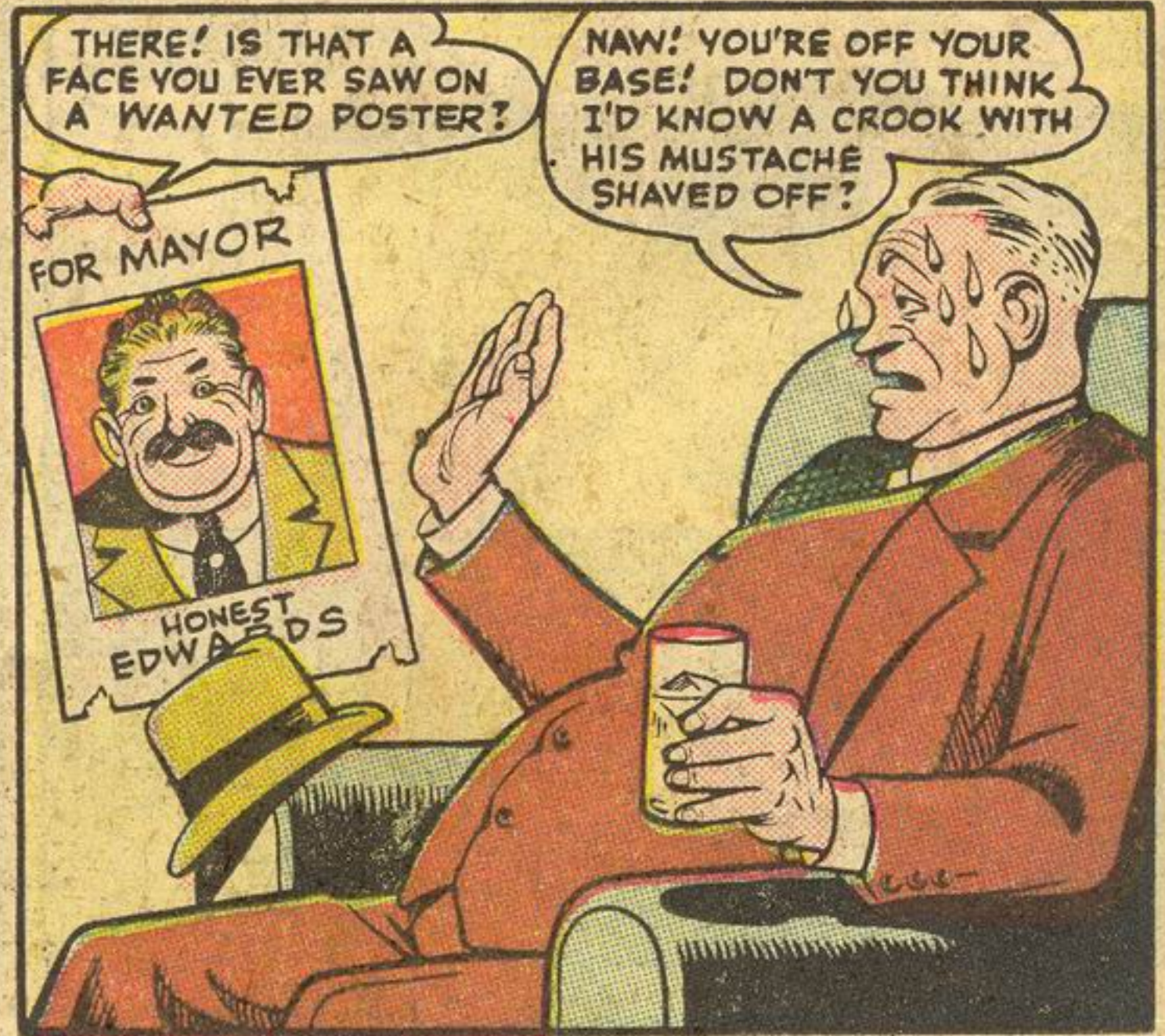
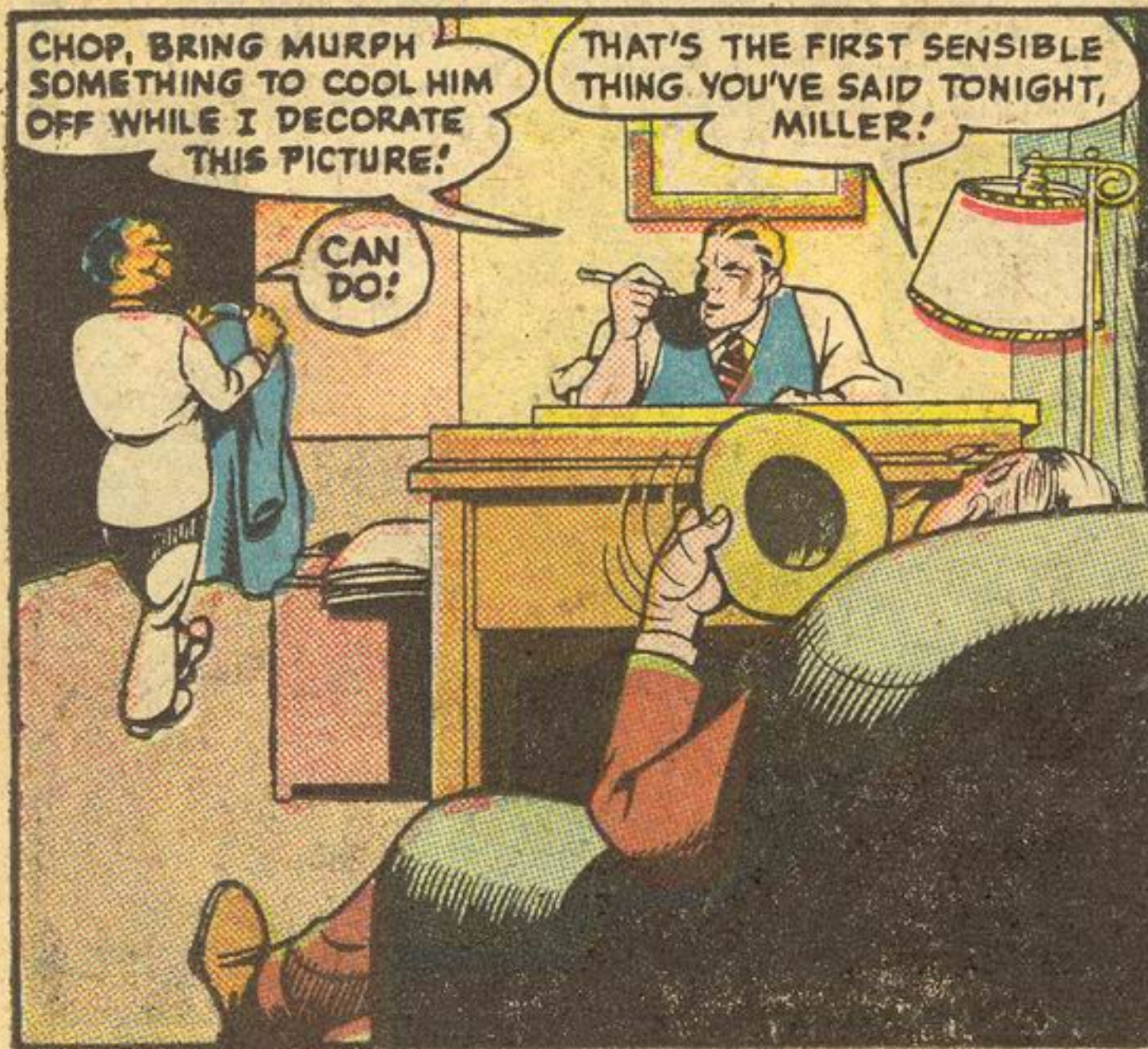
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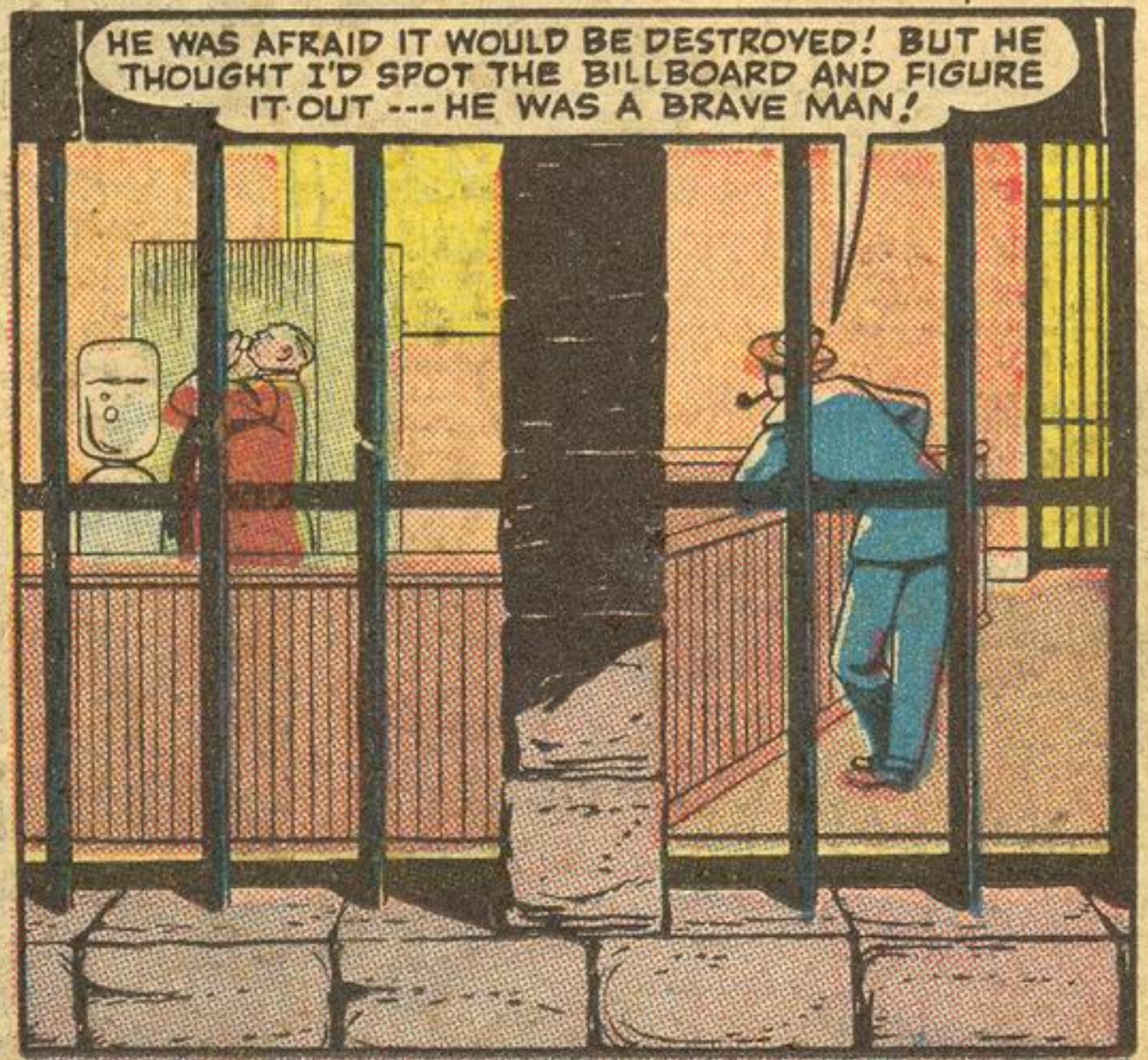
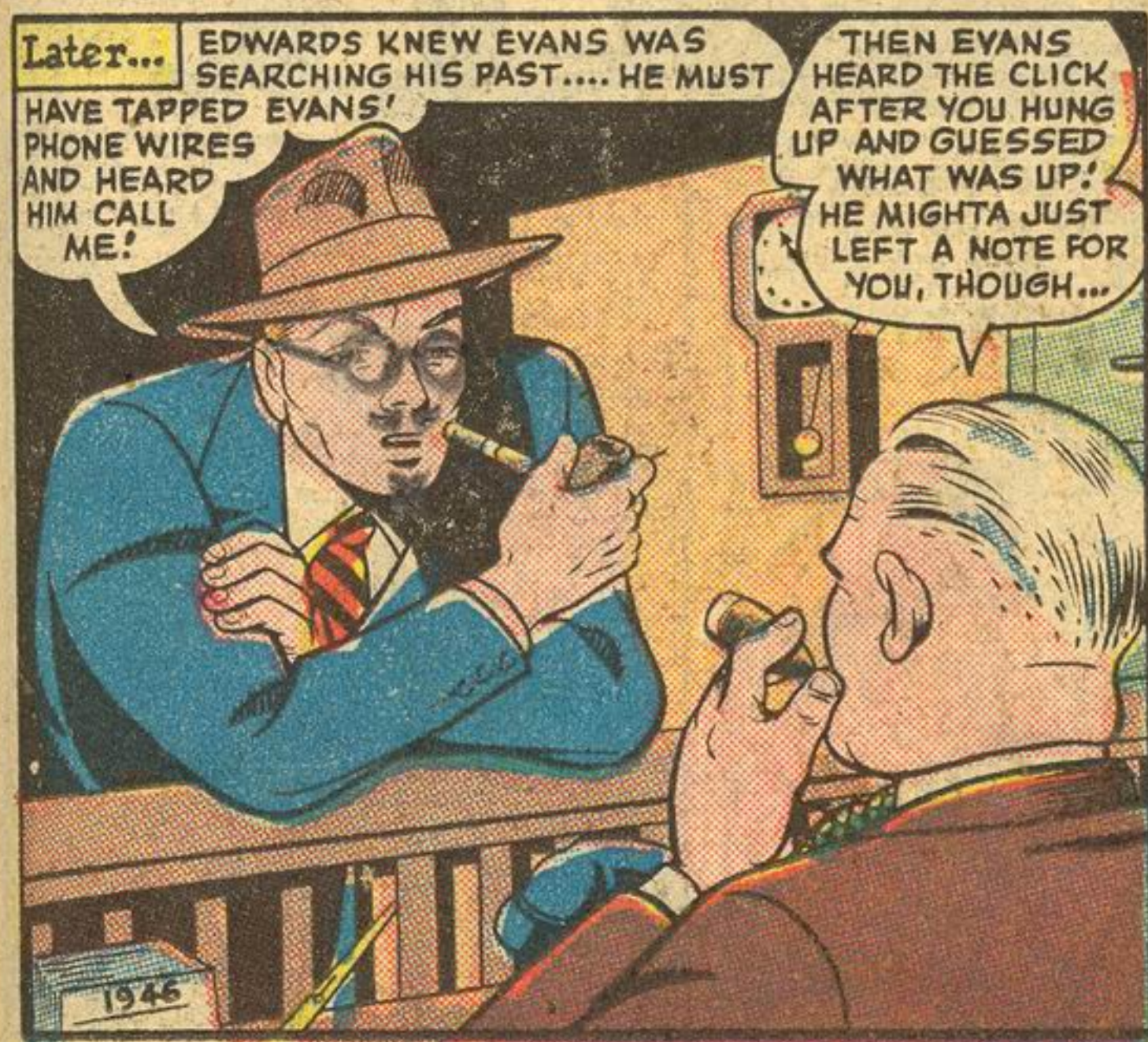
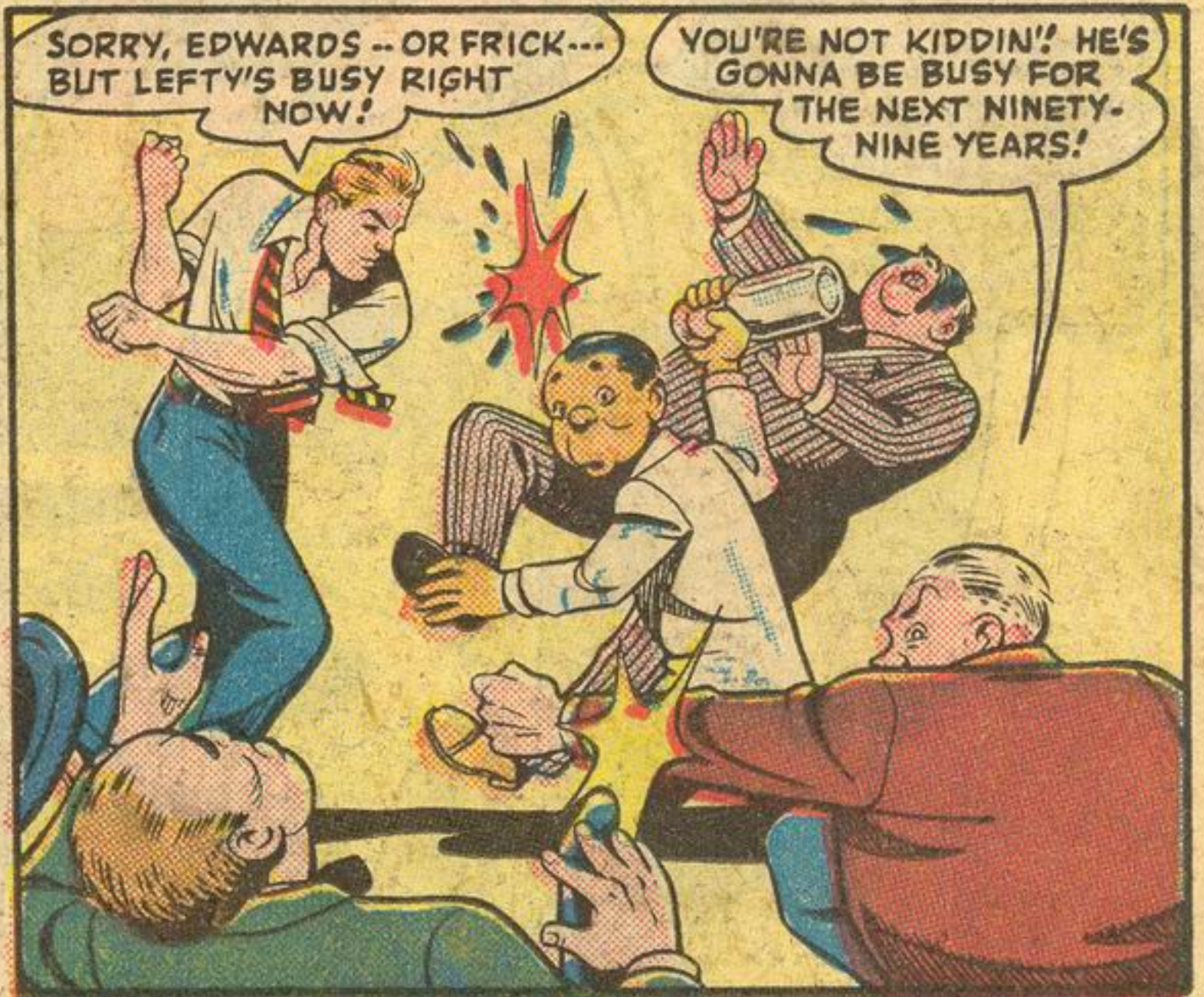
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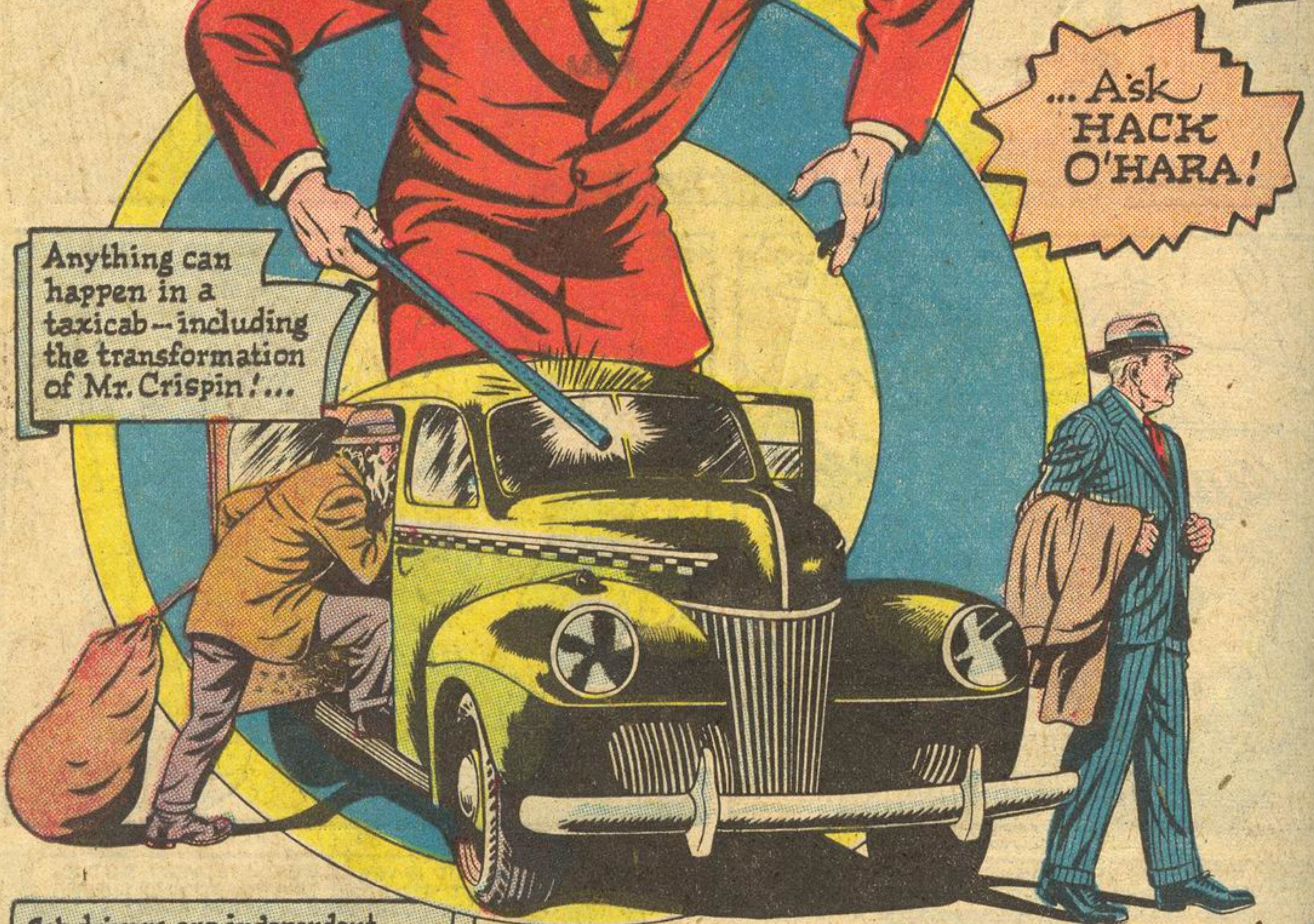
CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



Hack O'HARA



Cab drivers are independent... especially in the evening, when they are apt to pick PROSPEROUS-LOOKING PASSENGERS....

TAXI... PLEASE!



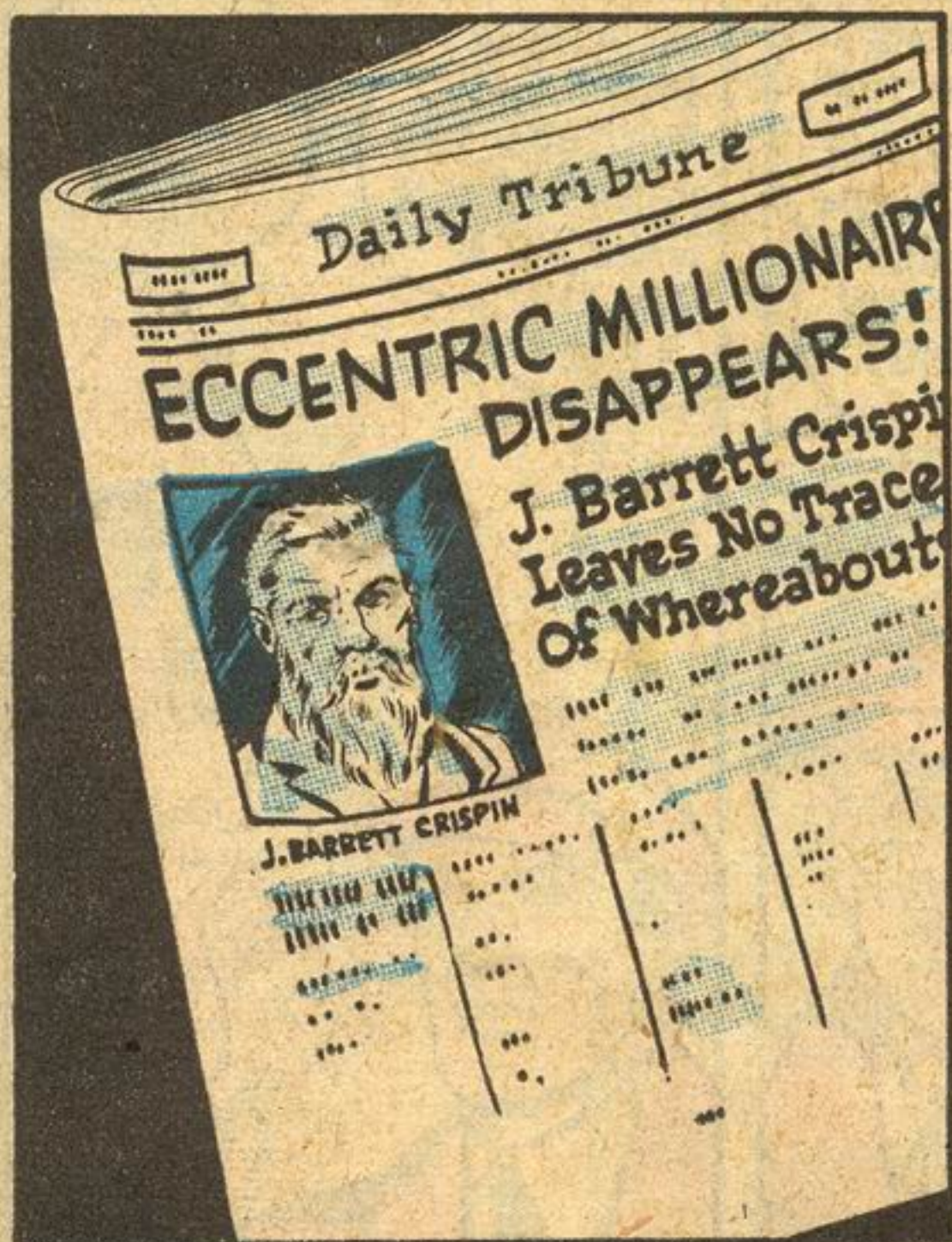
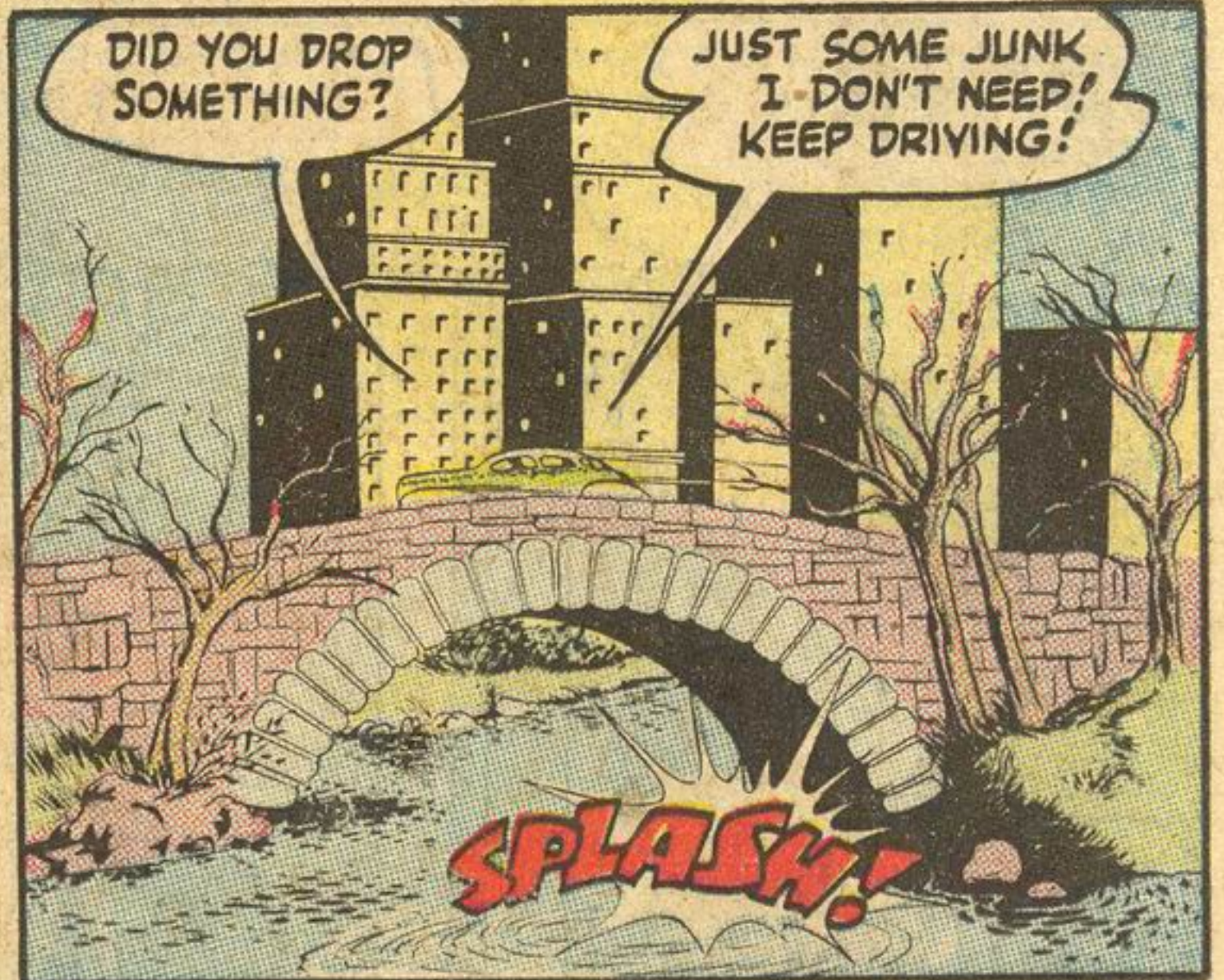
THAT POOR OLD GEEZER DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE HAD THE PRICE OF A RIDE --- BUT I'M A COUPLA BUCKS AHEAD TONIGHT, SO ---



I DIDN'T THINK ANY CAB WOULD STOP FOR ME!

I'M HACK O'HARA, THE CABBIE WITH A CONSCIENCE! GET IN, POPS!





CRACK COMICS

SINCE YOU ASK --- NO, I'M NOT CRISPIN'S KINSMAN, ONLY HIS ATTORNEY -- STORP! HIS ONE RELATIVE IS HERE --- HIS COUSIN LOTTA!



I'M ANOTHER RELATIVE, MR. STORP! HIS HALF-BROTHER, BARRY CONDOR!



AN IMPOSTER! I NEVER KNEW THAT COUSIN BARRETT HAD A HALF-BROTHER!



HE KNEW, THOUGH! LOOK AT THIS PAPER!

Wherefore I deed all my property and possessions to my half-brother, Barry Condor, who will present this document.
Signed,
J. Barrett Crispin



RIDICULOUS! CRISPIN WAS CRAZY --- WE WERE GOING TO PROVE IT IN COURT!



BUT YOU DIDN'T GET AROUND TO THAT, EH? WELL---



DON'T THINK OF TEARING THAT DEED TO PIECES! I'M ENTITLED TO EVERYTHING MY HALF-BROTHER HAS -- HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE!

SOMEONE ELSE AT THE DOOR! WHAT IS THIS?

WHO ARE YOU?



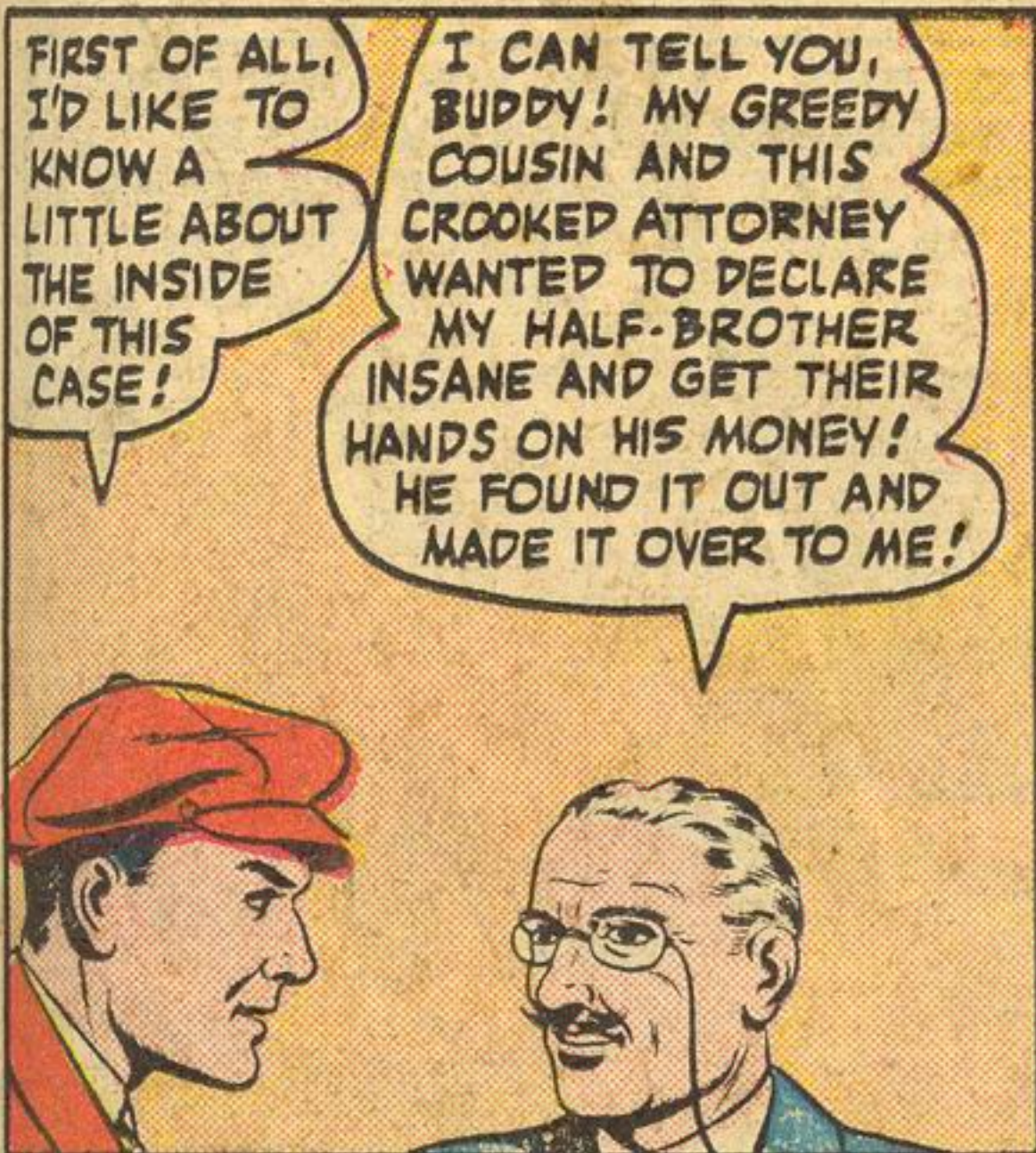
PARDON ME -- BUT I SAW THE PICTURES IN THE PAPERS -- I THINK I HAULED MR. CRISPIN IN MY CAB LAST NIGHT!

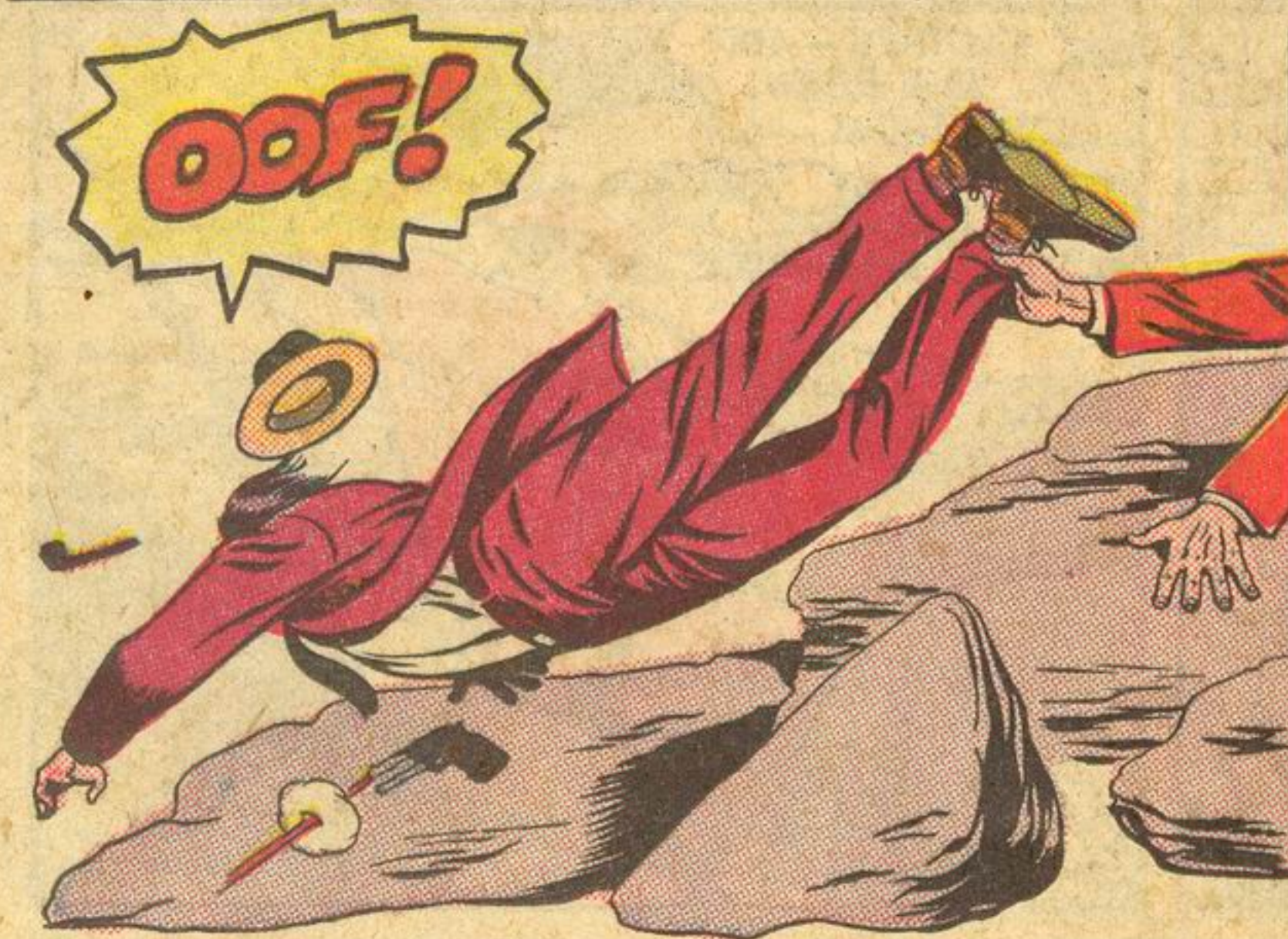
HE ASKED ME TO DRIVE HIM THROUGH THE PARK -- THEN GAVE ME A TIP AND LEFT!

CAN YOU HELP US FIND HIM?



CRACK COMICS

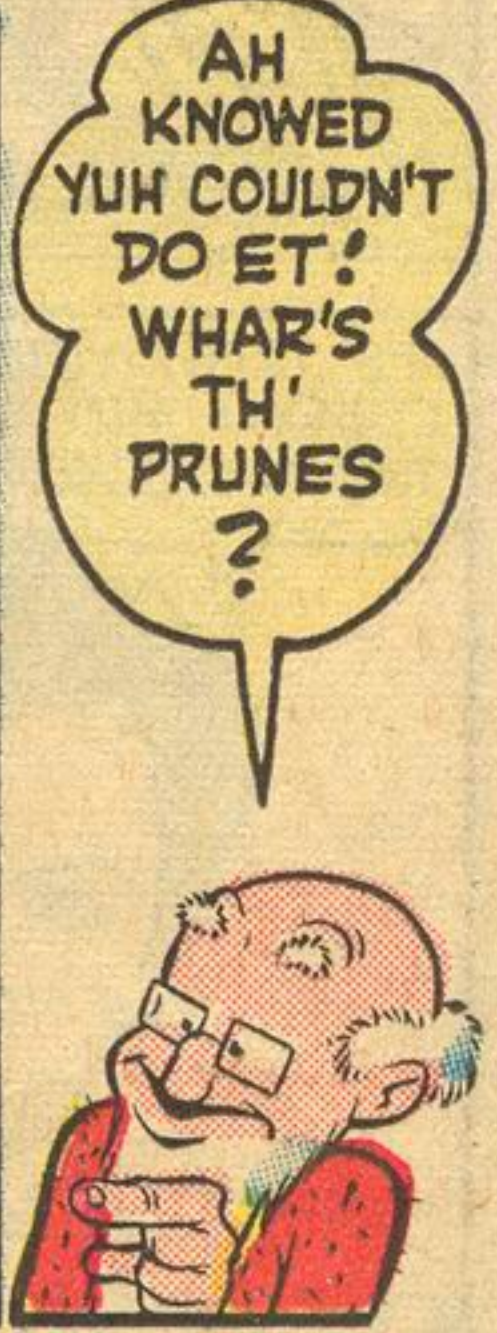
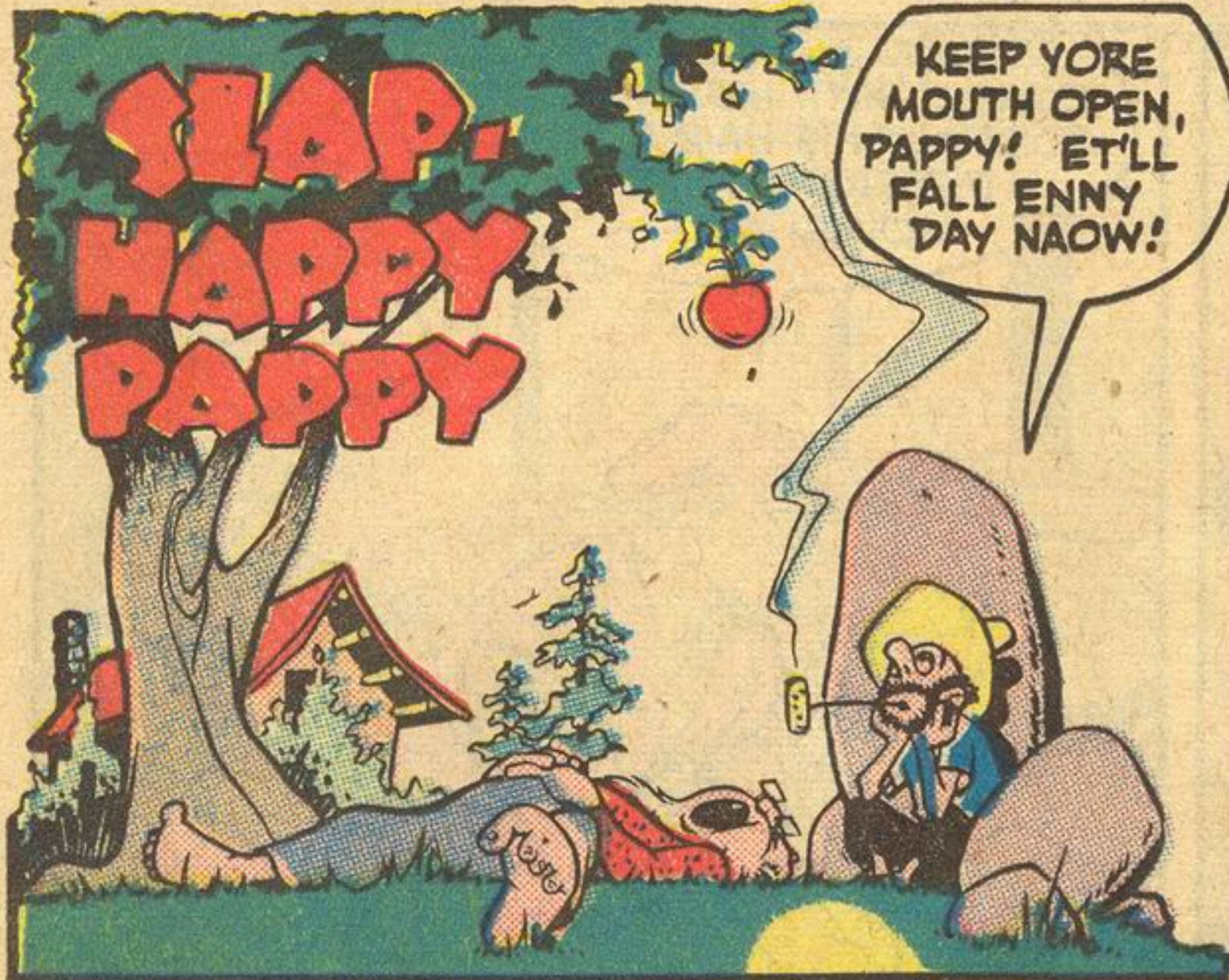




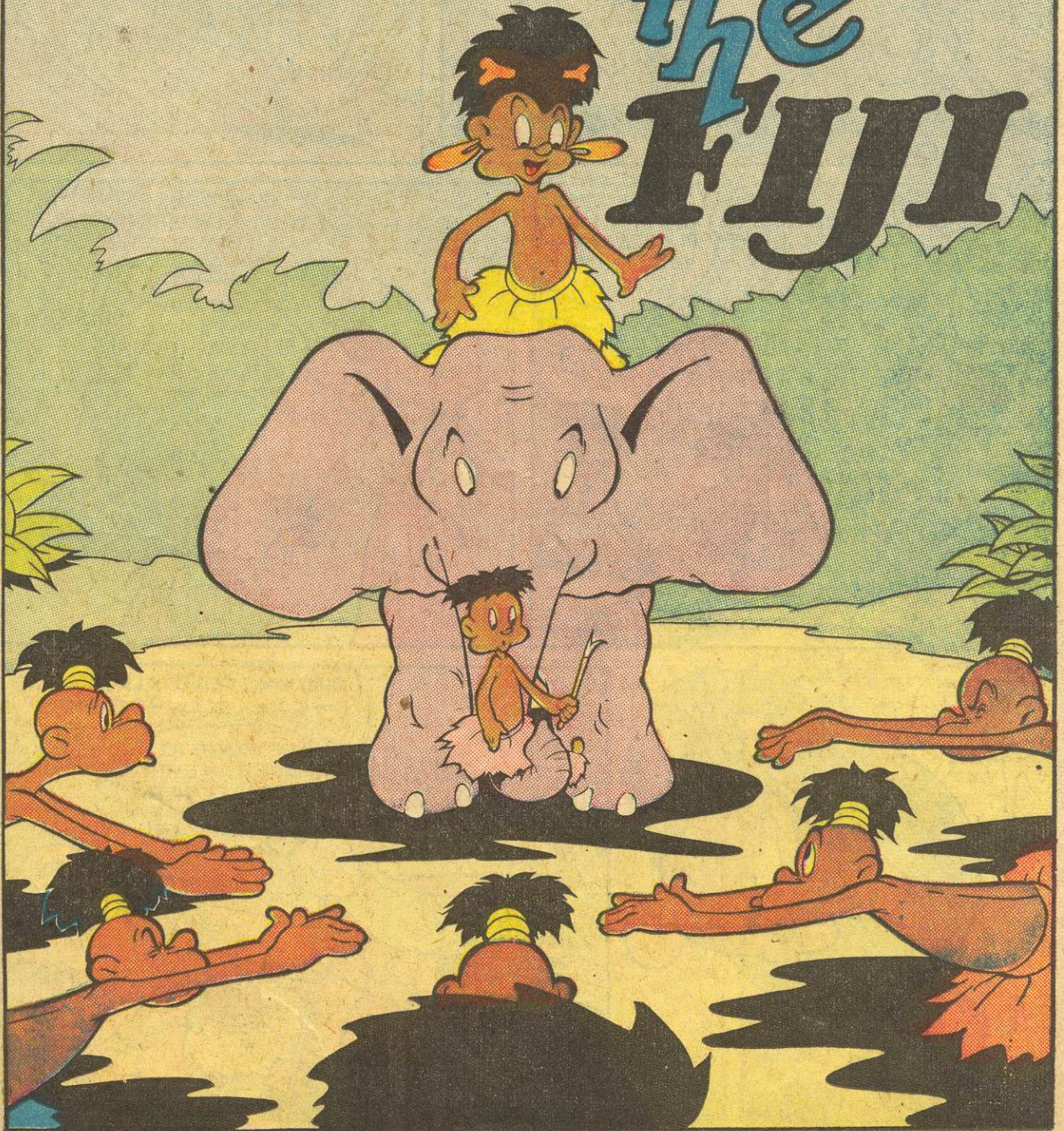
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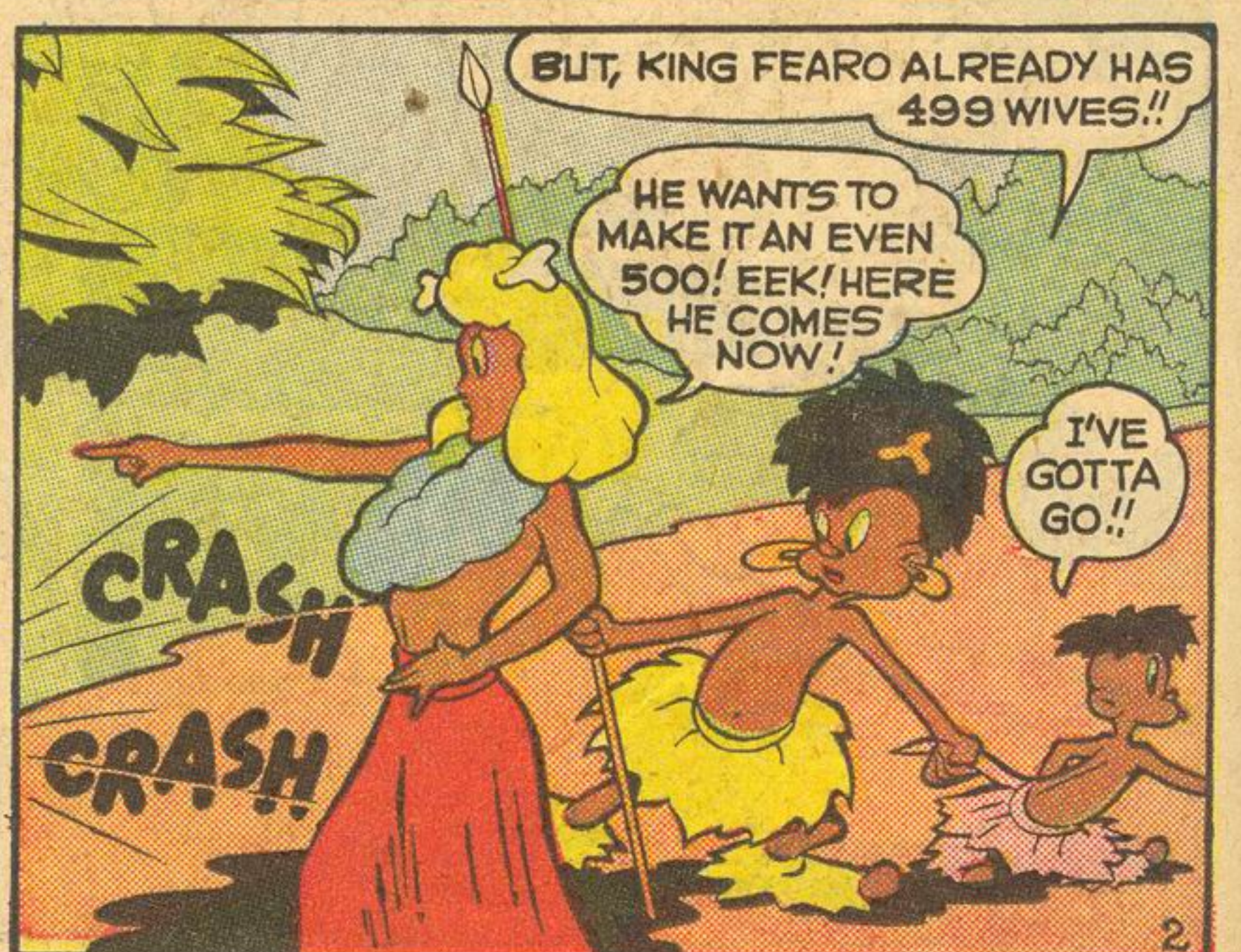
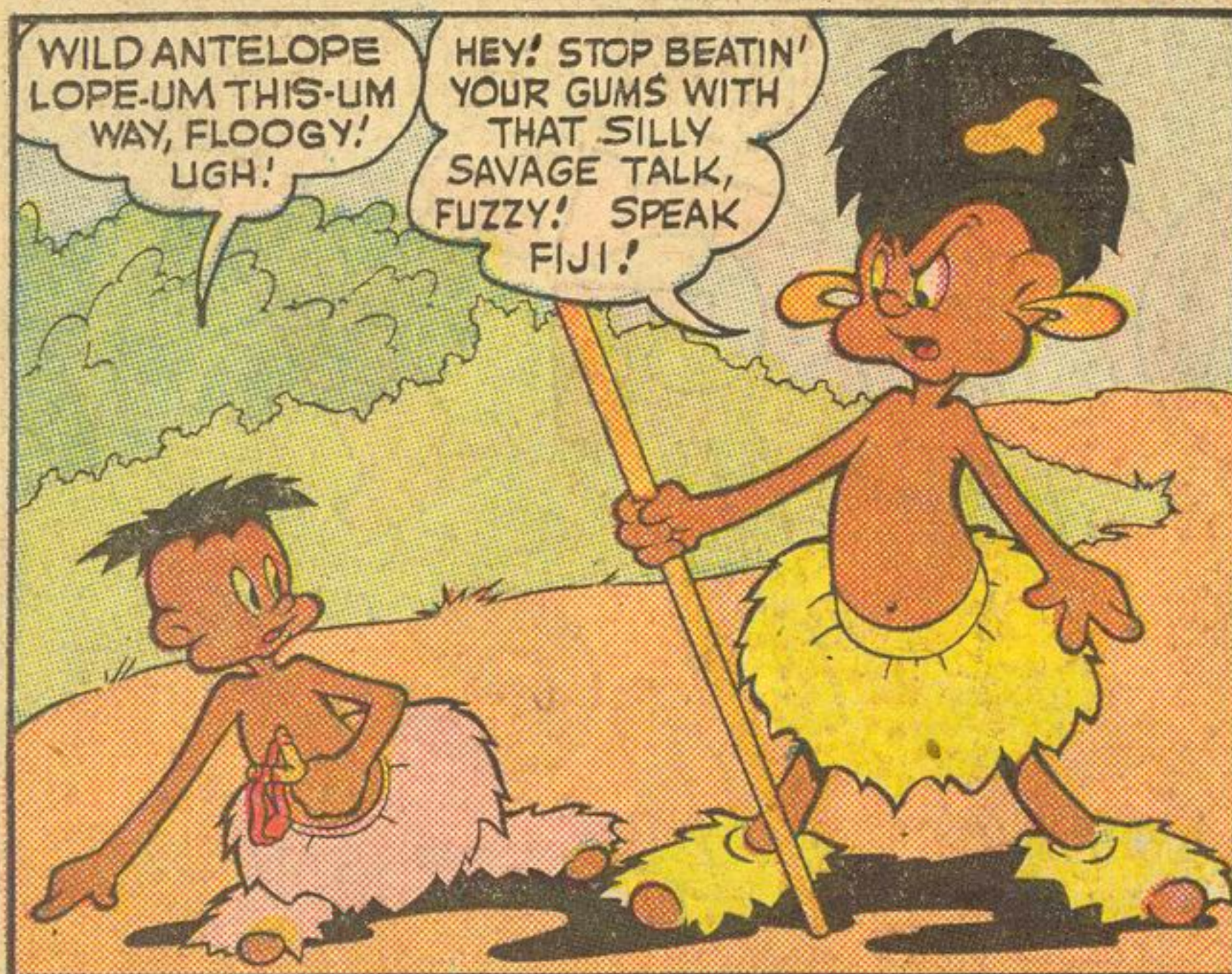


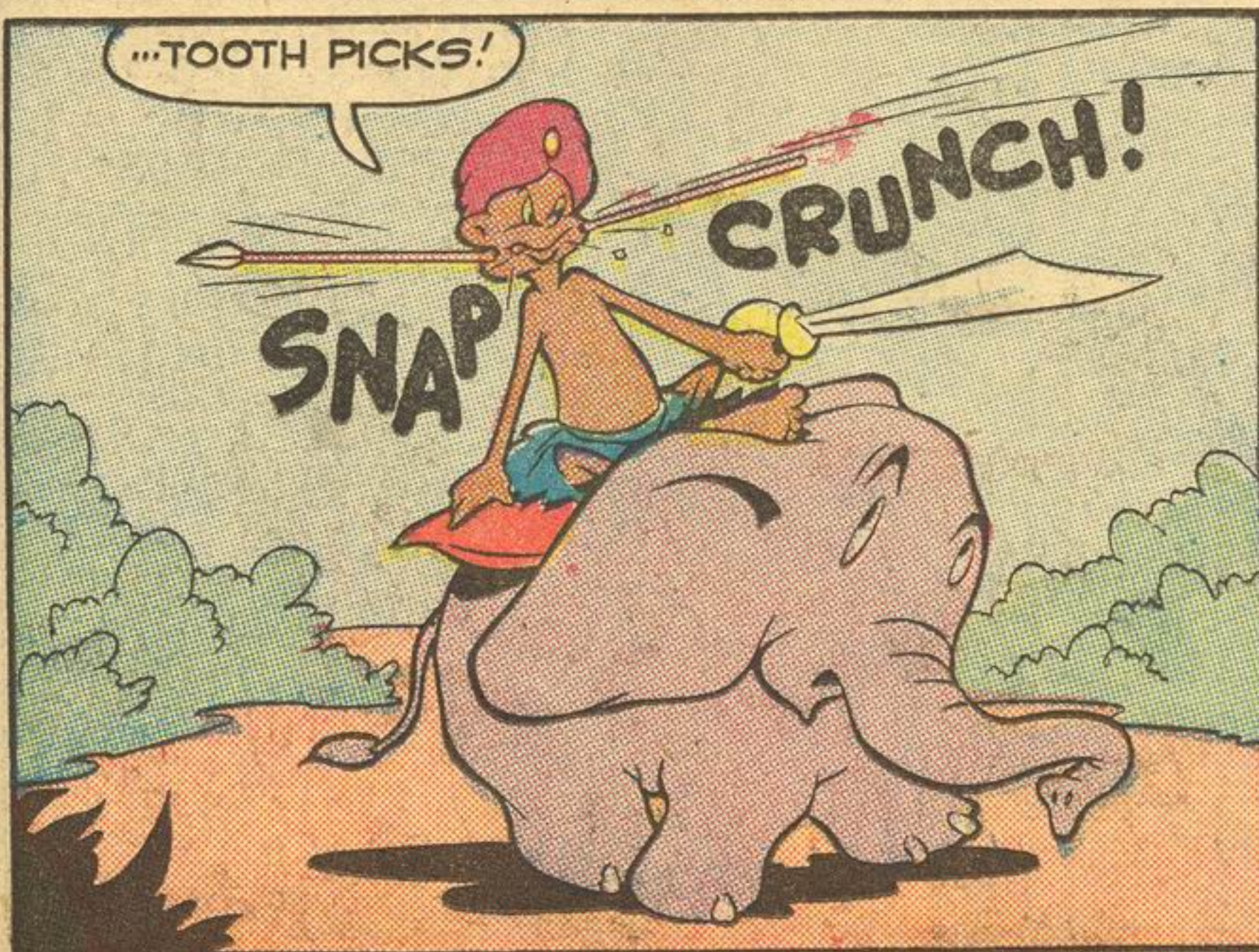
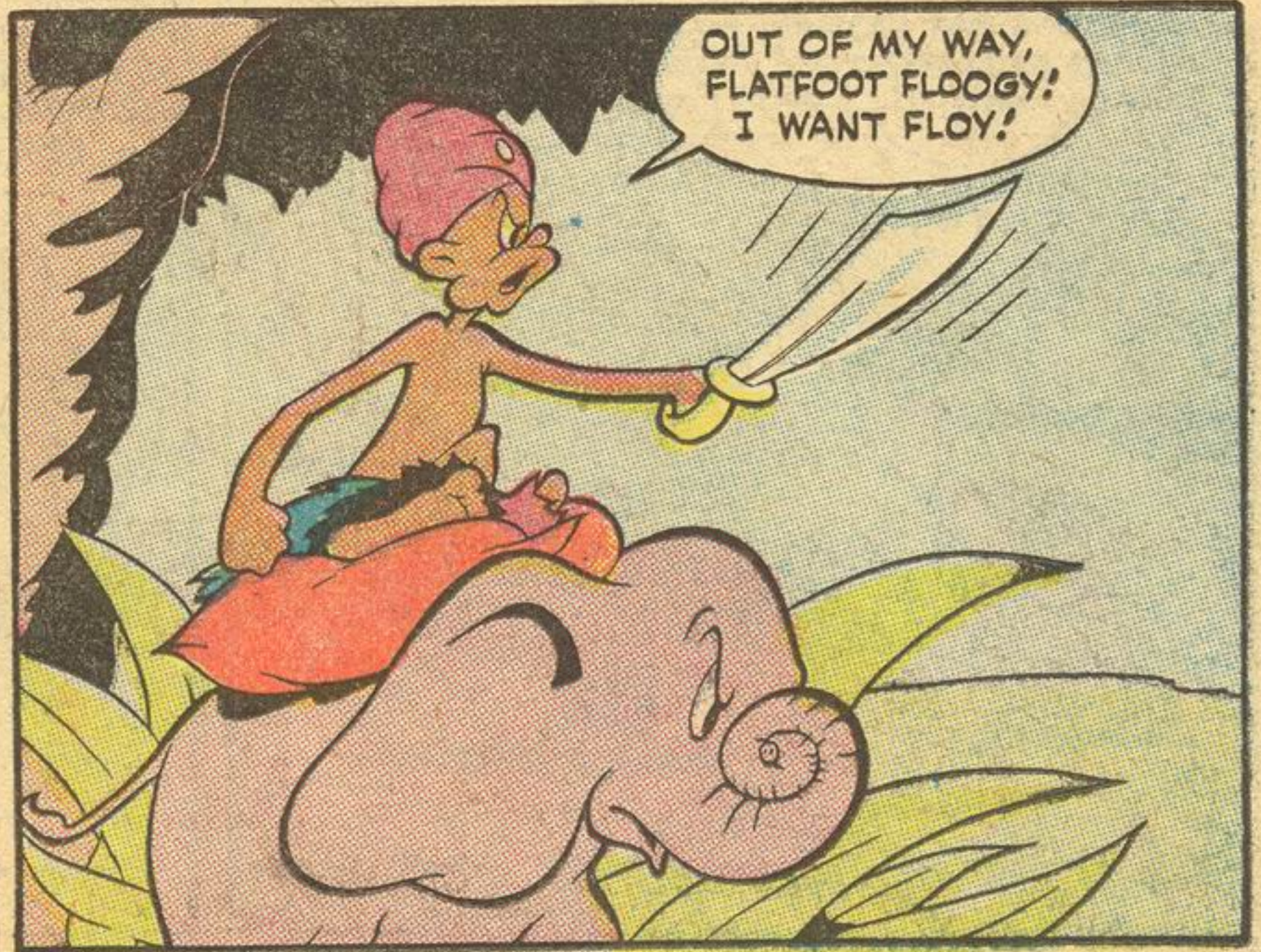
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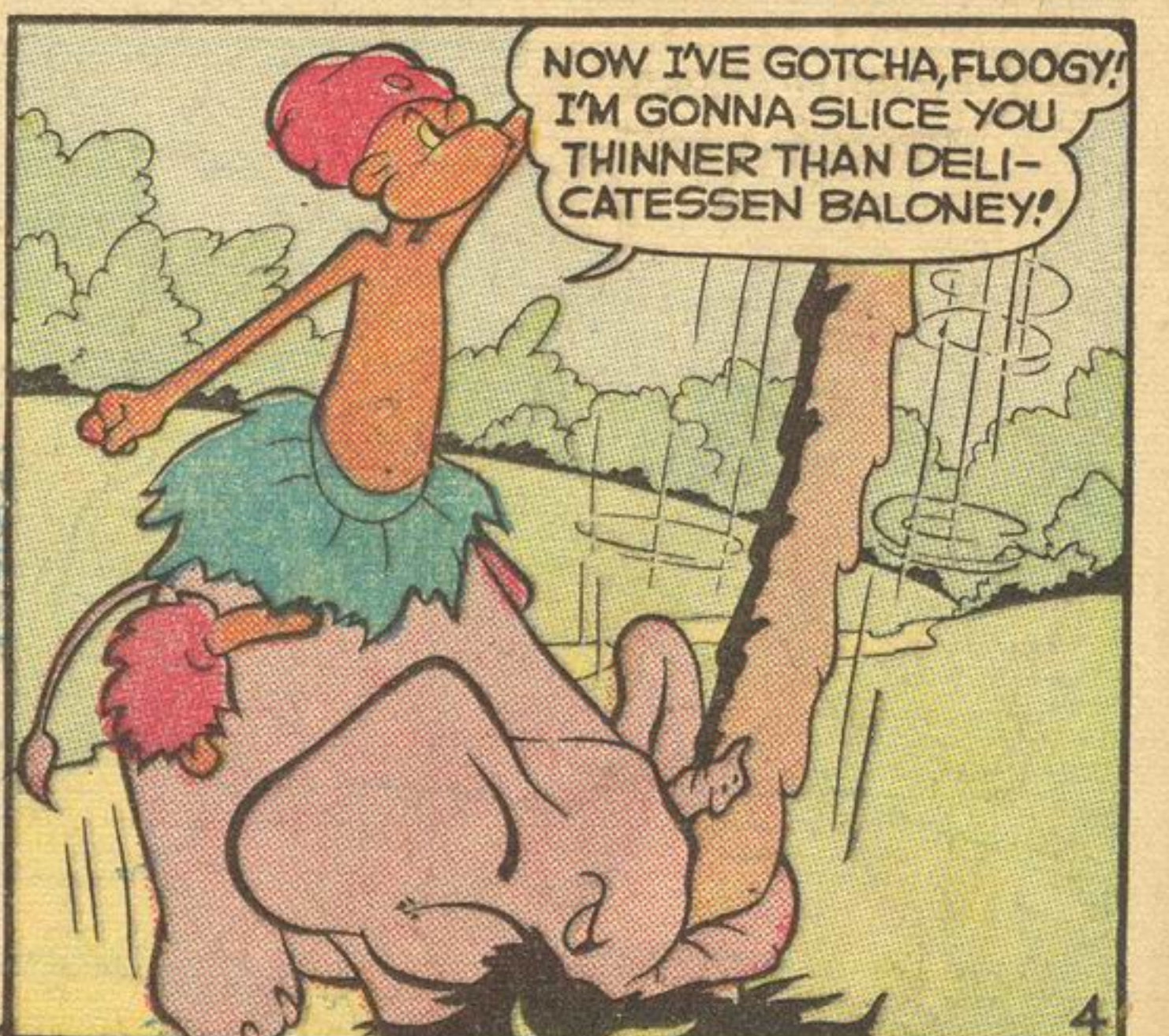
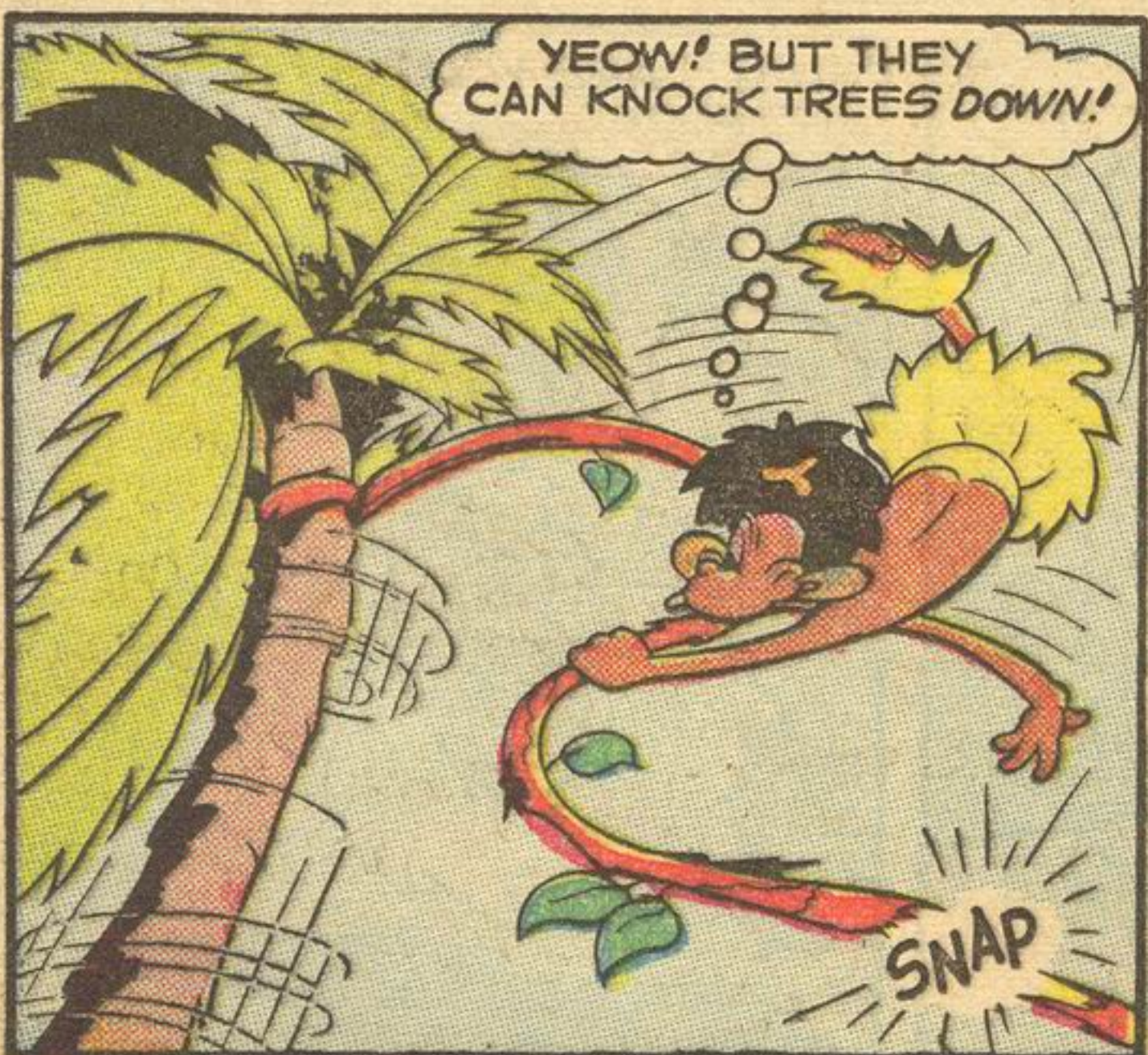
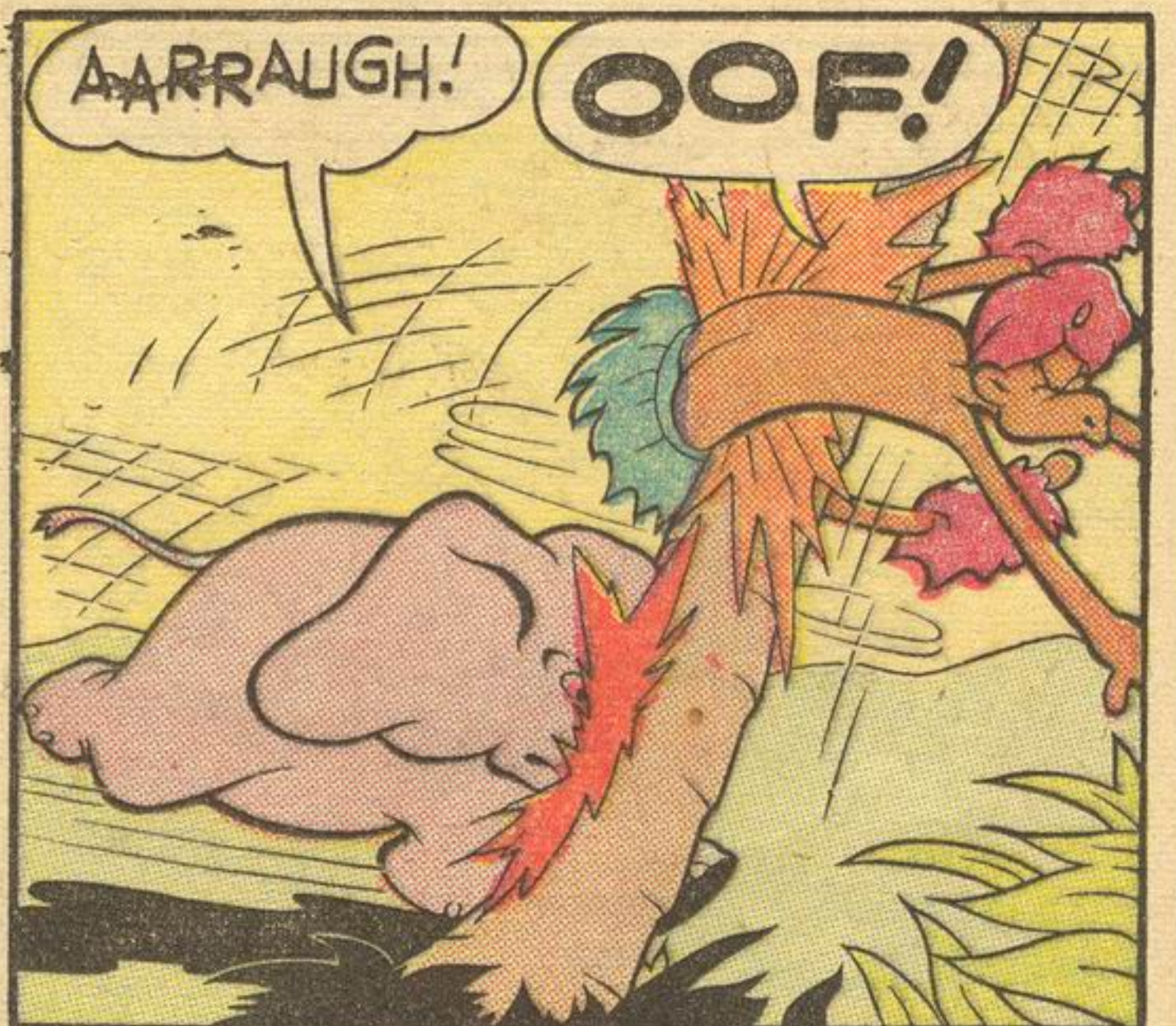
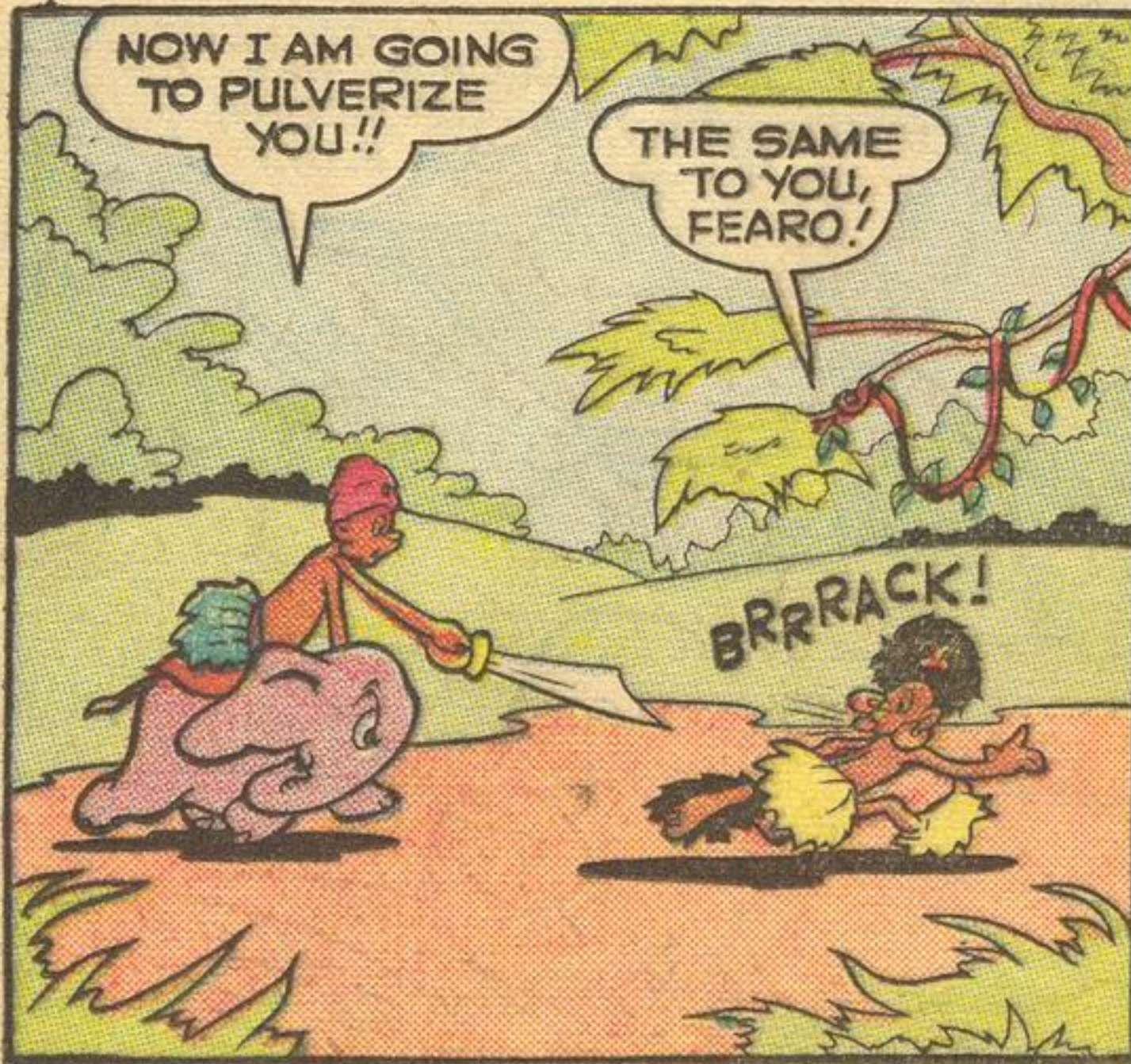


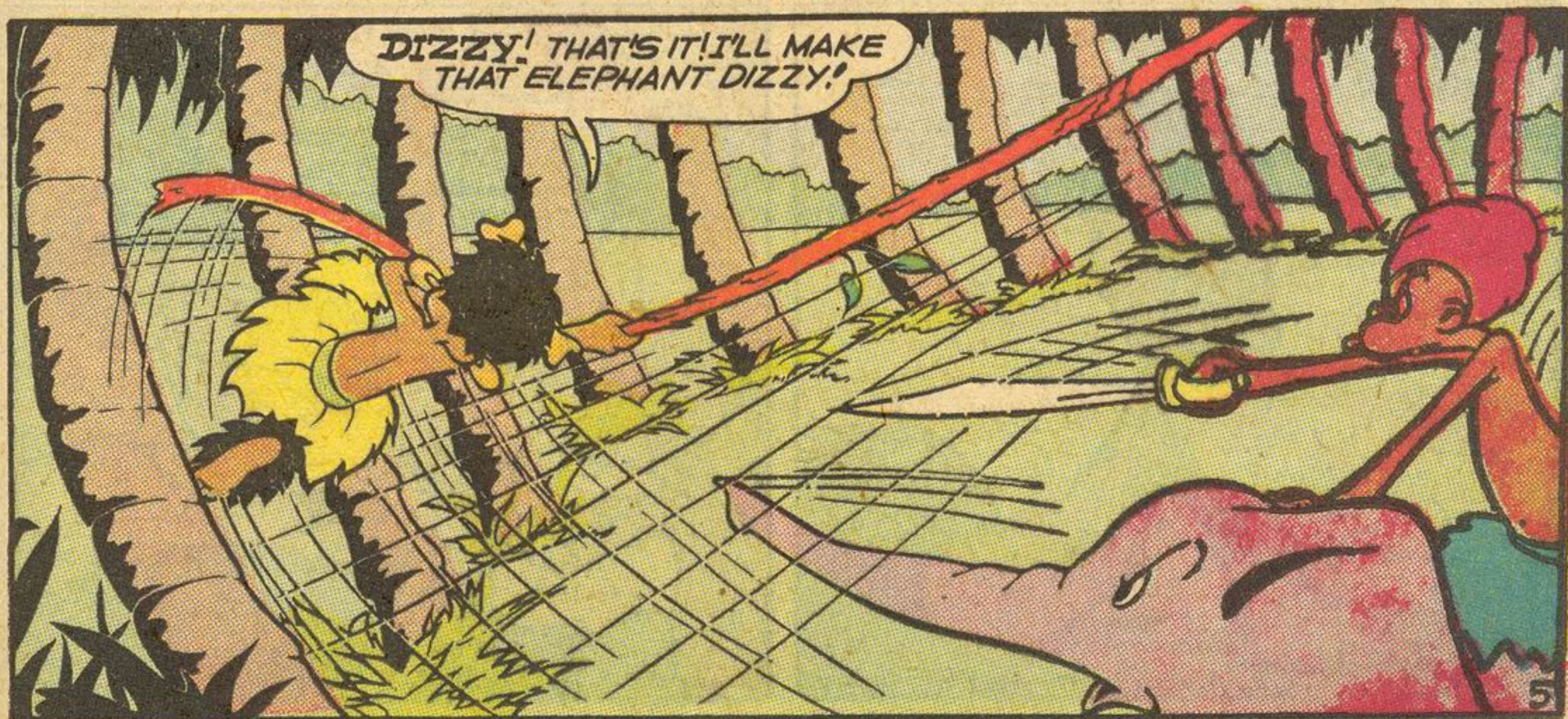
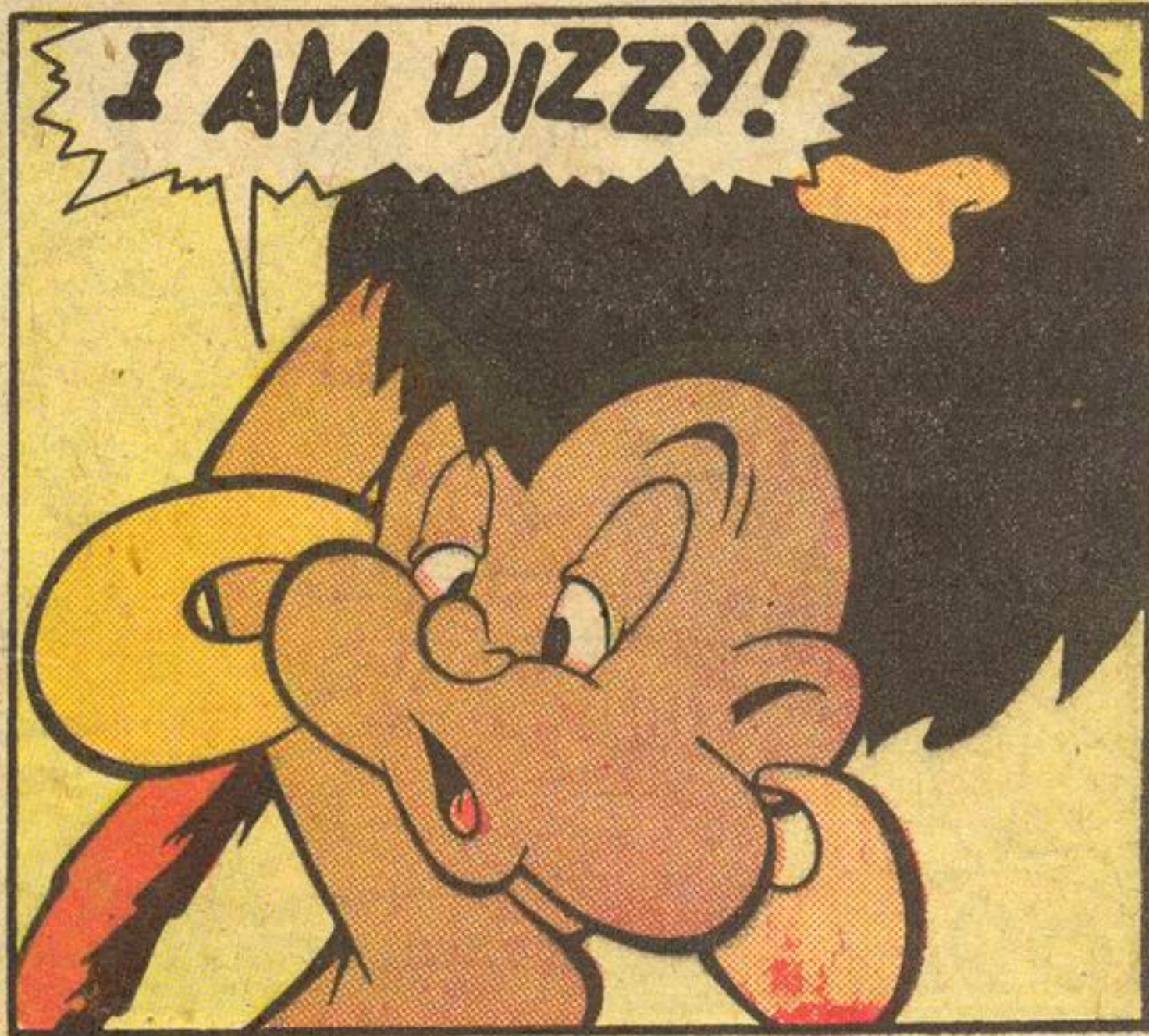
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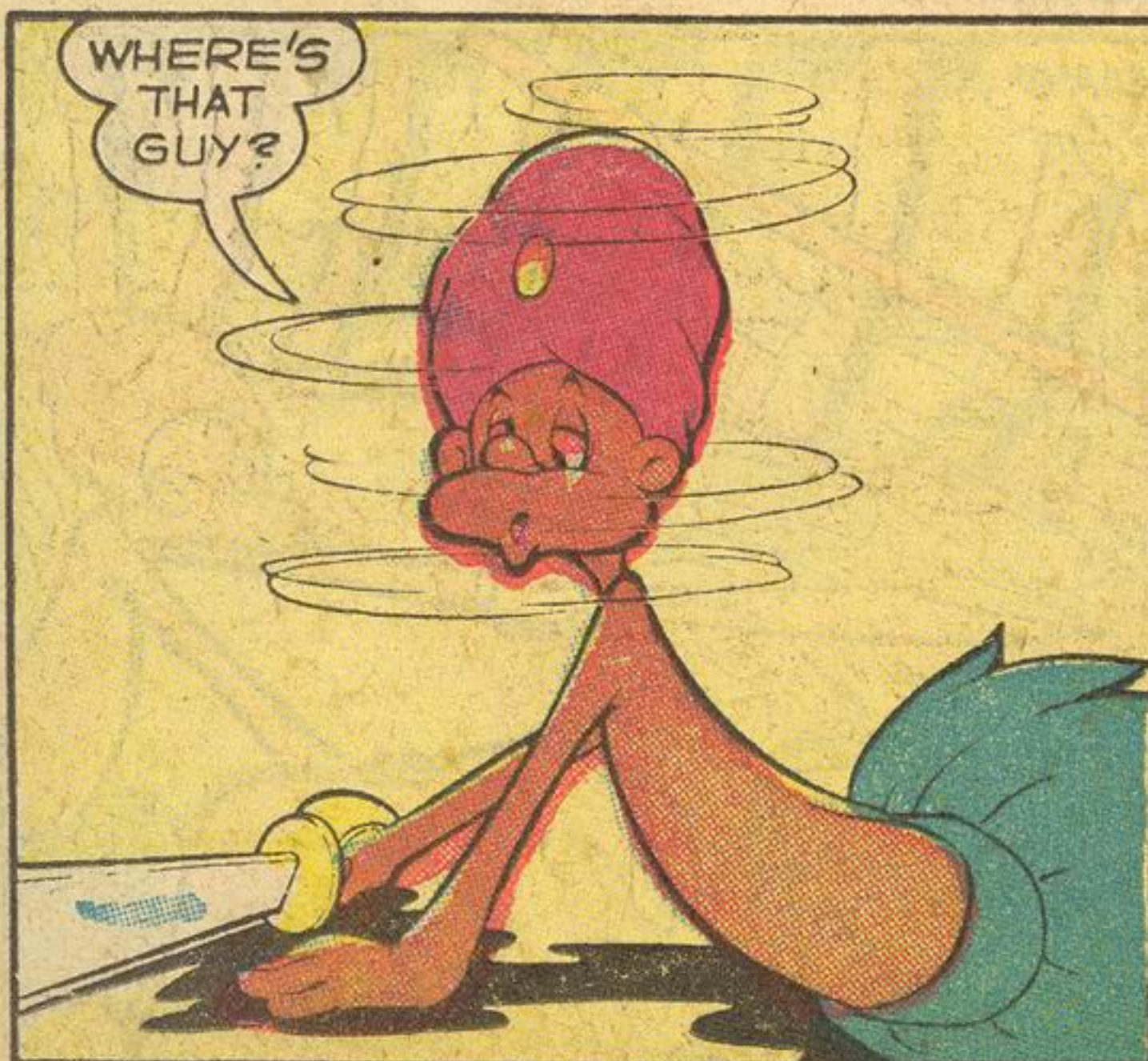
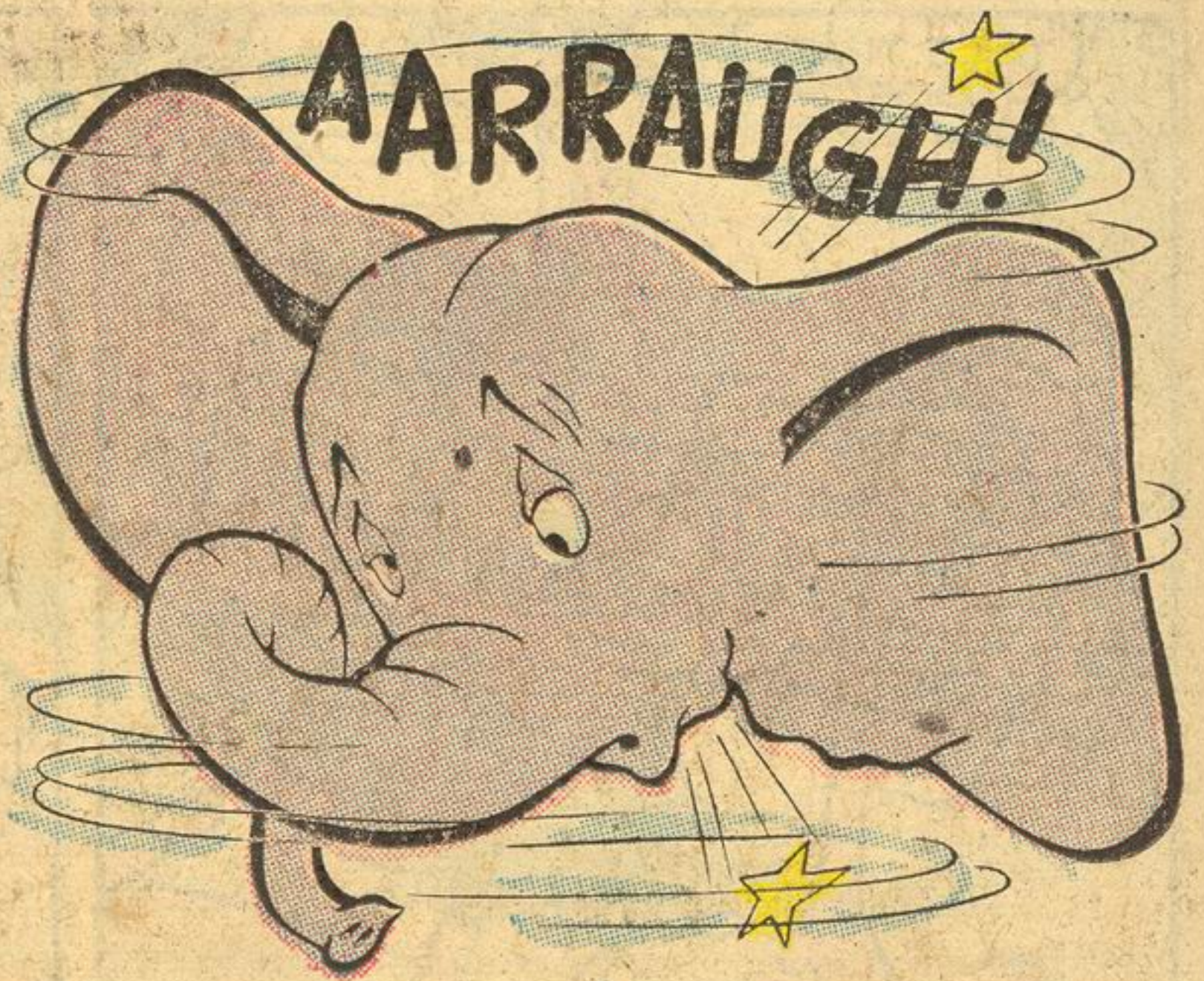
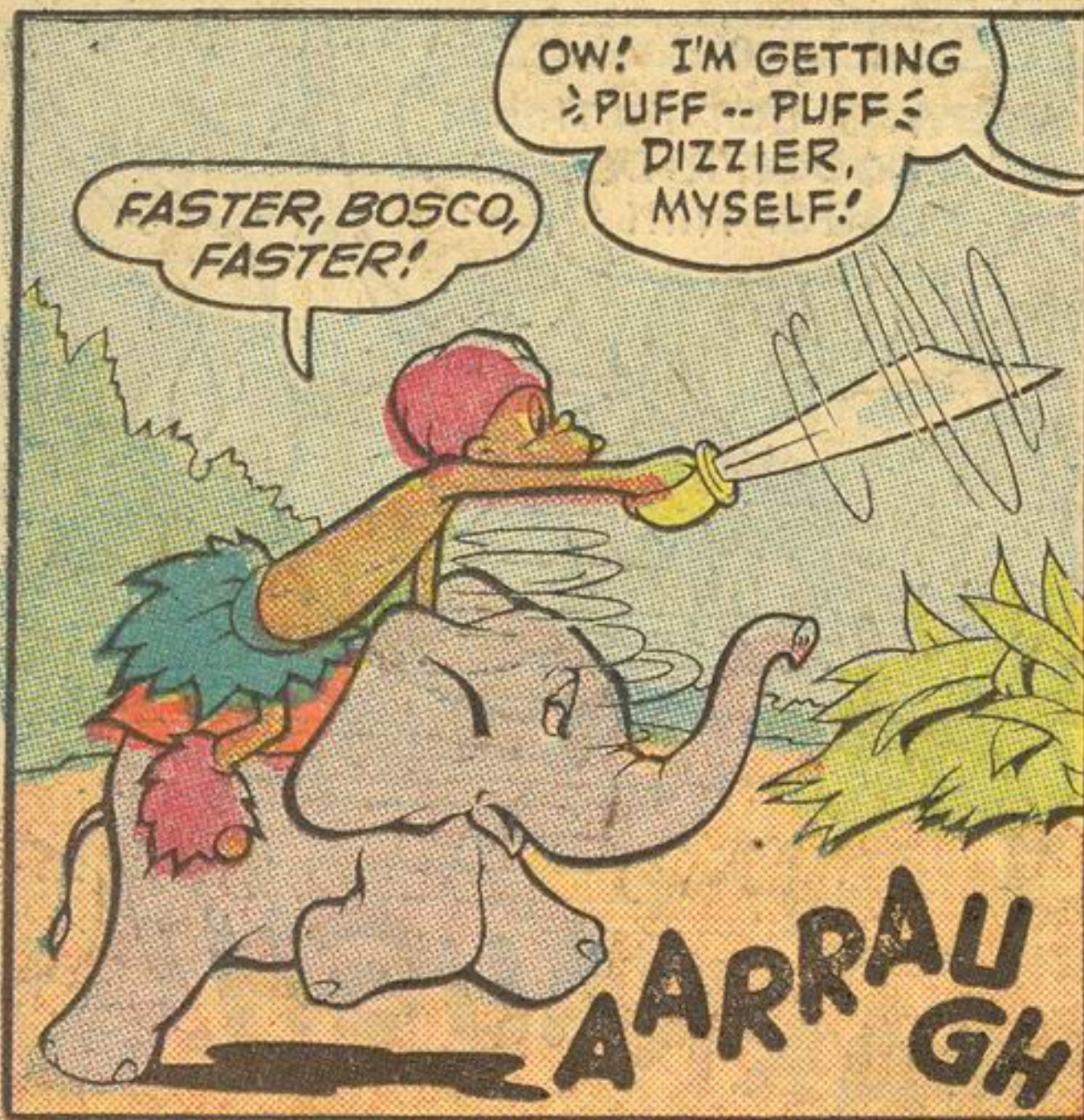




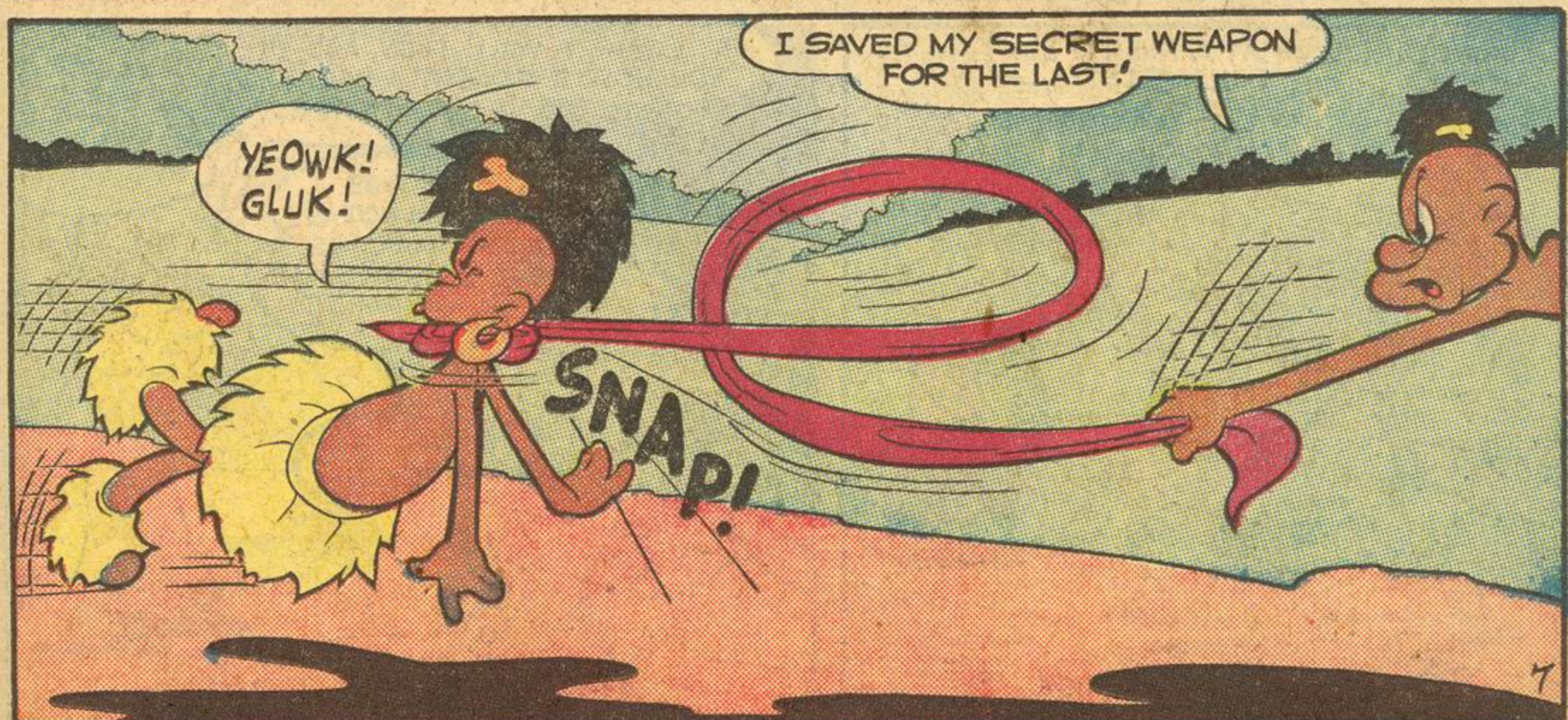
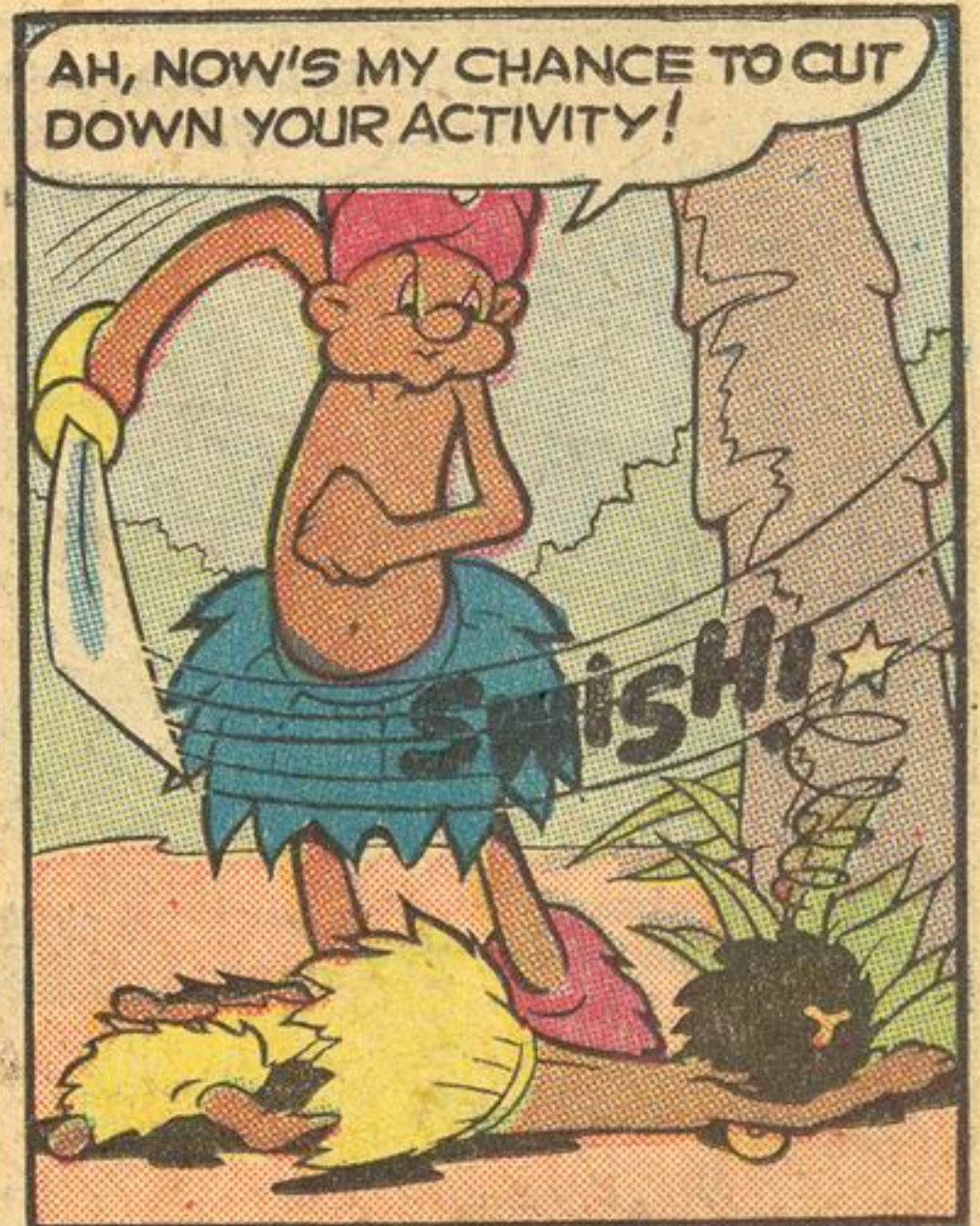


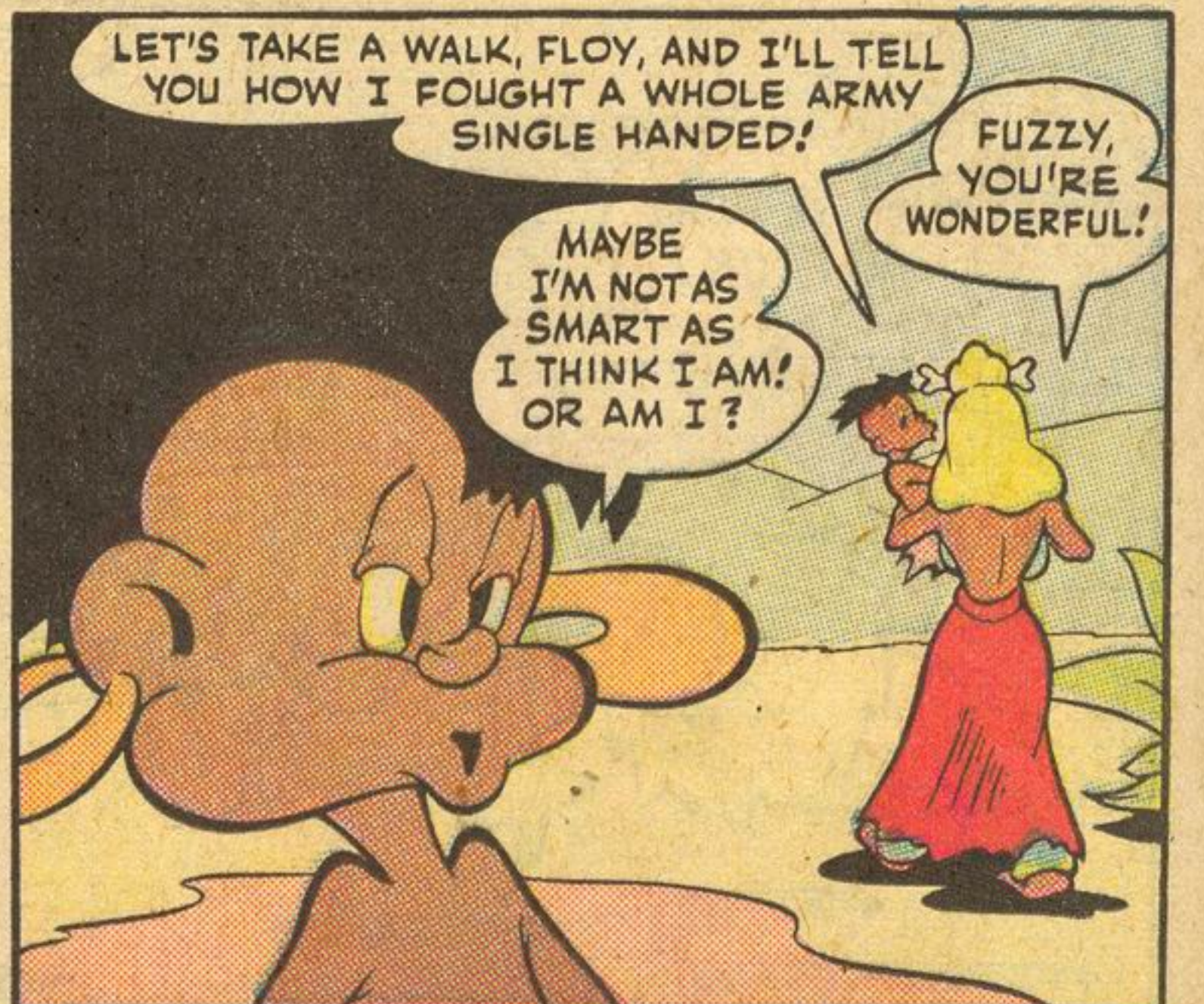
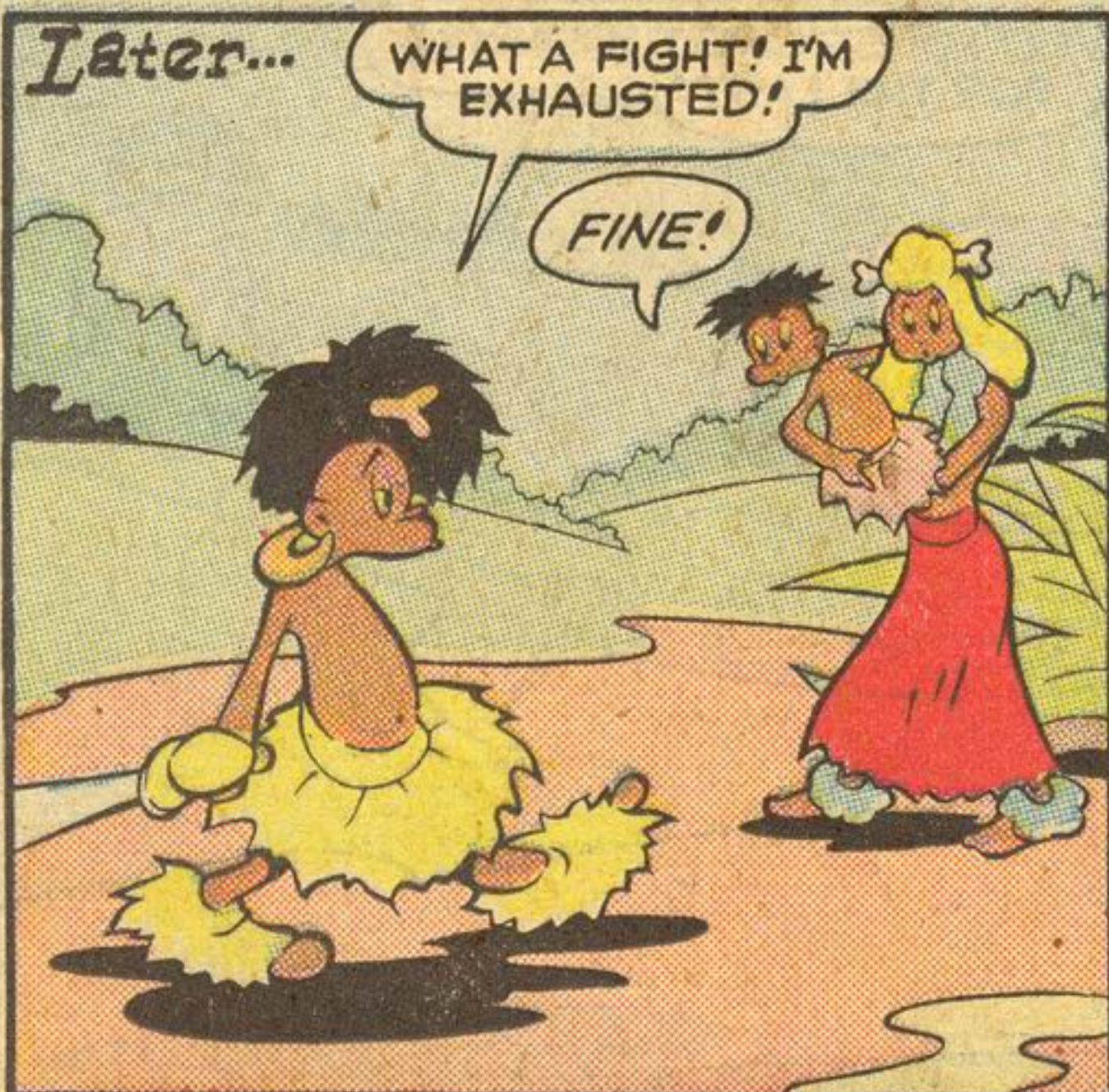
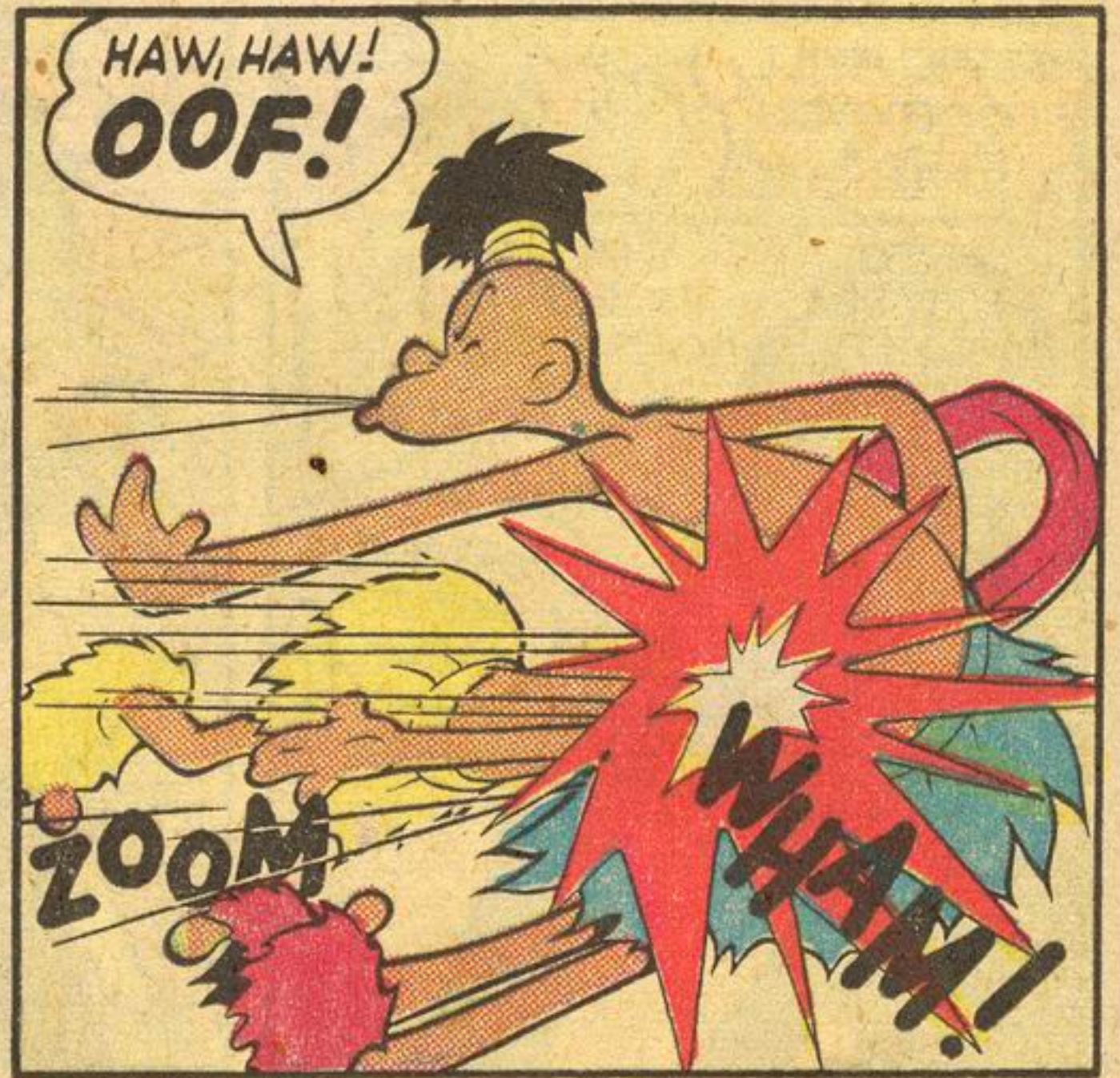
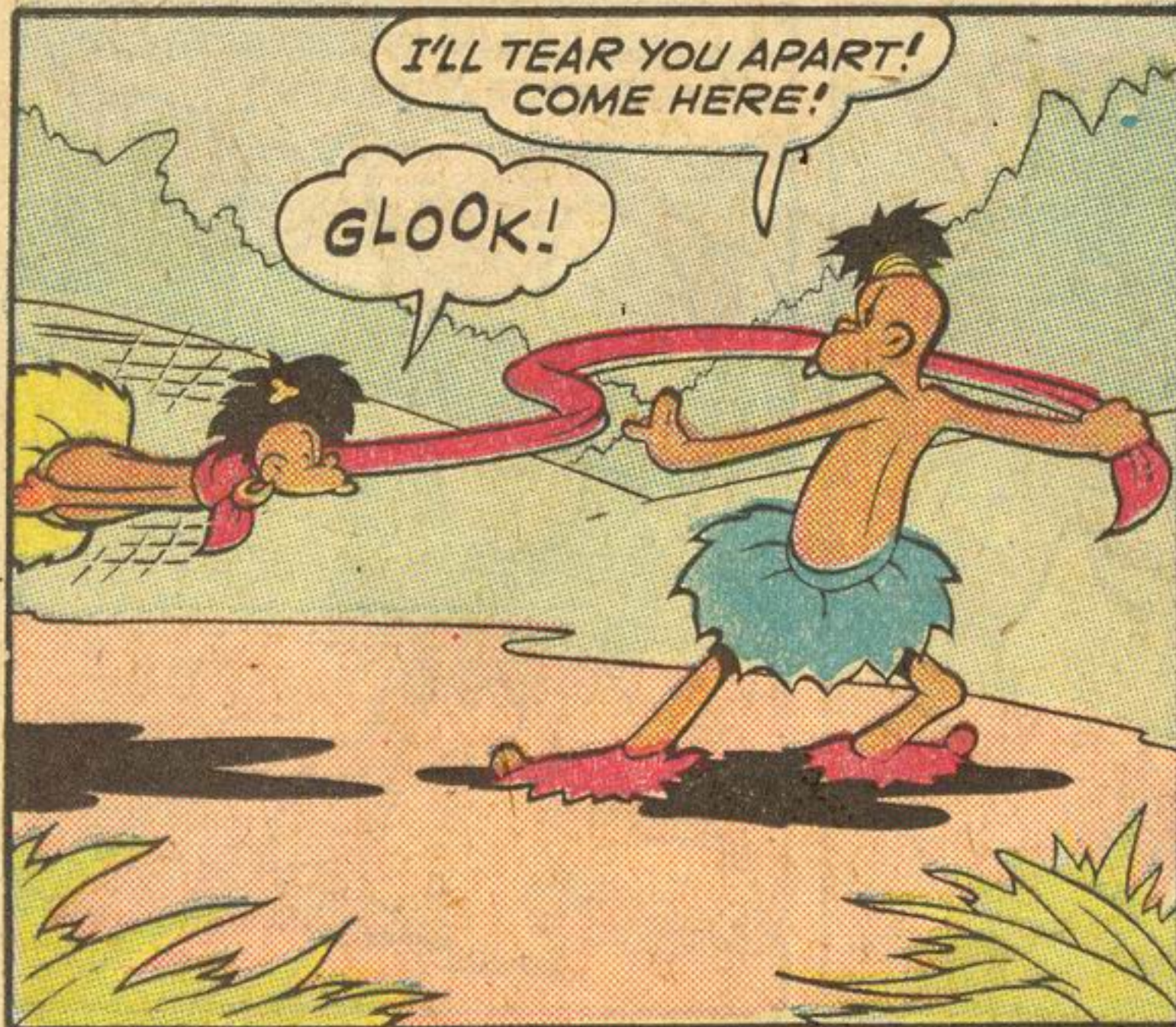




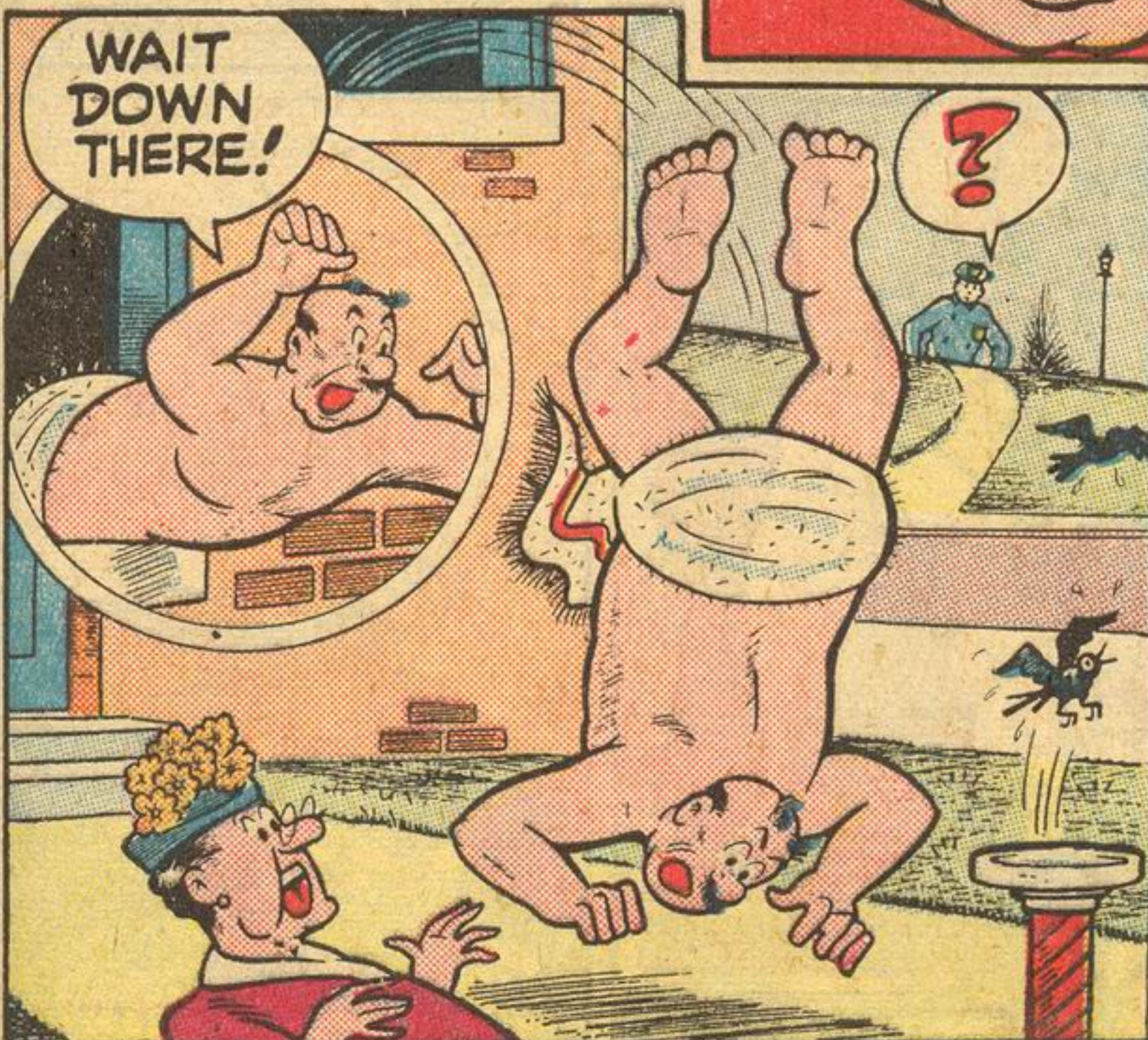
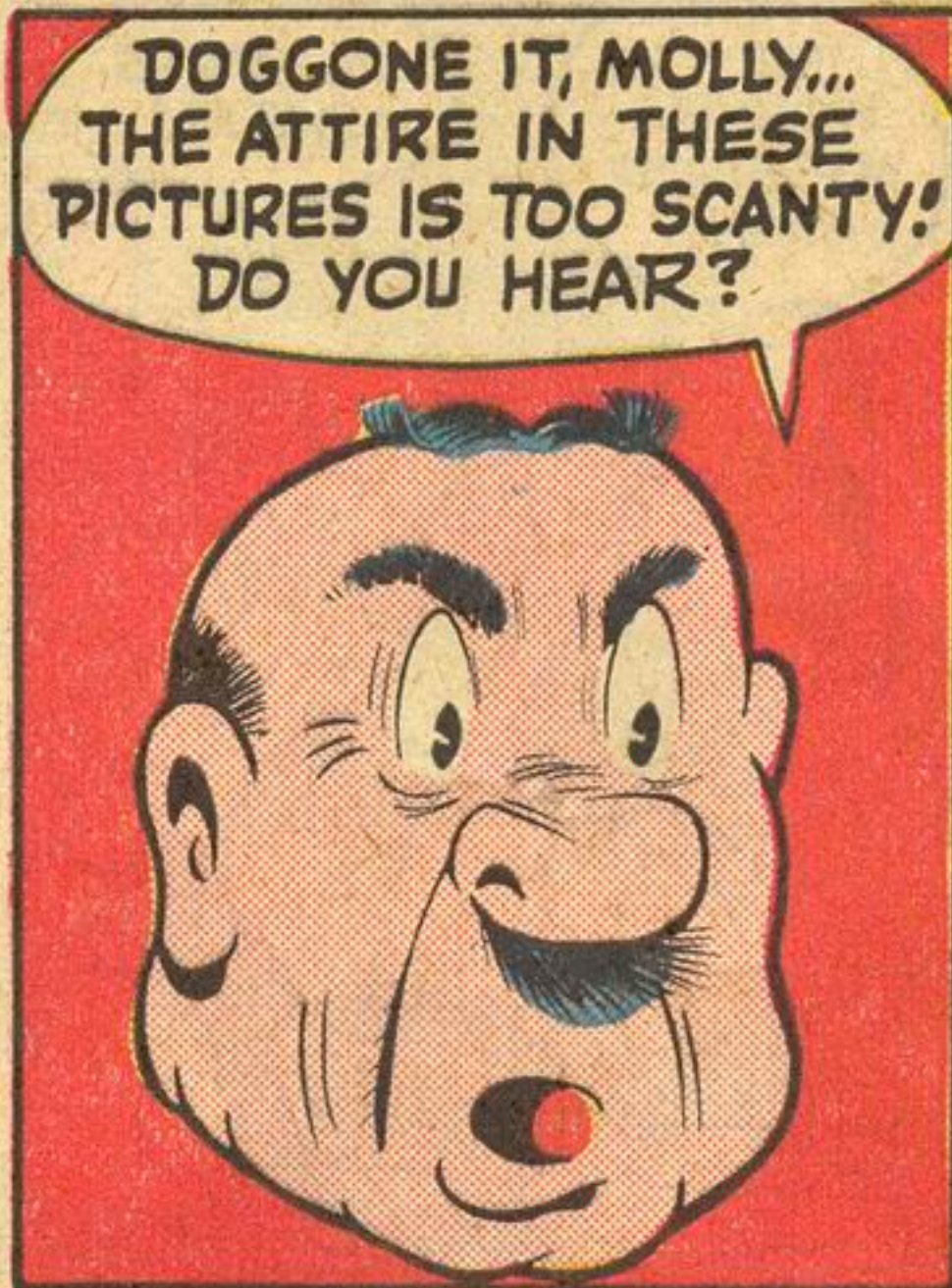
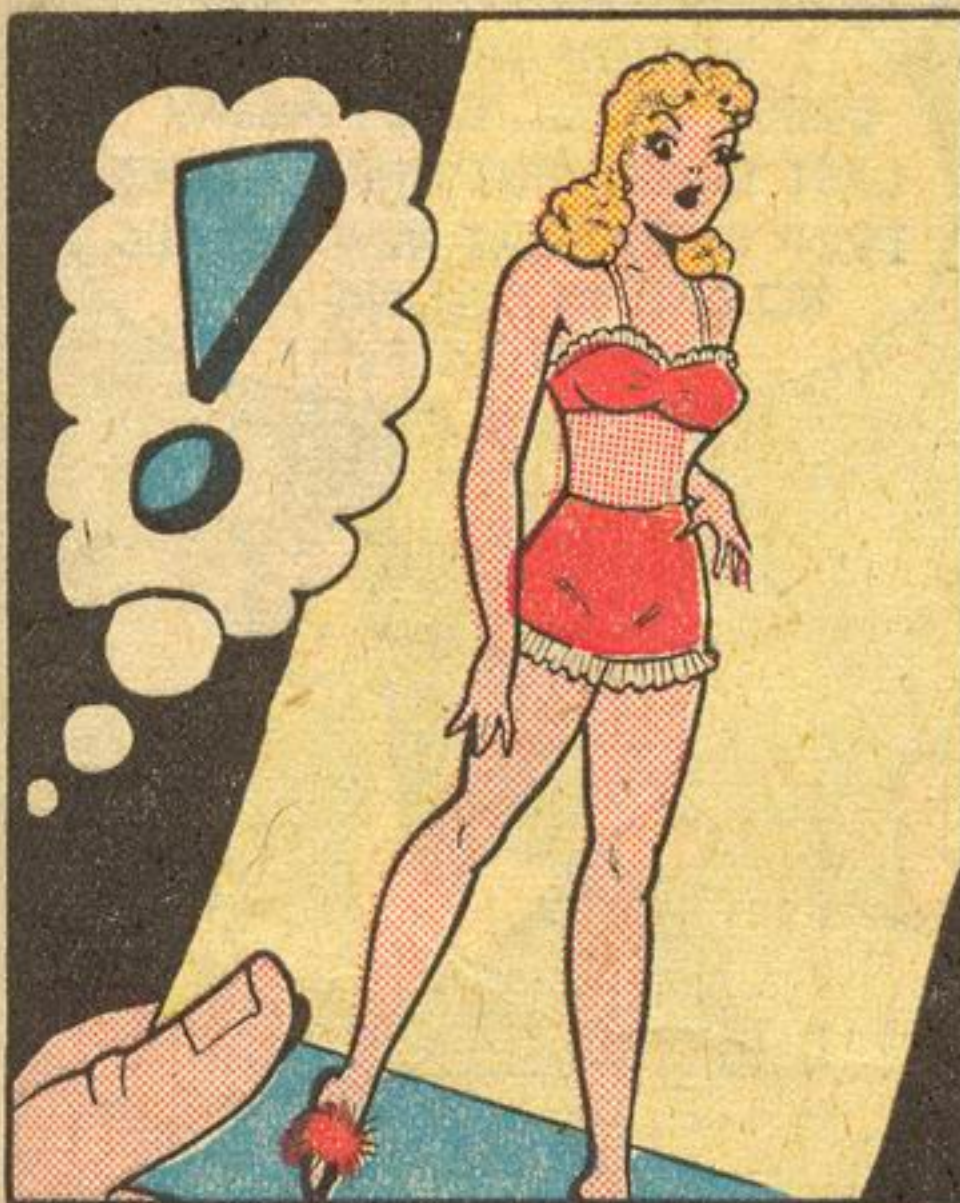
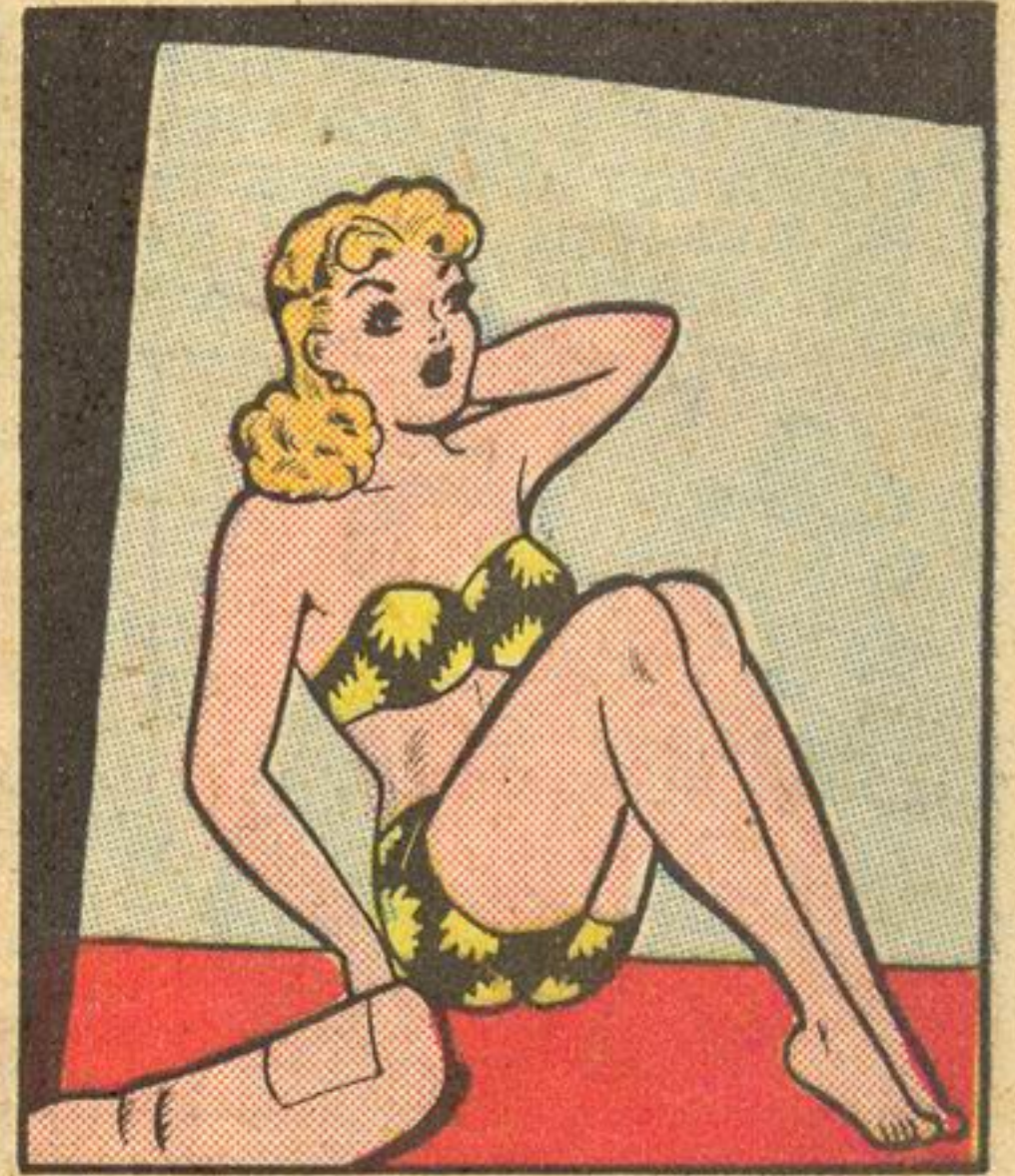
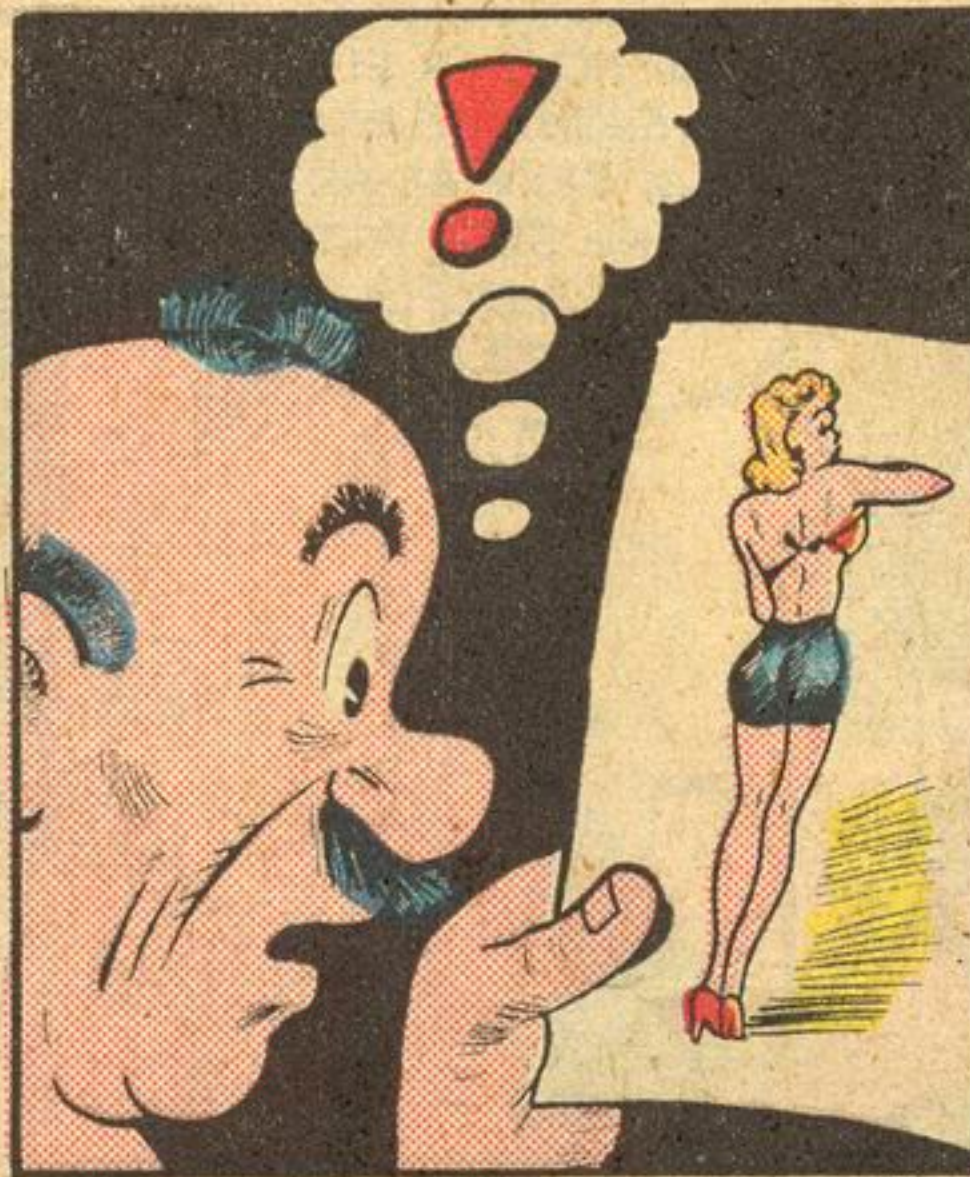


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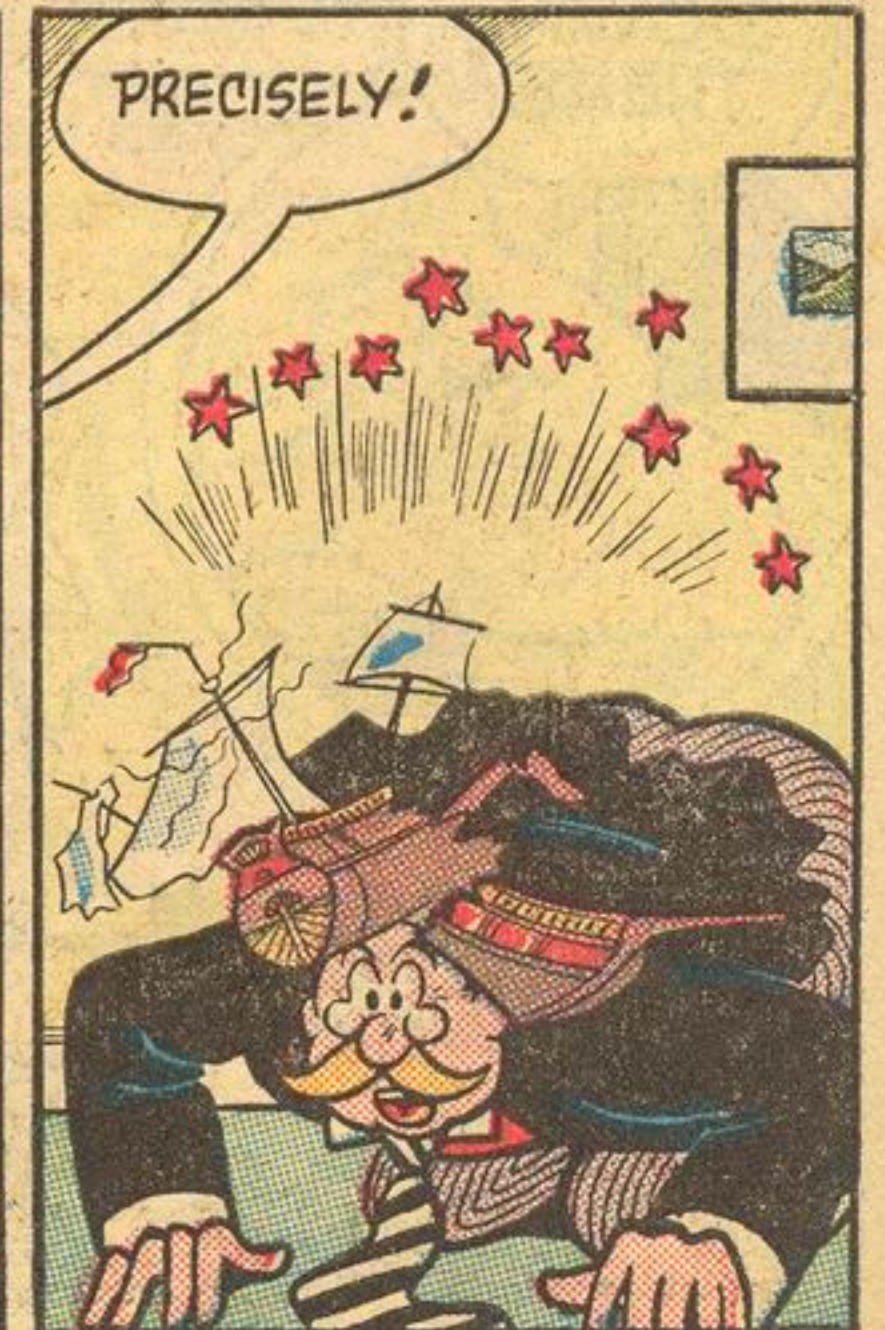
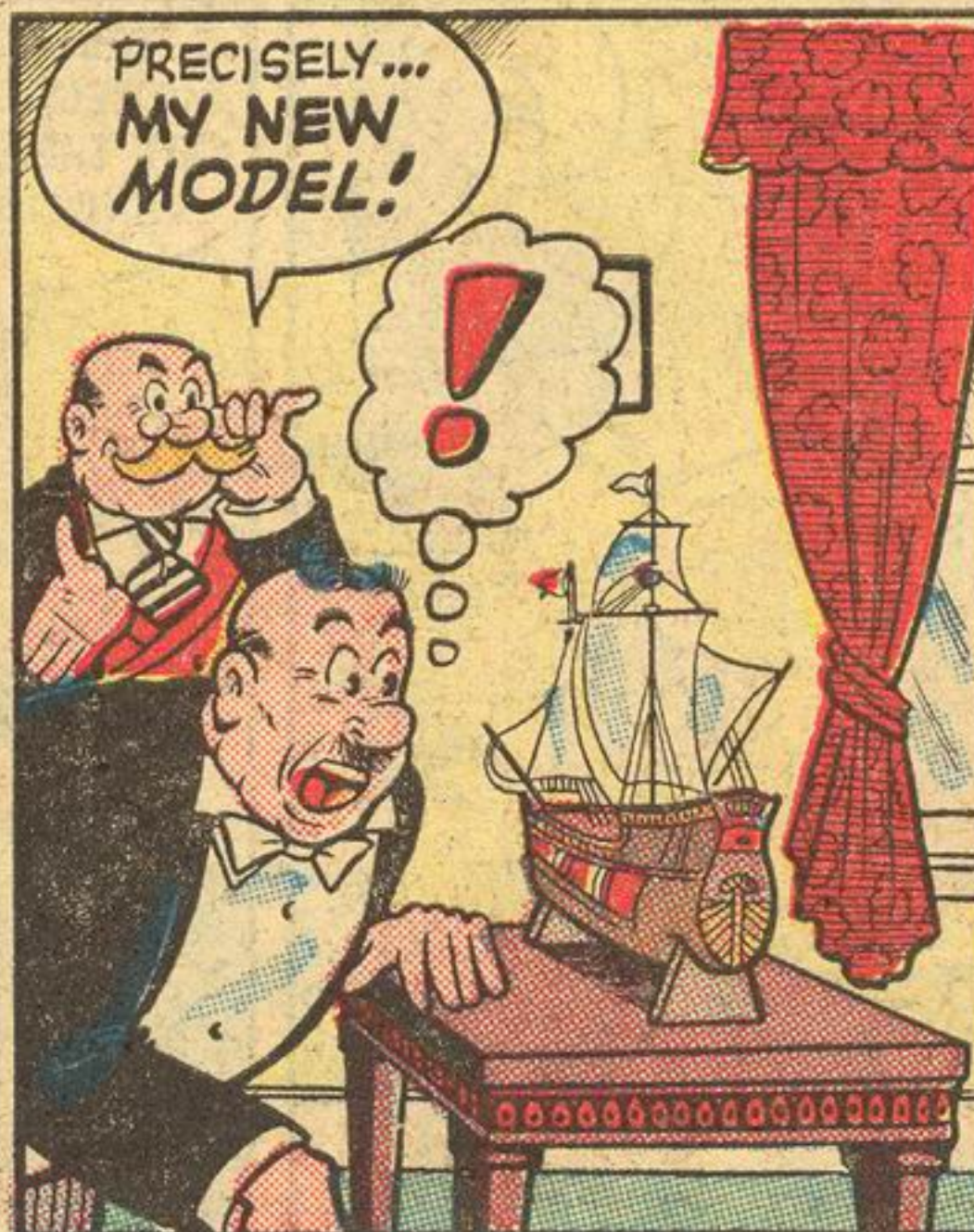
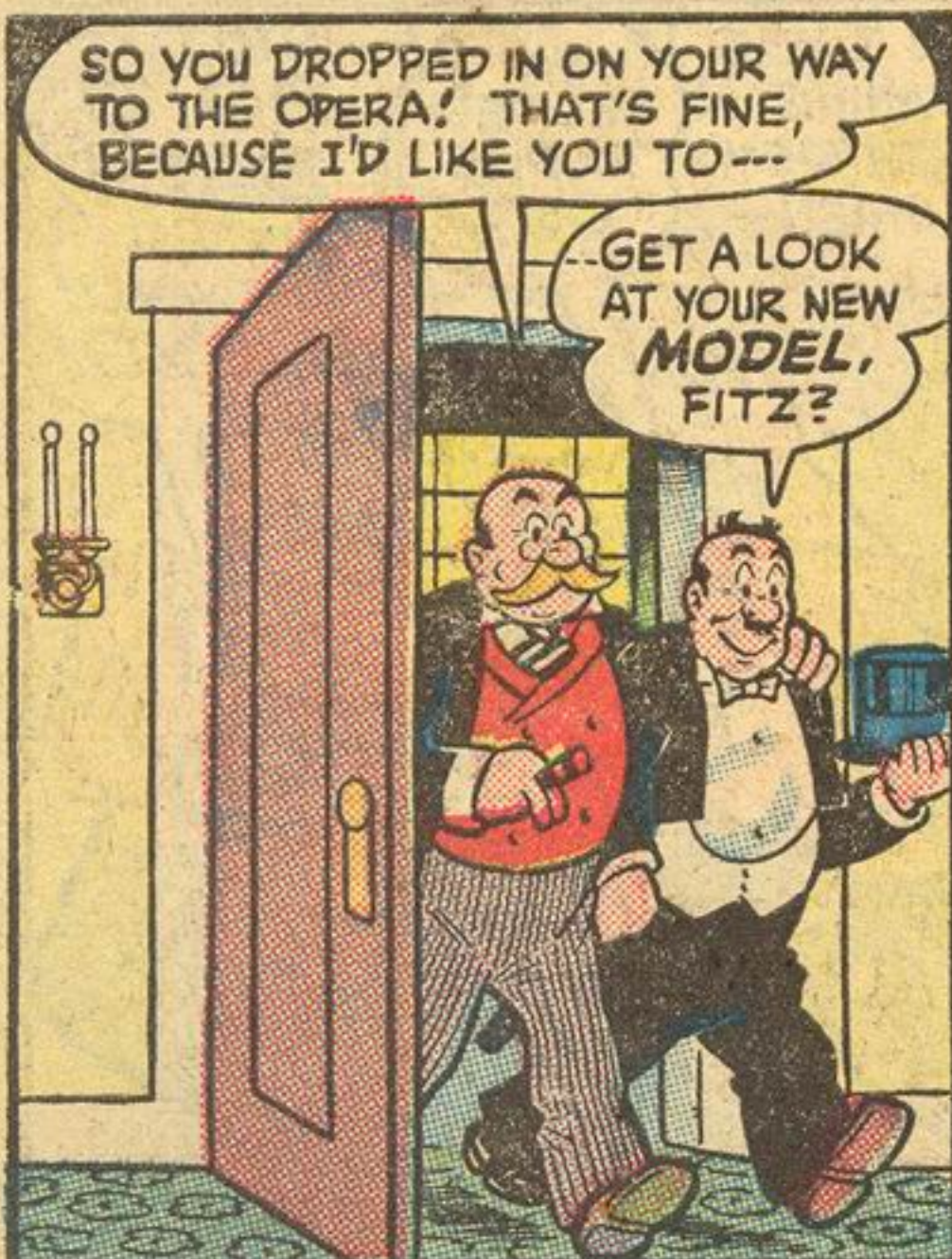
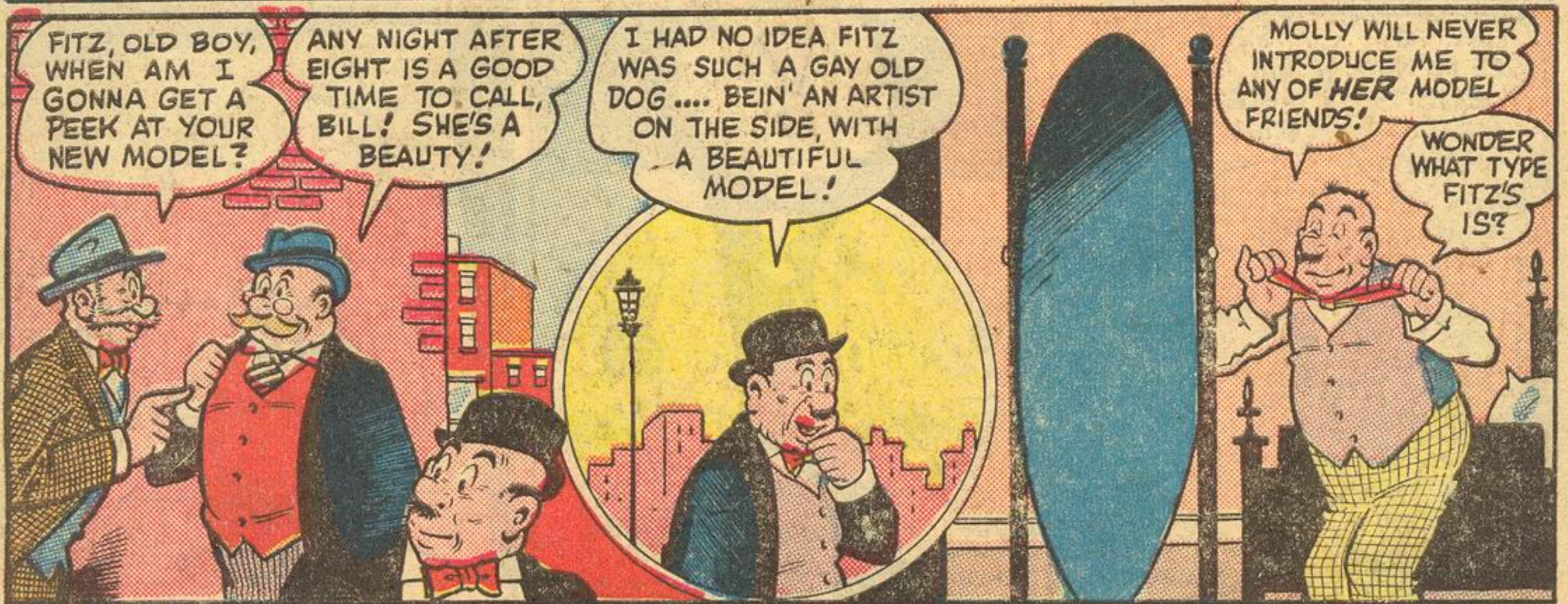




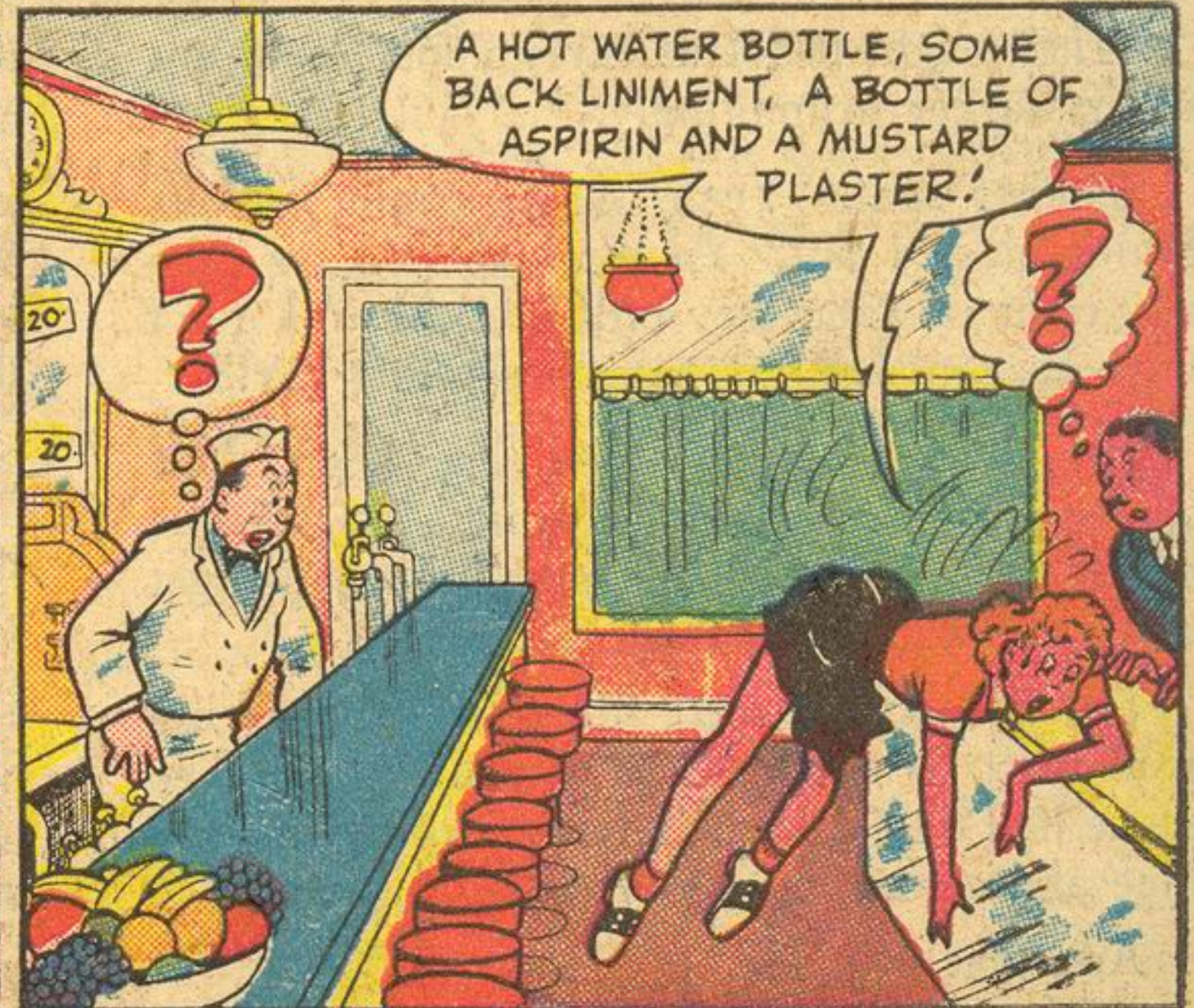
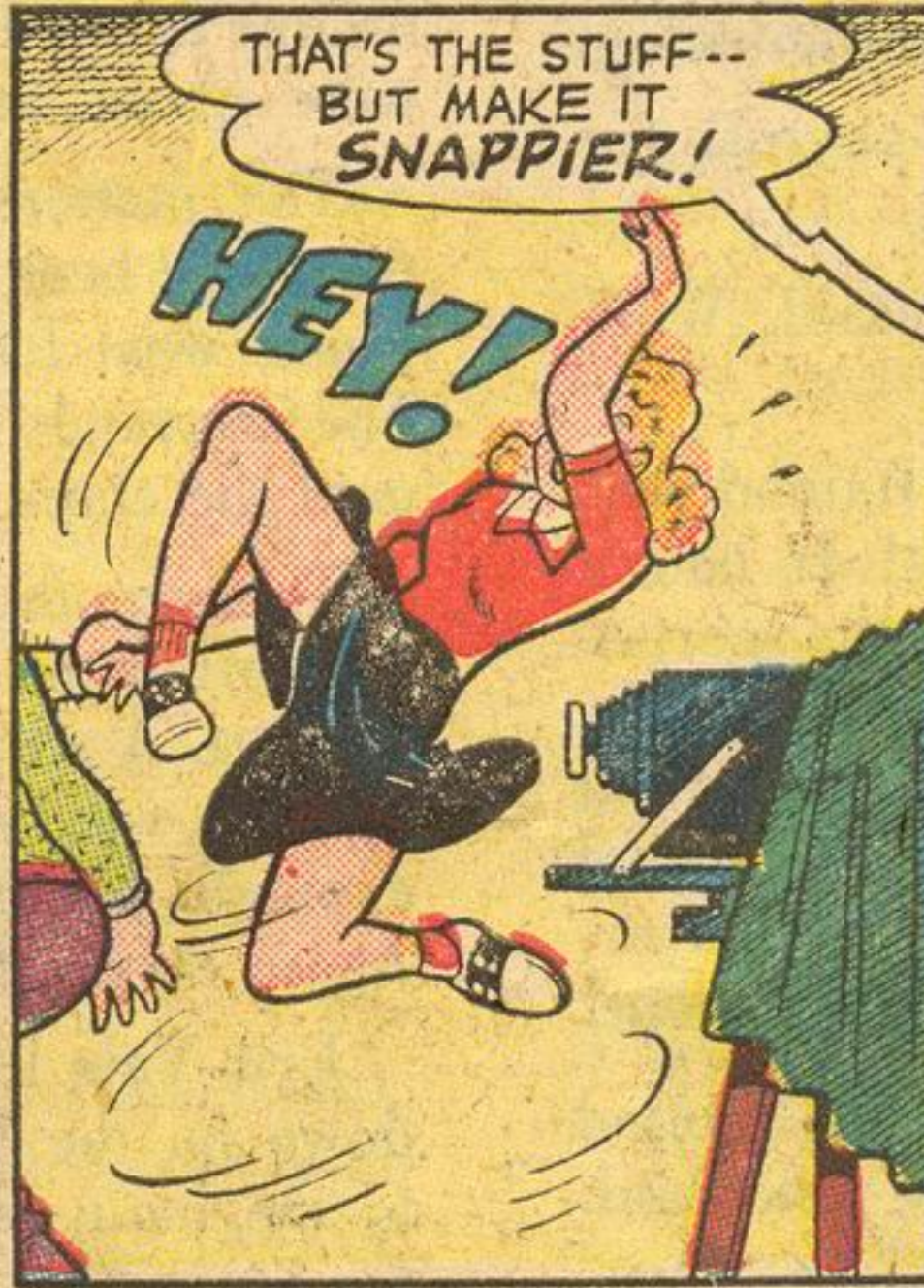
MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL



SMALL-WINGED COP

"AIR thieves, that's a new one."

The Inspector looked glum as he eyed the two airport officials sitting before his desk. "Got any idea where they've gone?"

One of the men said, "If we did we'd send someone out to find 'em."

"What am I supposed to do about it?" the Inspector demanded. "Rather out of my department, I'm thinking. However, let me think this over."

The two men rose and slapped on their hats. The interview hadn't been very enlightening.

"They got \$100,000 in gold—payroll for the Indus Mine," one said.

The Inspector nodded. "So you said. Well, I'll do all I can."

The municipal airport at San Ramon was astir with excitement. Air thieves! It had a romantic sound. But it had cost the port—rather the insurance company—a lot of money. Two men in a small ship had landed just behind the big airliner. When the freight was being loaded into a truck, they drew guns and ordered the heavy box placed in their small plane.

"Never saw a little ship get off the ground so fast," one of the laborers at the field said. "Like a rocket job, only it wasn't."

"They ought to let us carry guns," said another worker grumblingly.

Another spat. "Yeah, so we could get our brains blasted out? Ya think them guys take any chances when they pull a stickup? I don't want no gun. Let 'em have th' gold, I say!"

The field boss scratched his head. "Of course," he ruminated, "it's no skin off our noses. Still, I hate to see muggs like that get away with a daylight robbery."

The newspapers were filled with the daring gold theft by two men in a small plane. The plane had disappeared after spiralling into the blue above San Ramon Airport.

And that was that.

Eric Vale didn't know the answer when he was called in on the case. They stole the gold, got away with it, and there you are.

"The insurance company will restore the loss to the mine," he told the Inspector.

The latter looked stern. "But that's not where the thing ends. The insurance people are on my neck every hour. Have you heard anything? Are you going to do anything?"

Eric nodded. He understood the Inspector's situation. The whole thing was so new that no one seemed to have any answer. Air thieves were about as plentiful as radium deposits.

The matter would have died out there if there had been no more raids on airports. Three weeks went by. The newspapers cooled down. The insurance company gave up in despair and paid the claim to the Indus Mine.

Then another bold theft occurred, this time a hundred miles to the north, at the Rockland Airport. A shipment of diamonds and valuable jewelry was stolen by the same two men in a small plane, in exactly the same manner. Again they got away.

Eric Vale brought his fast converted pursuit down on the Rockland field and taxied close to the main offices. The officials were waiting for him. They looked grim.

Eric grinned. "Happened again, eh?" he called. No answer.

The president of the line was there to greet him. He did, with: "They tell me you are the best air dick in the business. Well, what do you think about this?"

"Haven't had time yet," Eric told him. "There's only one answer as I see it—capture the guys responsible."

"Easier said than done," grumbled the prexy. "Police planes've been scouring the country. No soap. They disappear every time."

Eric took a drink of water from the iced cooler. "Then I guess it's up to me to find 'em."

No one answered for a moment. Then: "Just

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ask for anything or anybody you need," said the president.

"I want an Army dirigible," Eric told him.

"A—what!" gasped the man.

"Dirigible," returned Eric imperturbably. "Plane's no good for this kind of chase. I got to get up high and watch."

Eric got his dirigible and crew at the San Francisco base and that afternoon he was going on the first man-hunt of its kind ever heard of.

He had had installed in the ship several odd devices, among them an infra-red scanning machine. These had been used in bombing tactics and for seeing through fog, and in darkness. Eric planned a new use for the apparatus.

They kept going higher and higher. The crew began asking questions.

"I figure about 20,000 feet will about do the trick," Eric explained. "From that height we can see a good many miles in all directions."

At 23,000, Eric called a halt and ordered the engines shut off. The big ship idled. The air was fortunately still, so their drift was negligible. The hours passed. Sunset came. Then twilight. Eric kept his eyes at the scanning device, watching for every movement below. There was none.

None, that is, in which he was interested. Of course he could see many roads and highways and take in the traffic always present. Once he started as a silvery shape slid across his vision, far below. But he quickly saw that it was only a transcontinental airliner.

They were "anchored" high above a lofty mountain range of the Sierra Nevada's. Their vision-range was many miles in every direction.

"This," said Eric to himself, "is a nice spot for an atom bomb—if only the thieves show up."

But the thieves were not showing up. The hours passed. It was near midnight when Eric thought he saw a small dark streak pass over the viewing glass. He strained his eyes. Yes, it was the tiny plane, all right! But what the heck. There wasn't a thing he could do about it.

Would the thieves make a try for some loot

at night? He doubted it. He ordered the engines cut in and they began drifting, following the spectre far below. They lost it after a half hour in the darkness of the rugged mountains. The lads must have an excellent hideaway, he thought, where they could land without lights.

Eric doubted that his dirigible had been discovered. The plane's motor noise would cover the slight rumble of the big ship's engines.

"Might as well go back and 'anchor' in the same spot," Eric told the engineer-pilot. "Maybe we'll get a chance tomorrow."

The night passed with Eric and then another young crew member constantly at the glass. They saw nothing out of the way.

Dawn came bright and golden, stabbing out of the east in long lances of flame.

And soon after dawn came the little plane they were searching for. It leaped out of a mountain crevasse and buzzed through the bright sunshine, apparently on its way to a new job.

The engines came to life. The big gas bag fell in behind. When, and if, the thieves pulled a "job," the dirigible would settle and machine guns would begin barking—after Eric had warned the men in the plane to land.

A half hour later the tiny plane had taxied to a stop in another airfield, and apparently made another spectacular robbery. It was soon in the air and buzzing toward its mountain hideaway.

Eric gave the word to drop down. And then a strange cloud loomed from the coast and came toward them. It grew bigger and darker, but kept fairly close to the ground. What it was nobody knew.

The little plane flew into it, was lost in its darkness. A moment later there was a bright flash clearly visible to everyone in the dirigible car. They were hardly 1000 feet above it. The small plane had smacked directly into the face of a mountain and exploded.

"Well, that ends the trail," Eric observed. "And what do you think did the trick?"

"No idea," replied the pilot. "Can't make it out. Can you?"

Eric nodded. "A swarm of butterflies!"

Kiki Kelly

BUT IF YOU DISLIKE DIANE SO MUCH, WHY DO YOU SPEND THREE HOURS PRIMING JUST TO DROP IN FOR A CASUAL CALL?

MOM, IT MAY BE THE STRATEGIC MOVE THAT WILL CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY ENTIRE LIFE!

I SEEM TO SEE A MAN IN THE PICTURE HERE SOME PLACE!

BUT WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS LIKE THIS, IT'S POSITIVELY NO TIME TO ---

NOTHING ROMANTIC, MOM!

--BAR DOORS AND HIDE BEHIND BUREAUS!

I HEAR DIANE'S **COUSIN** IS VISITING HER AND THAT COUSIN IS A REAL **SCOUT** FROM **HOLLYWOOD**, NO LESS!

AND SO, WHETHER DIANE'S A DROOLY DRIP OR NOT, JUST THINK OF KNOWING SOMEONE WHOSE ONLY **COUSIN** IS A PERSON WHO CAN MOULD A GIRL'S CAREER LIKE PUTTY!

WELL, I'M ALMOST THERE AND I'M AS JITTERY AS A CAT ON A GRIDDLE! GOOD GLORY! S'POSE I SHOULD CRACK UP WITH STAGE FRIGHT!

QUIET, MY FLUTTERING NERVES! HE MUST SEE ME AT MY BEST.... WITH ALL THE POISE AND PERSONALITY I CAN MUSTER!

AND BY THE WAY, DIANE, DEAR, I HEAR YOU HAVE COMPANY...

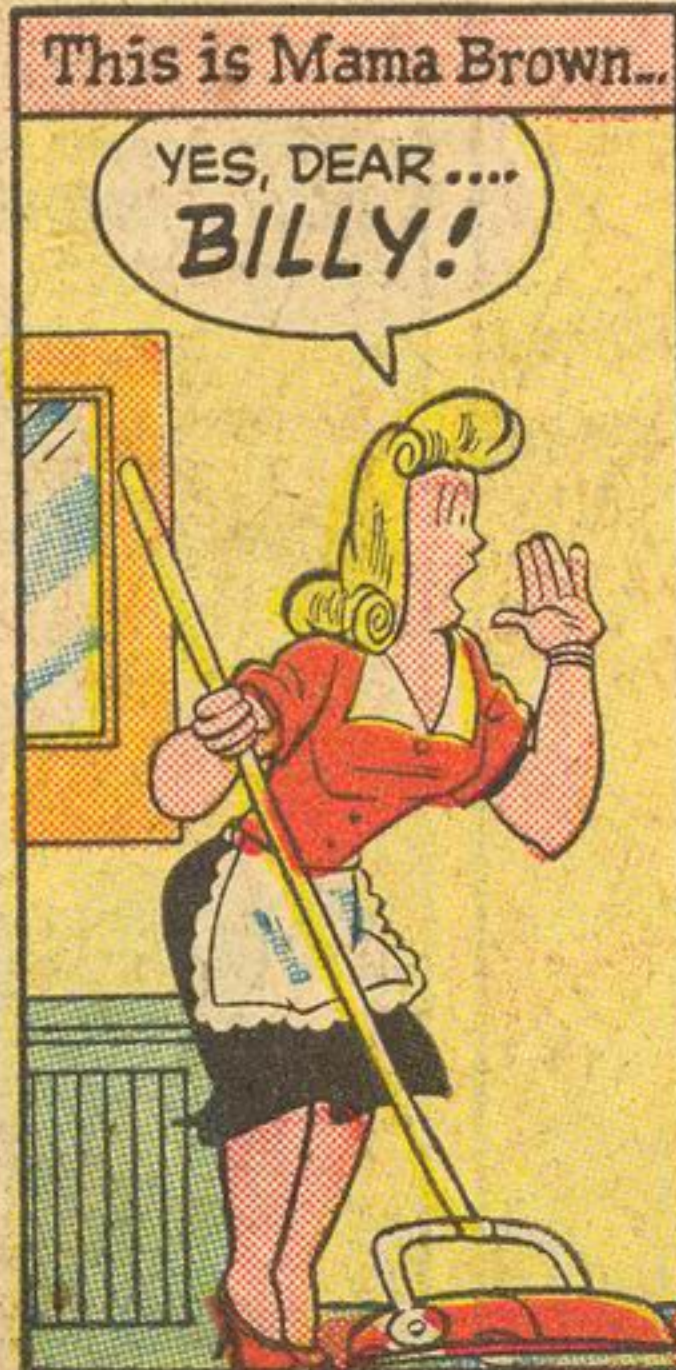
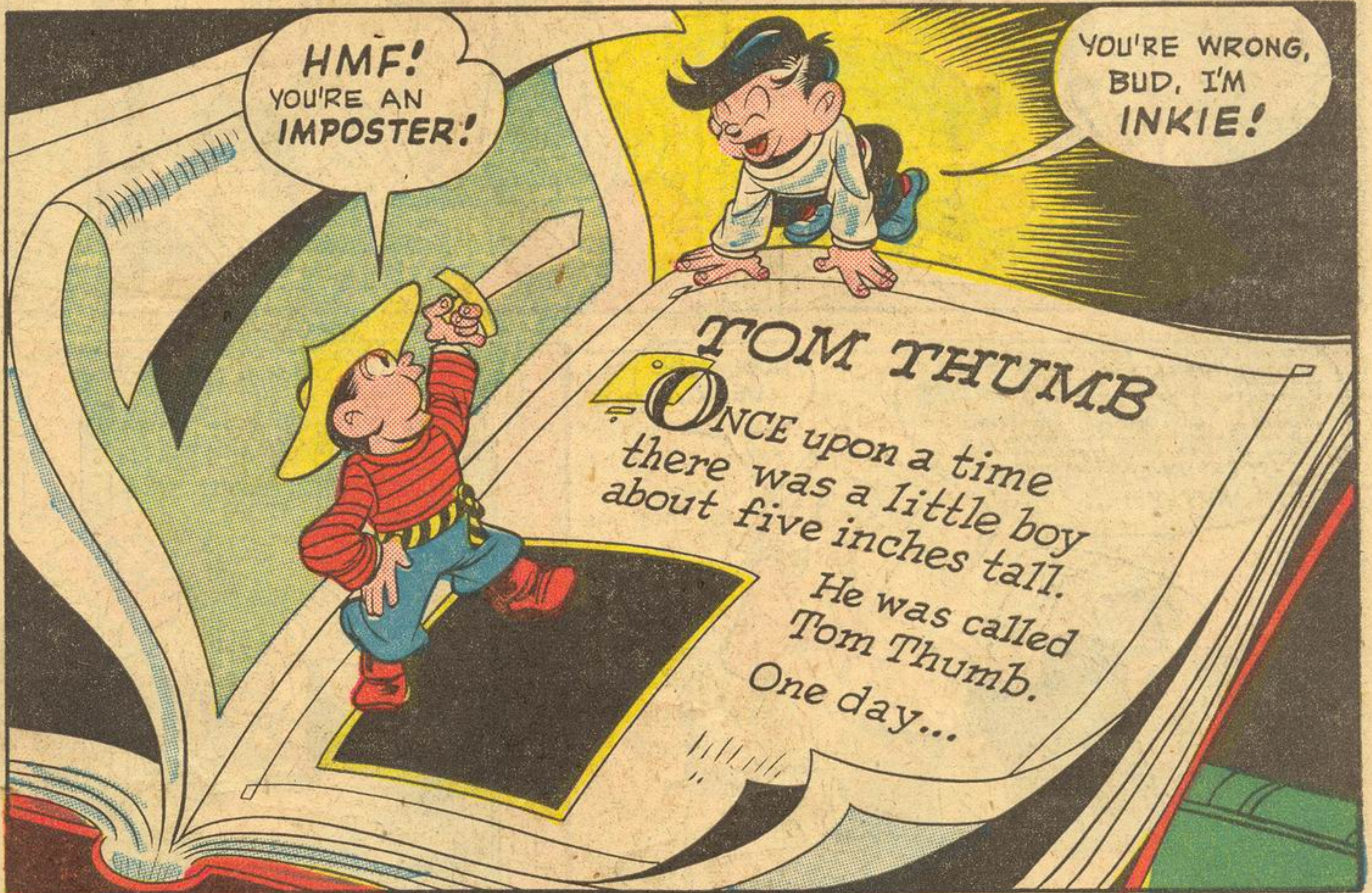
UH-HUH! HERE HE COMES NOW...

MY COUSIN AIGHEDD, FROM **HOLLYWOOD, KANSAS!**

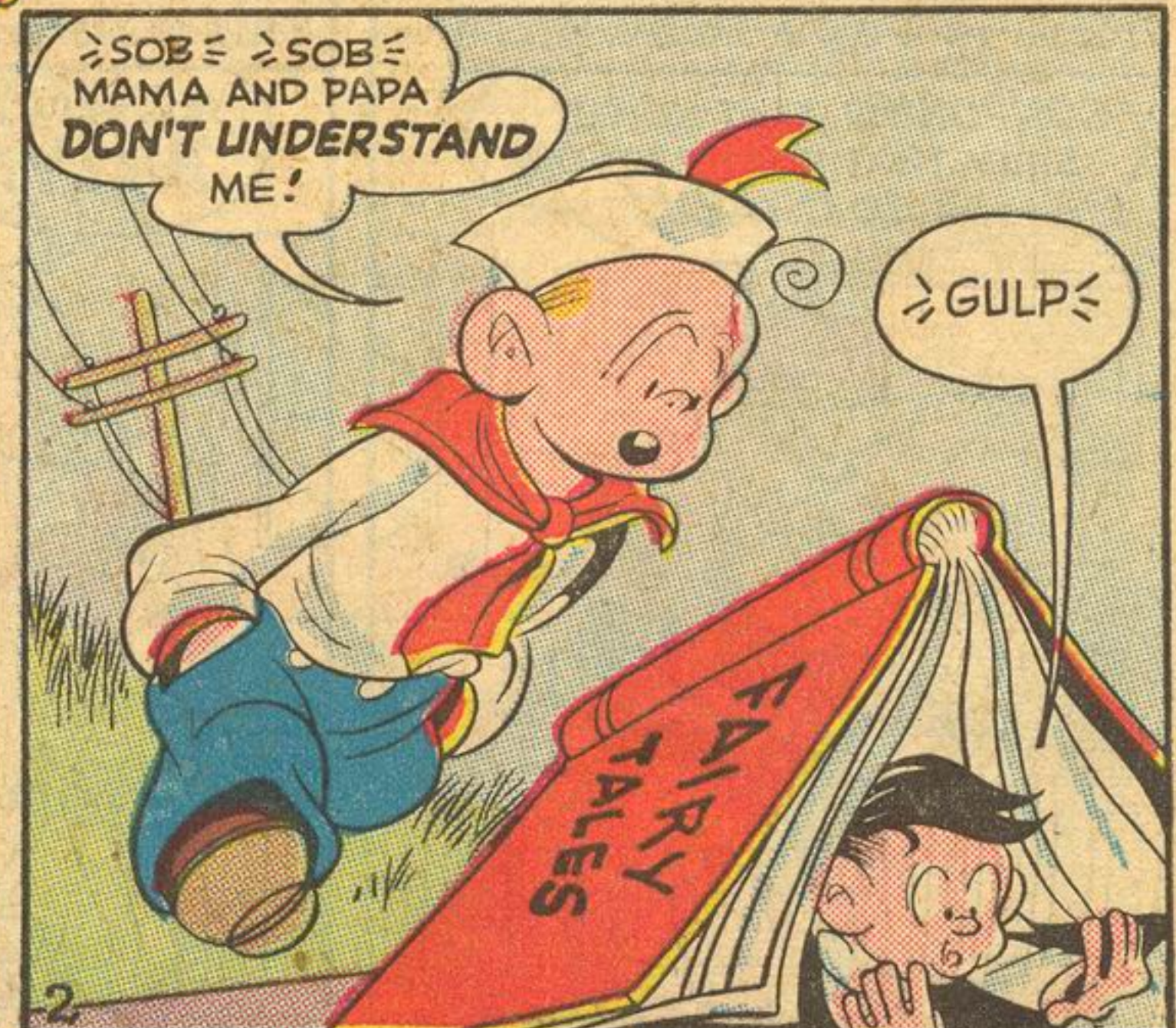
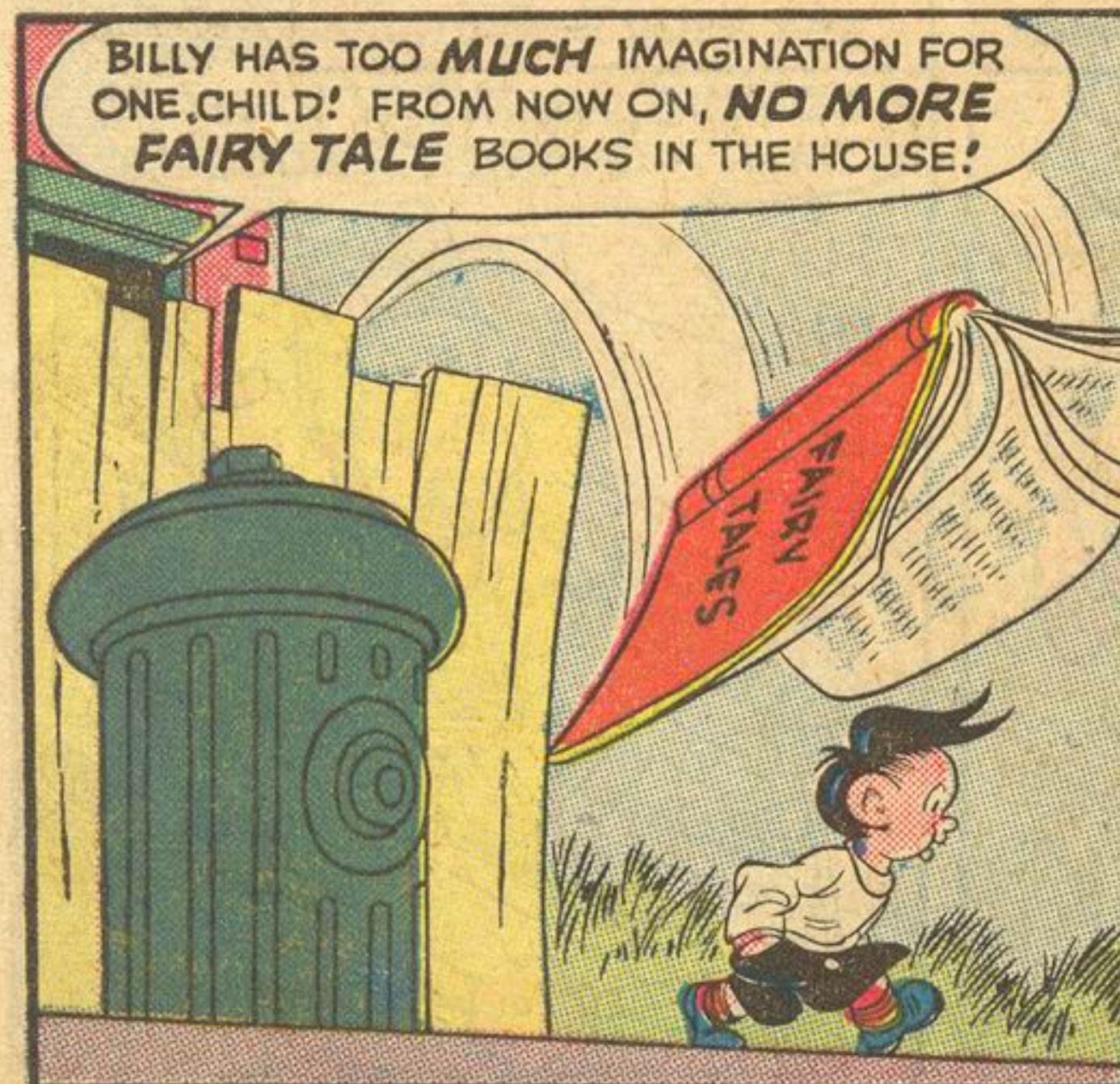
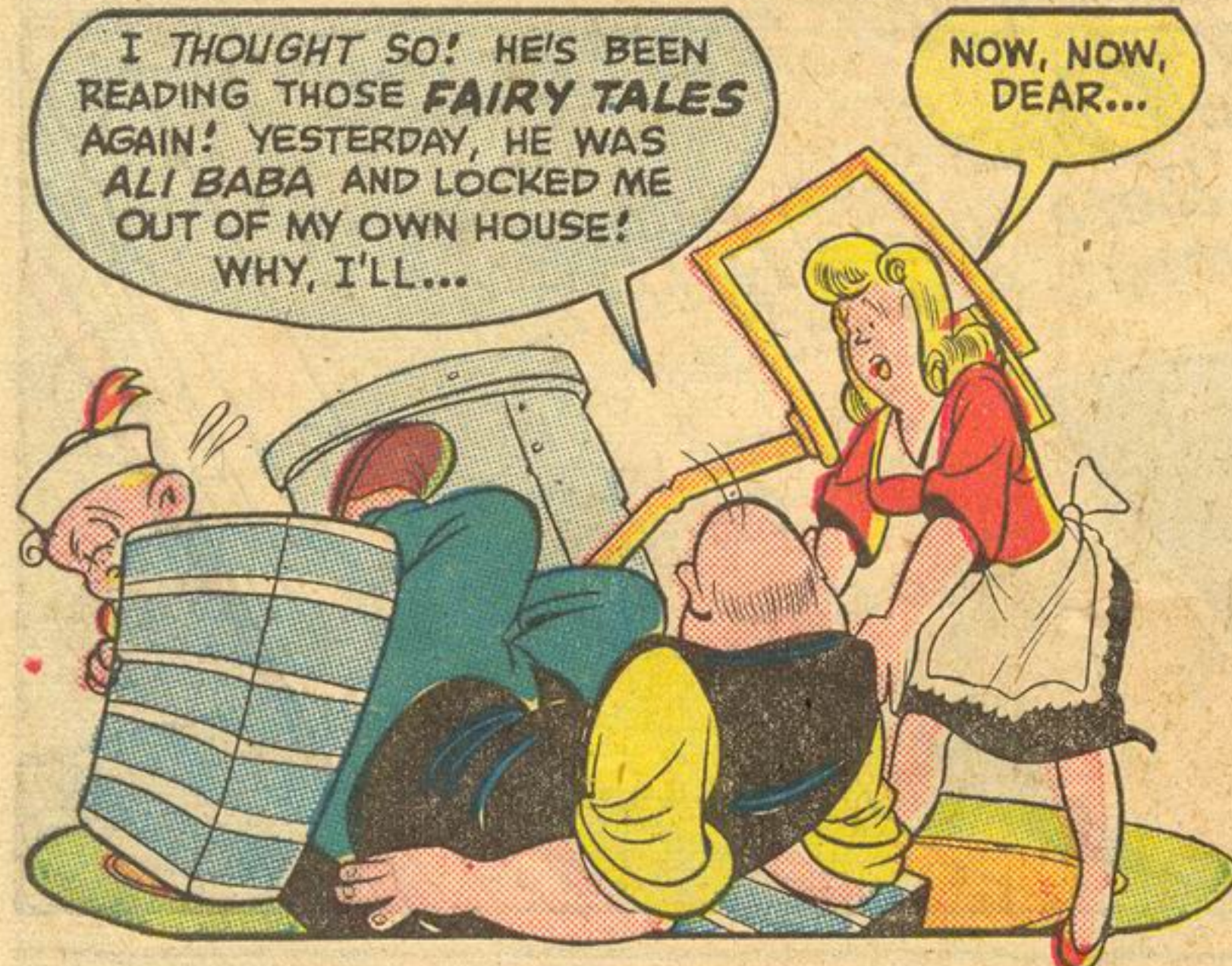
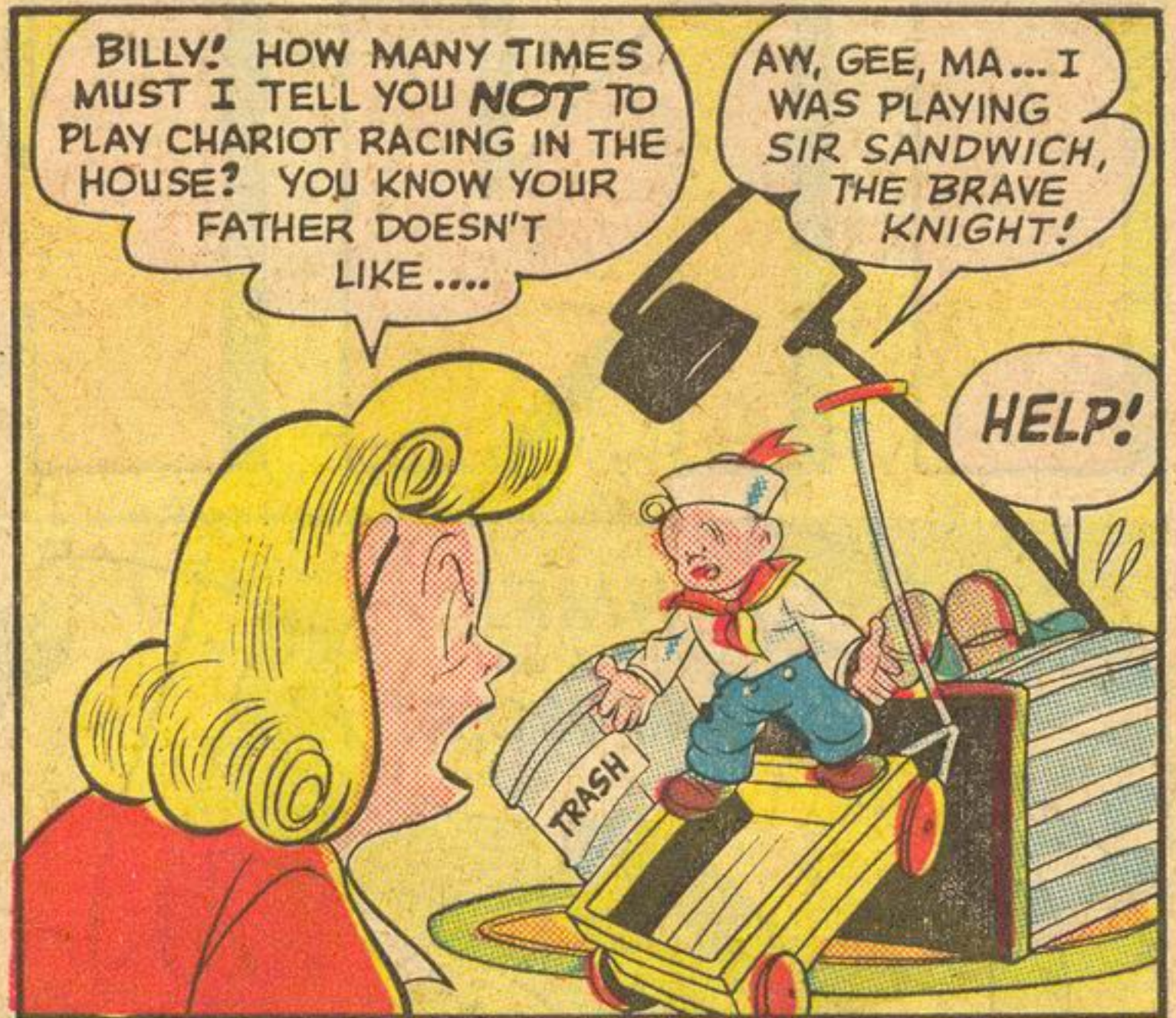
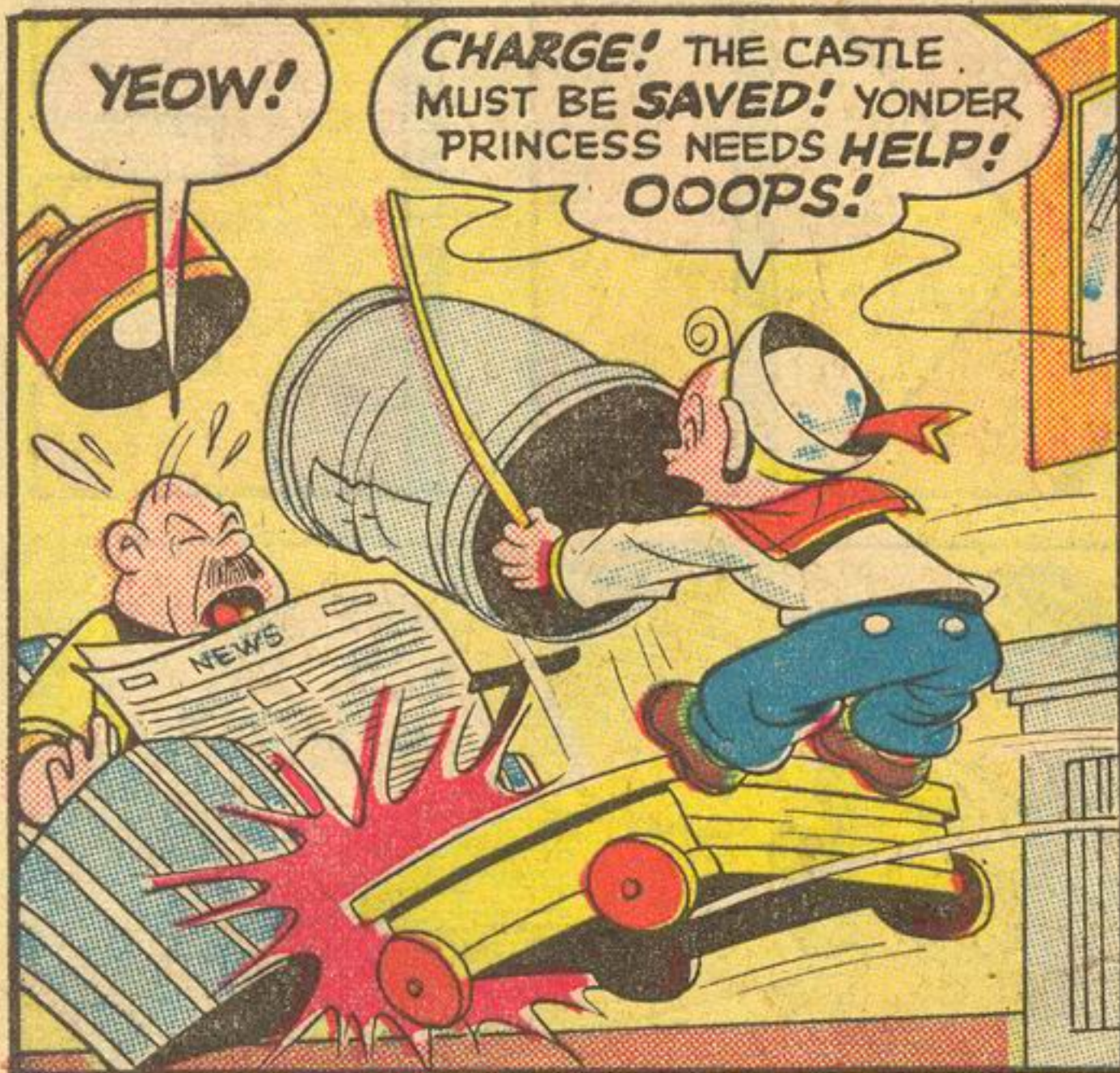
CUB SCOUT, WOLF PACK No. 6!

WHAT?

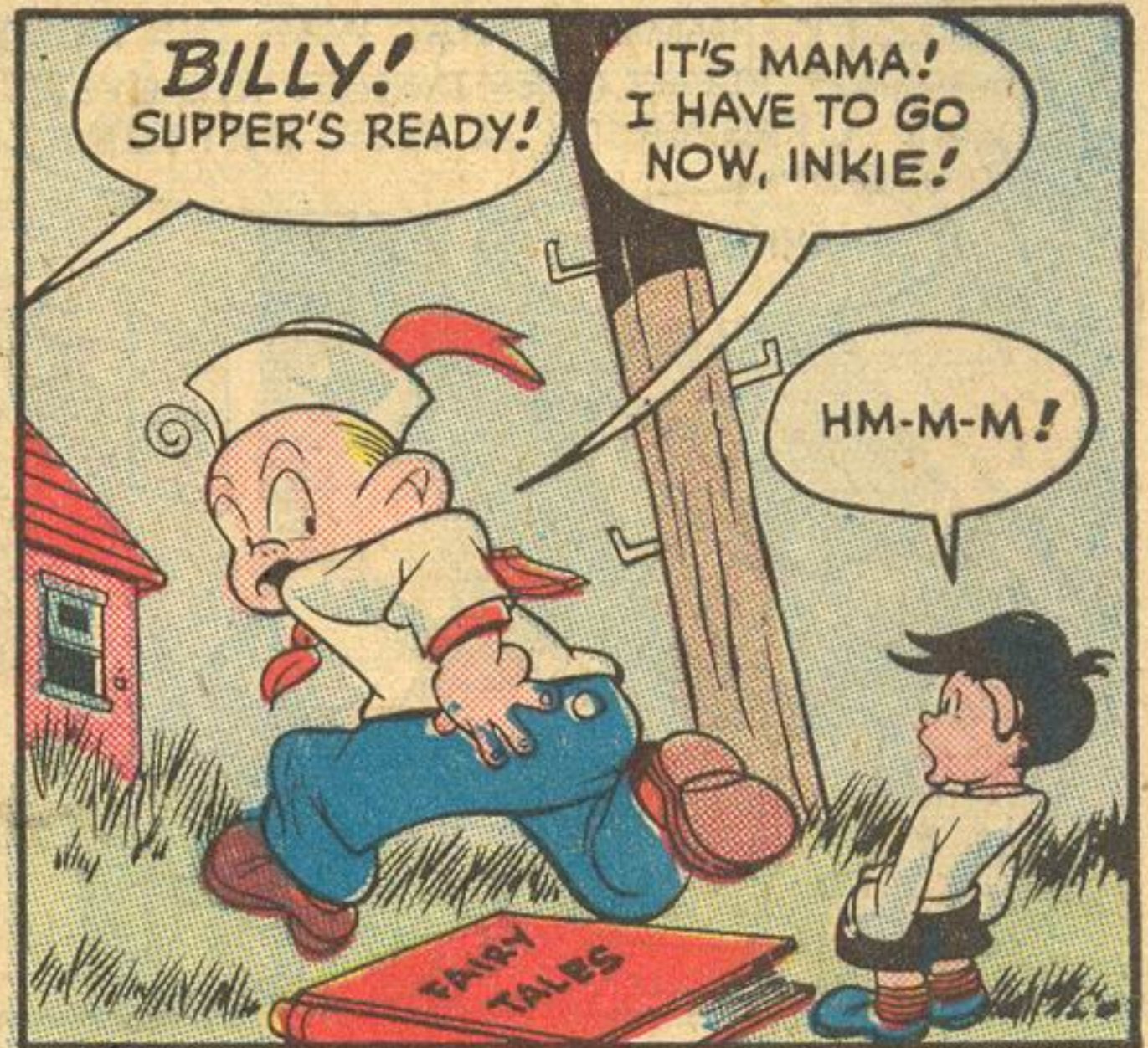
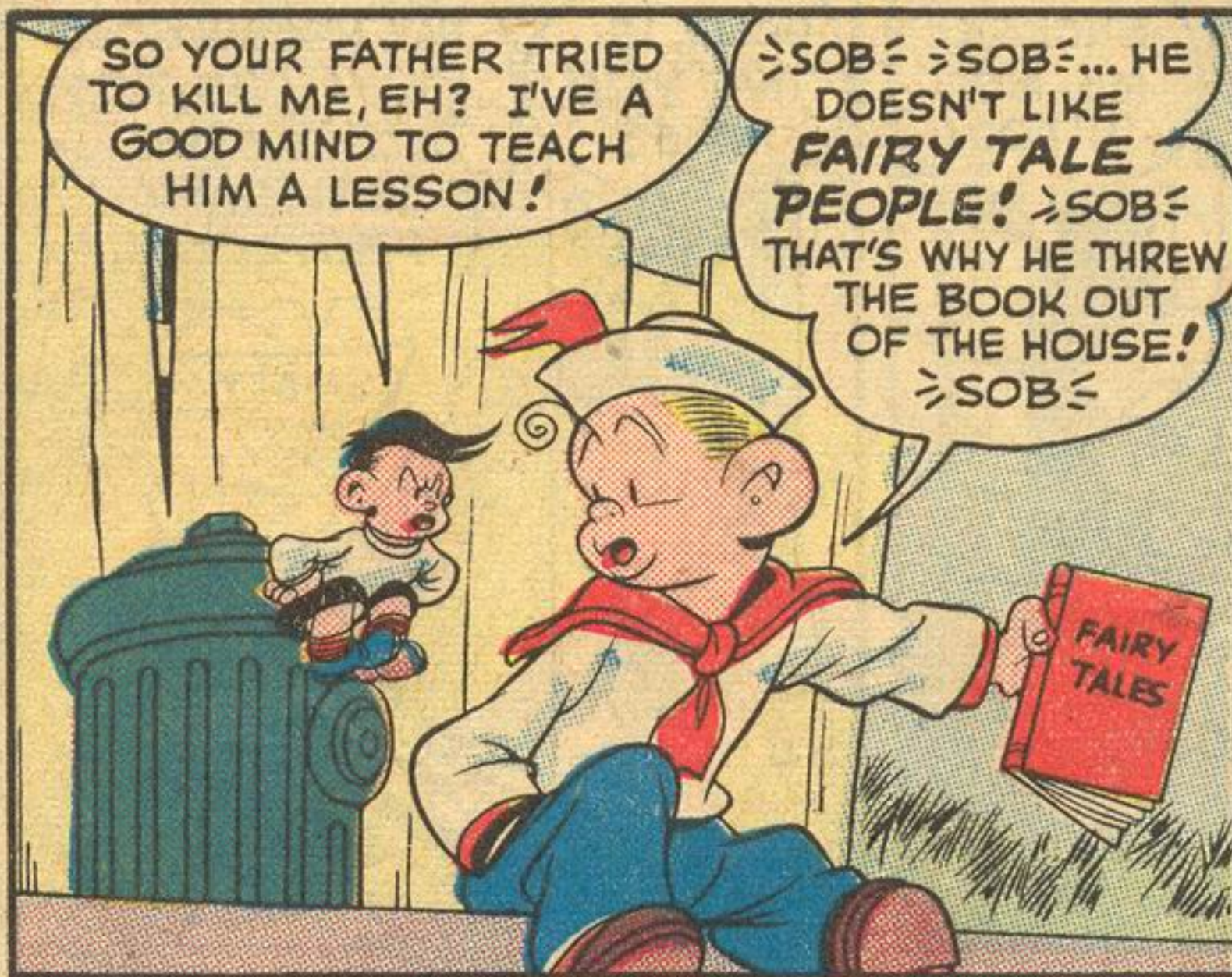
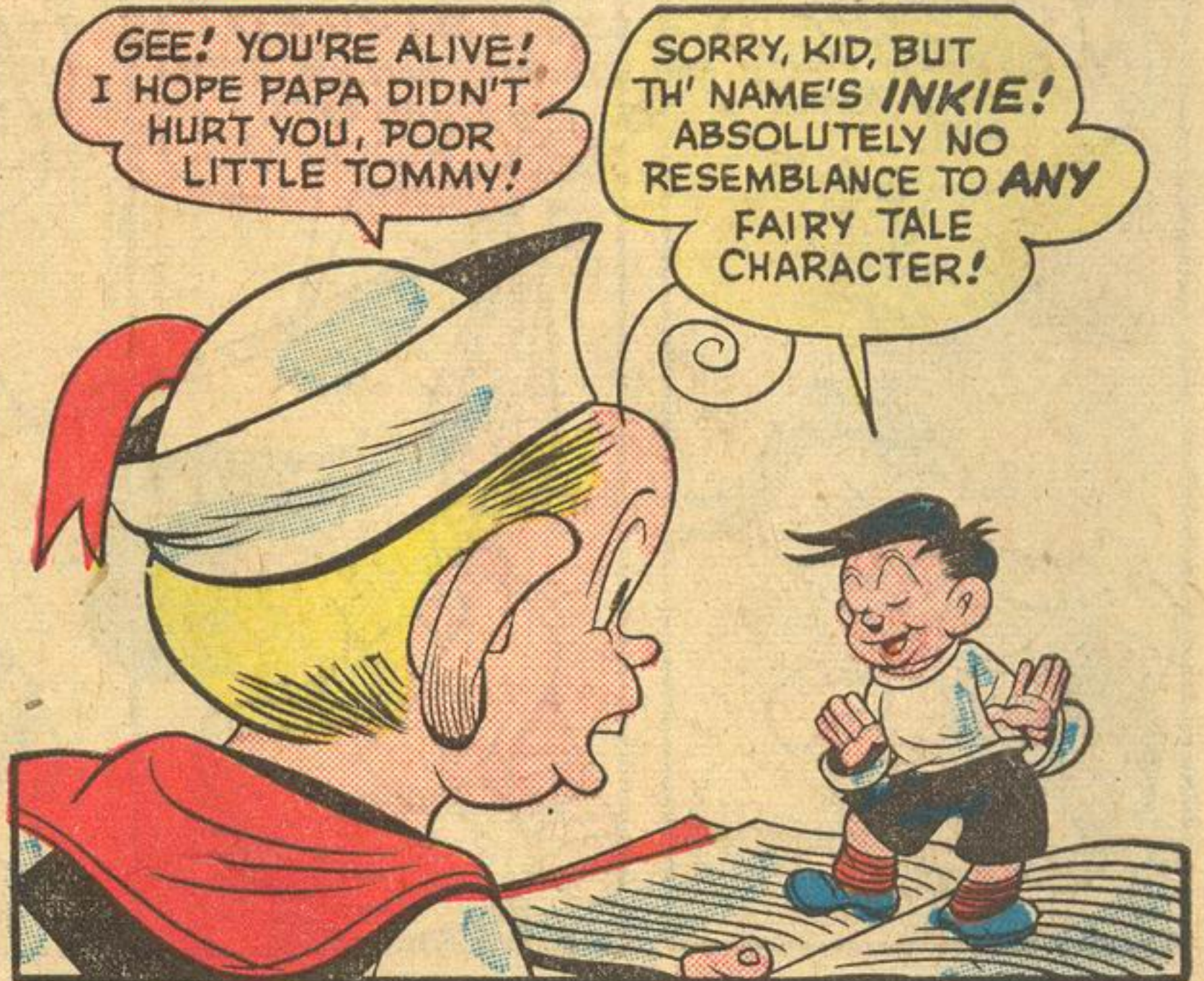
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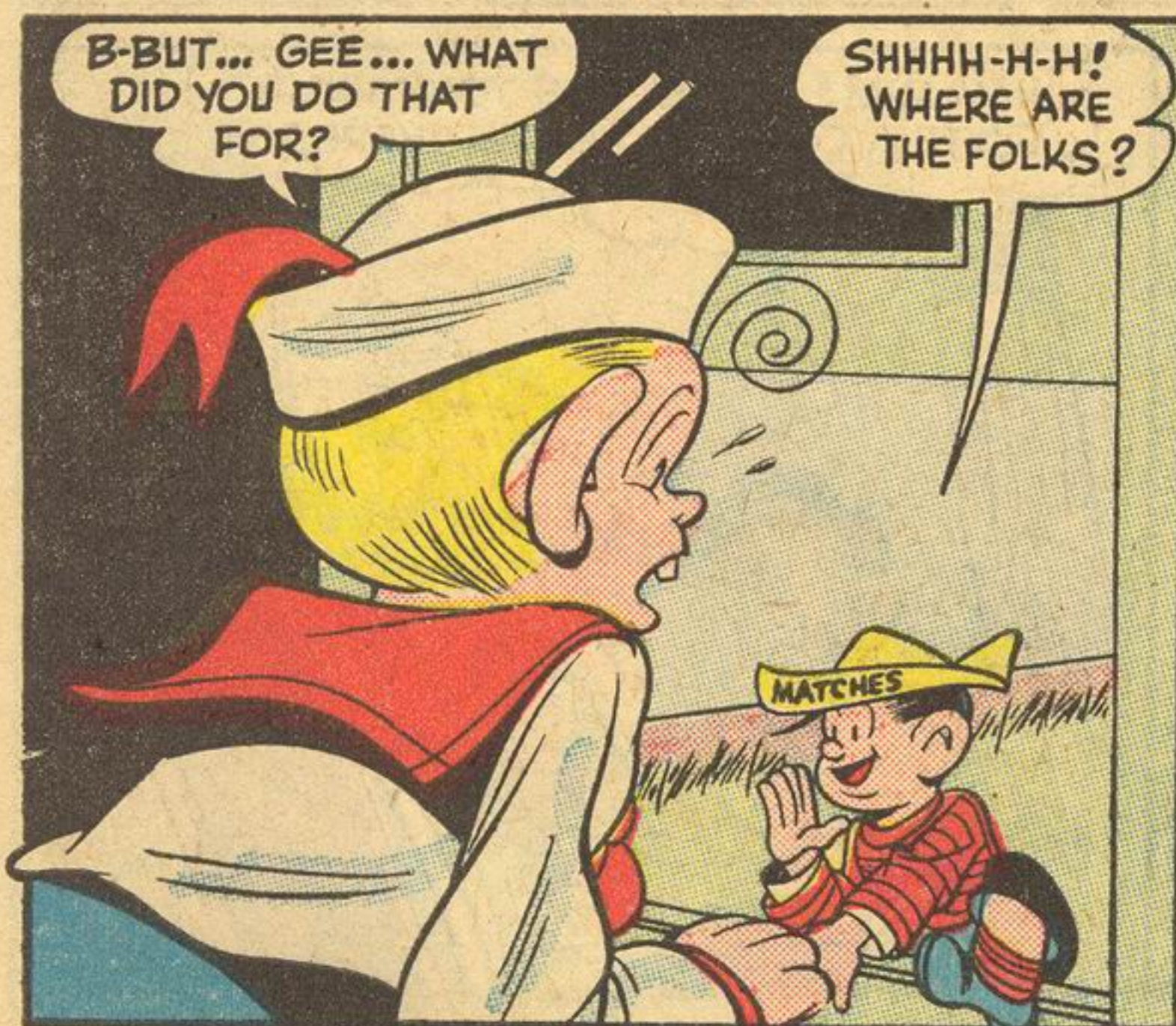
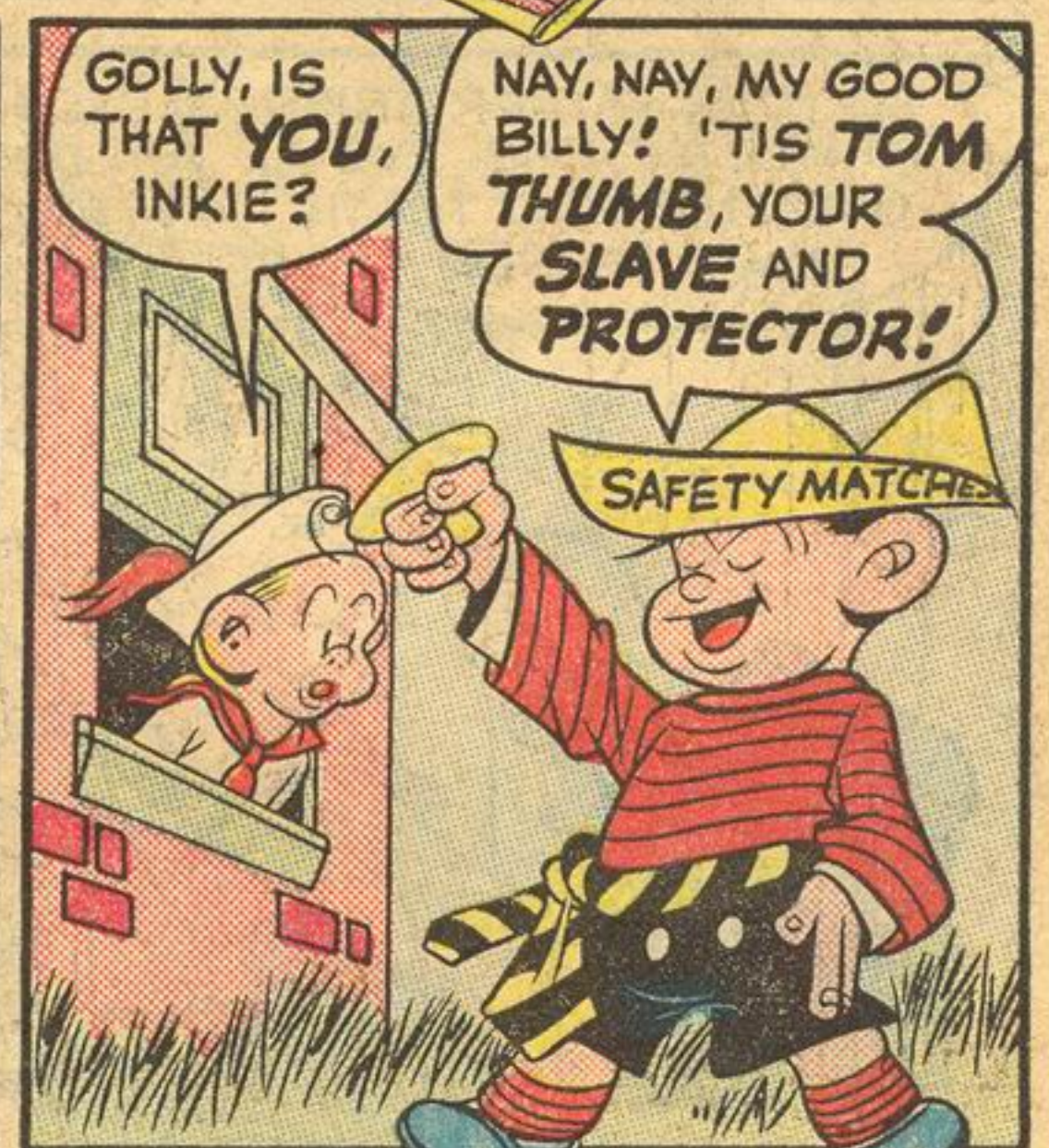
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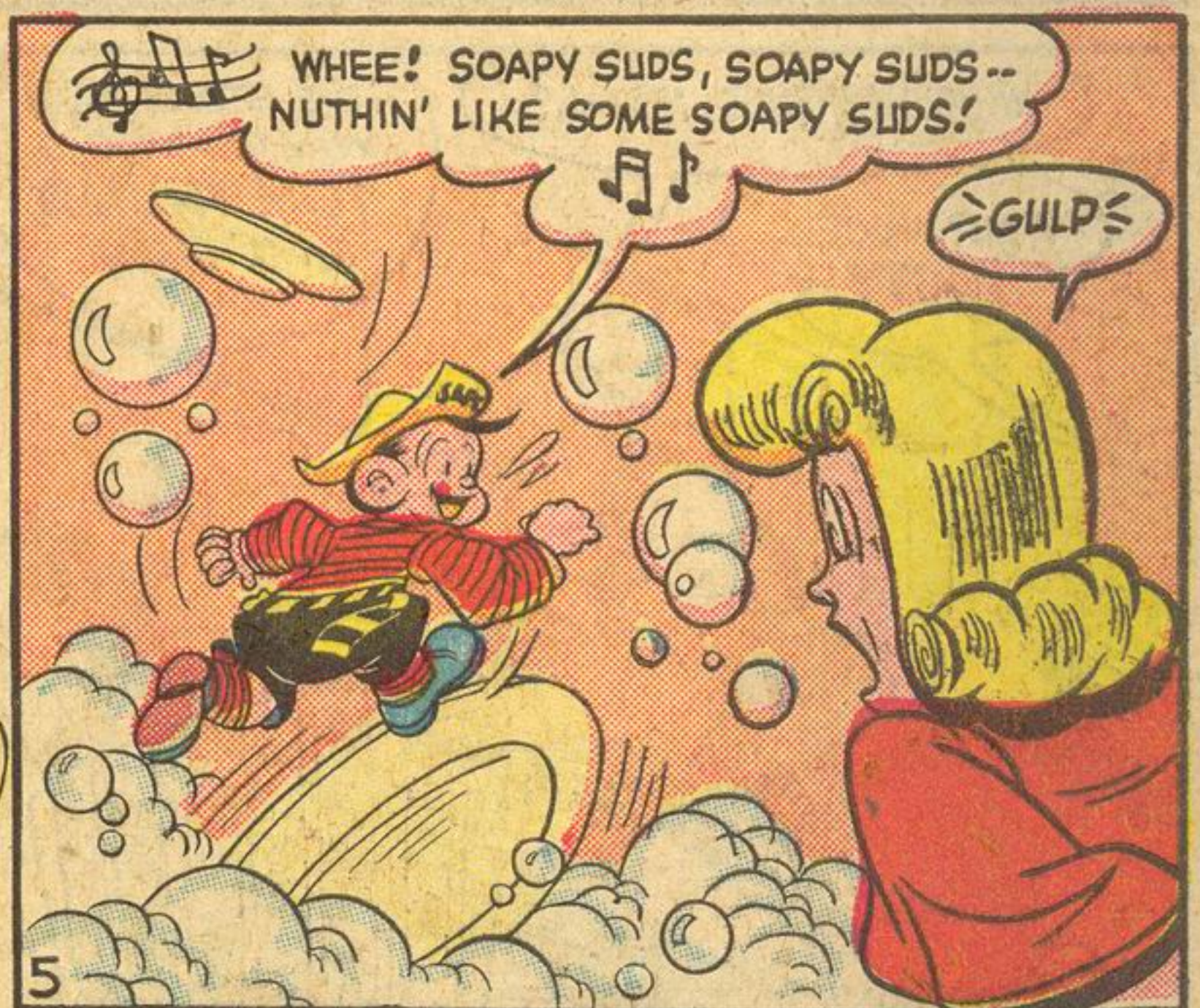
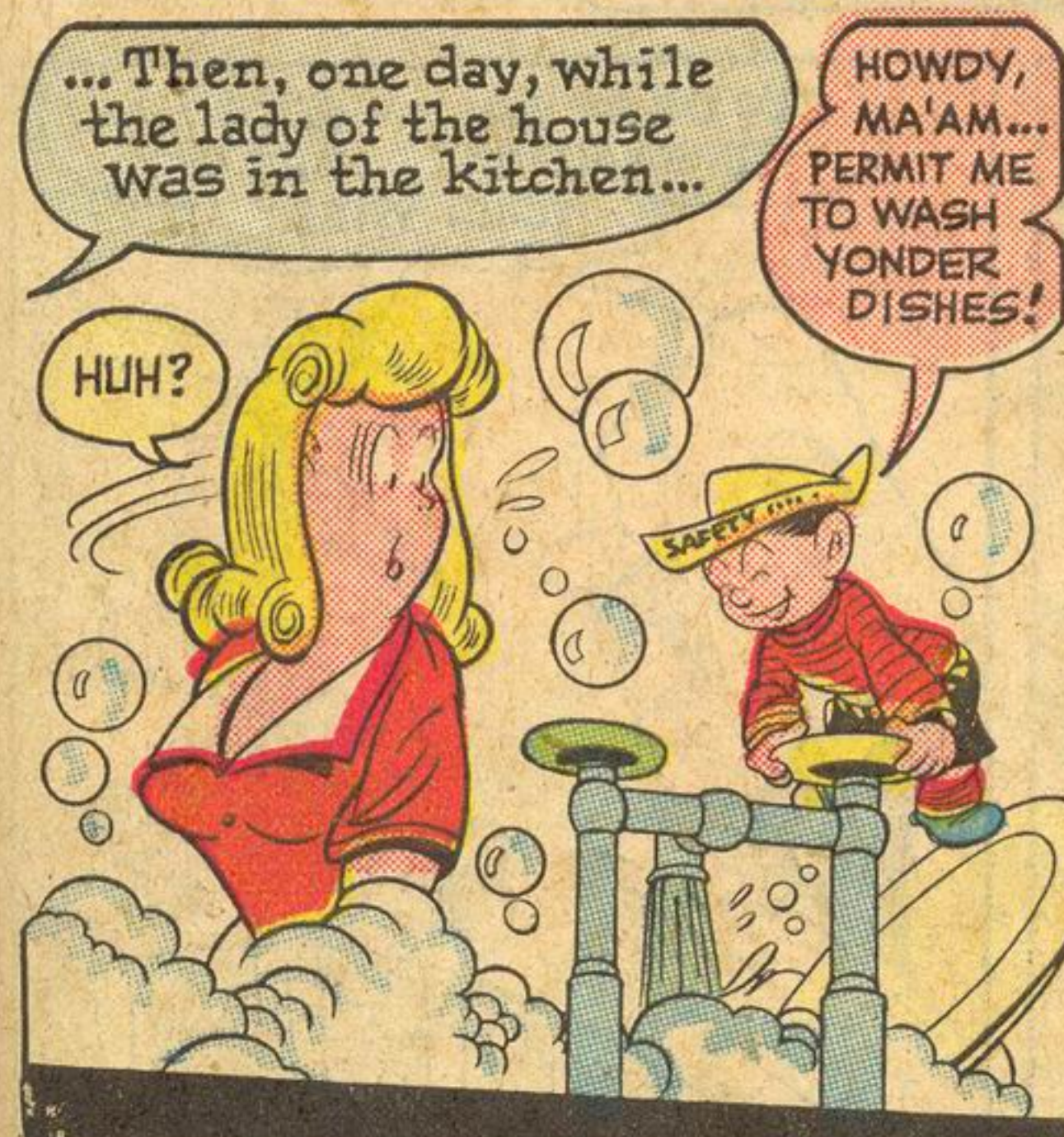
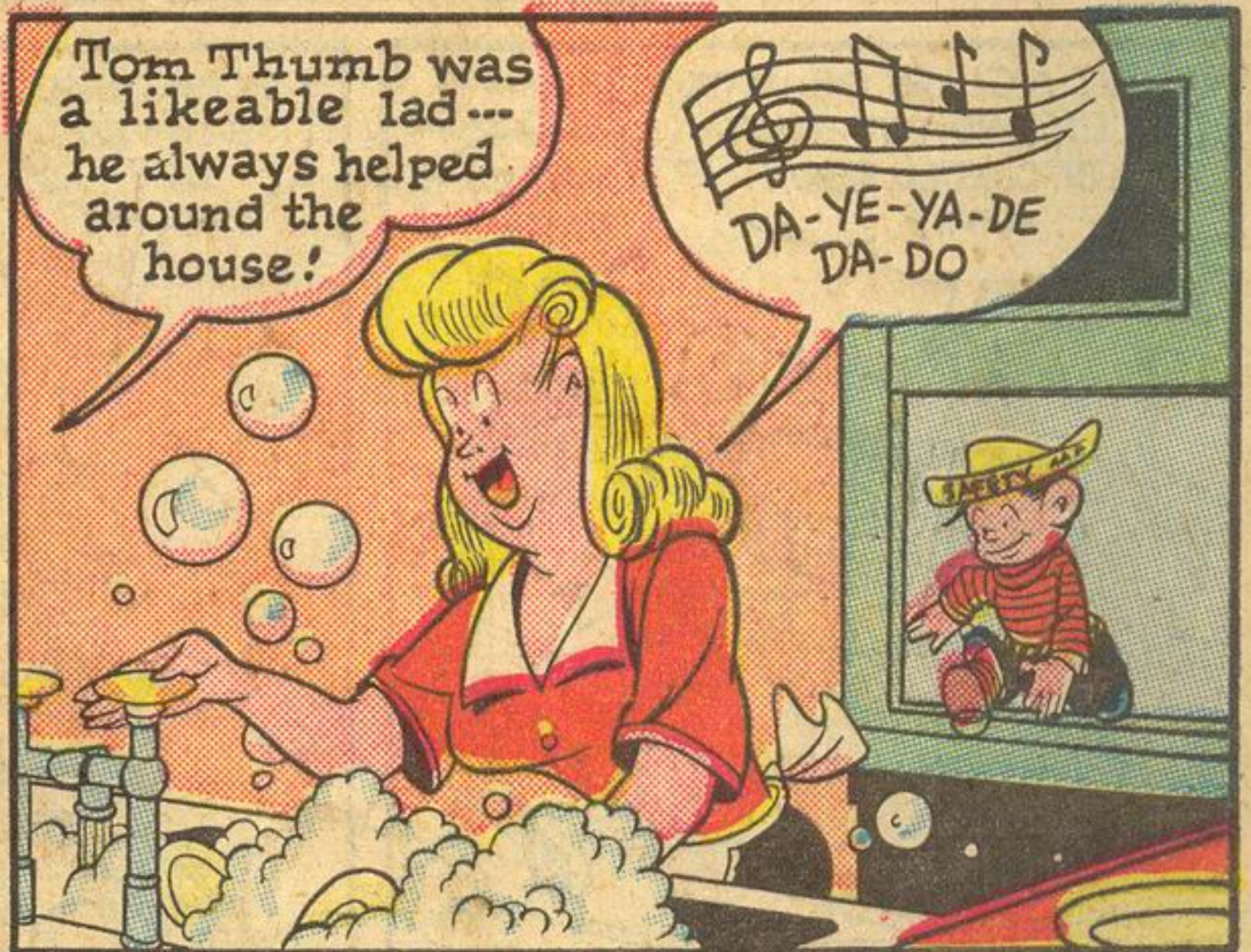
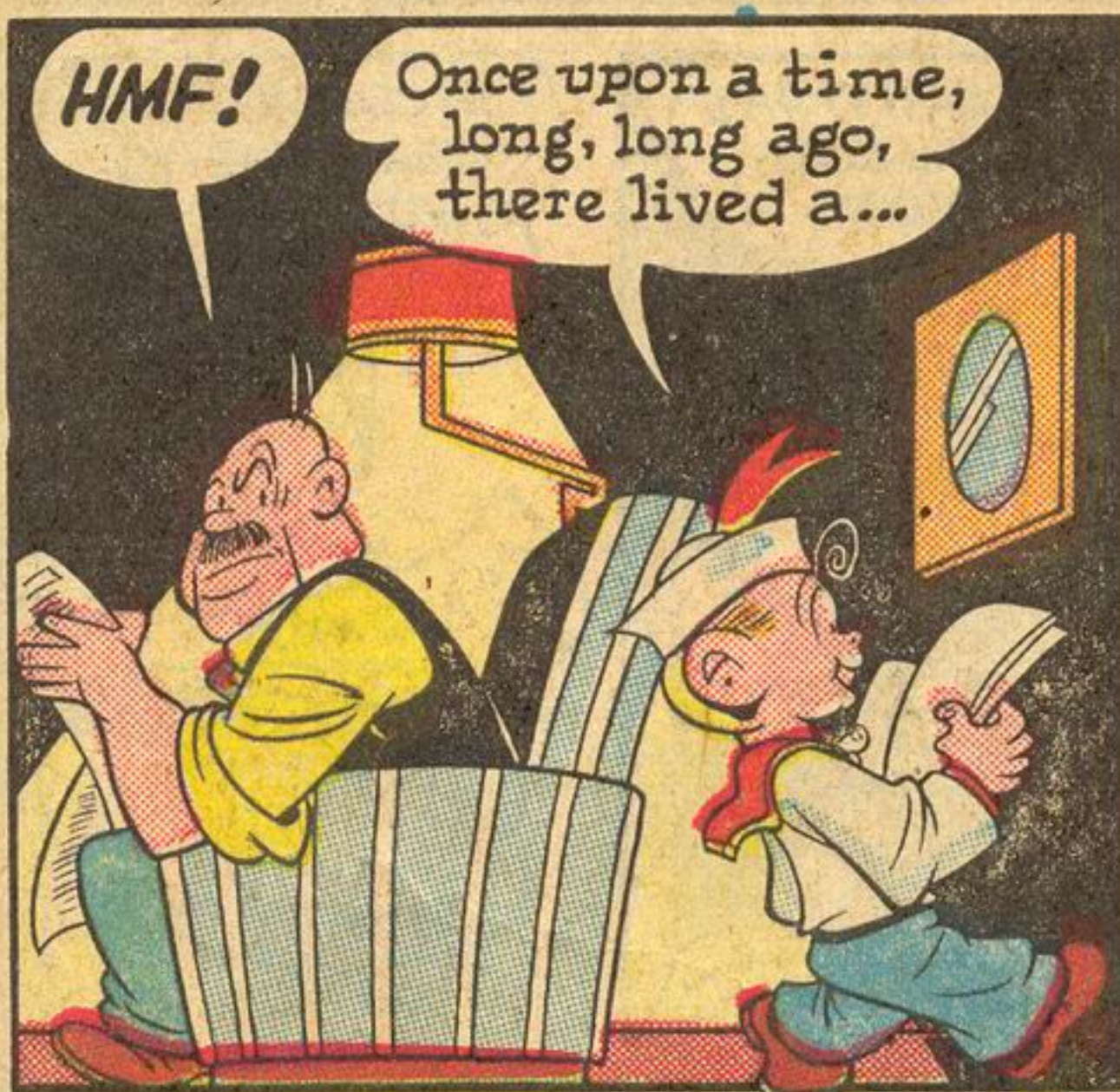
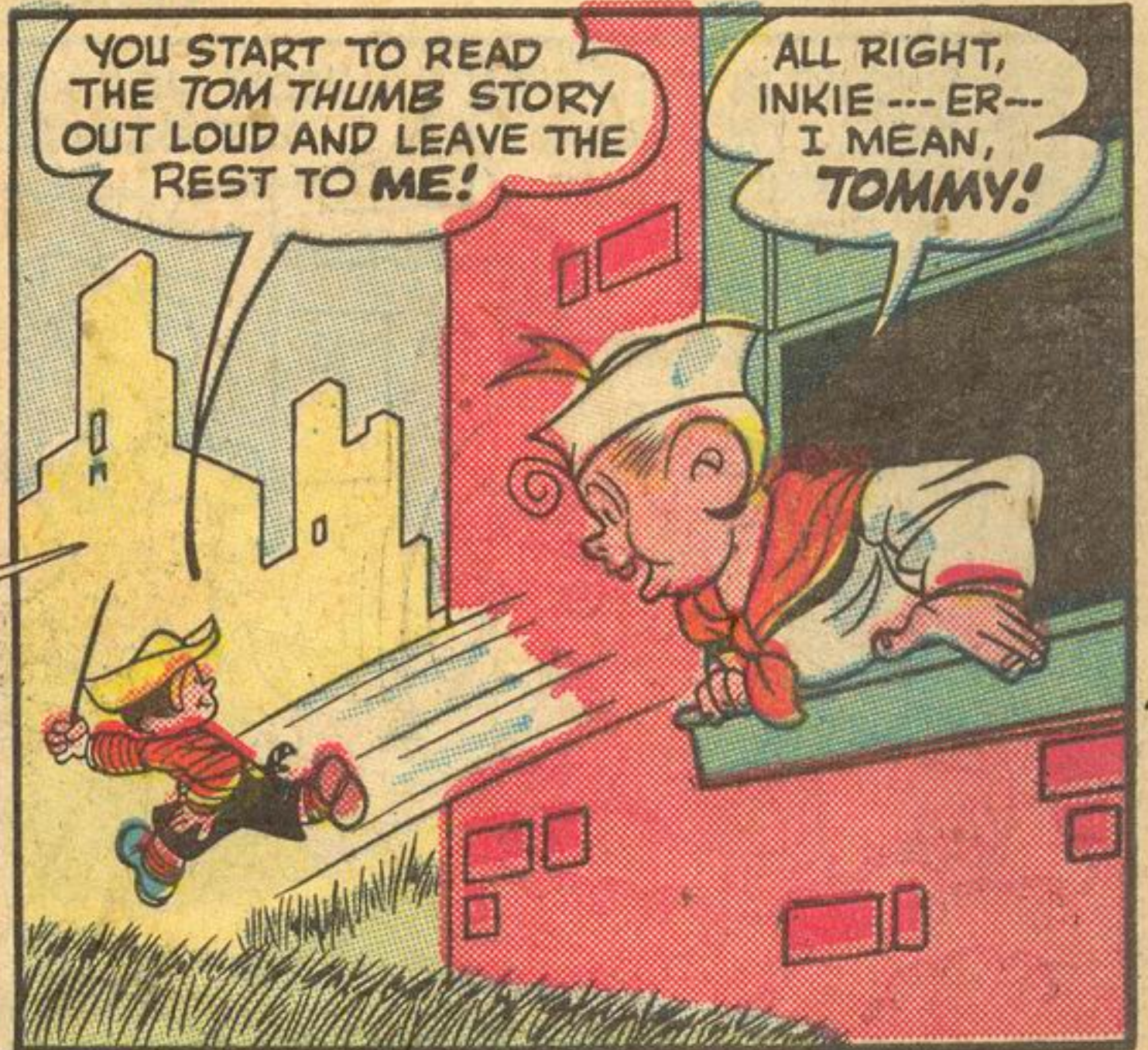
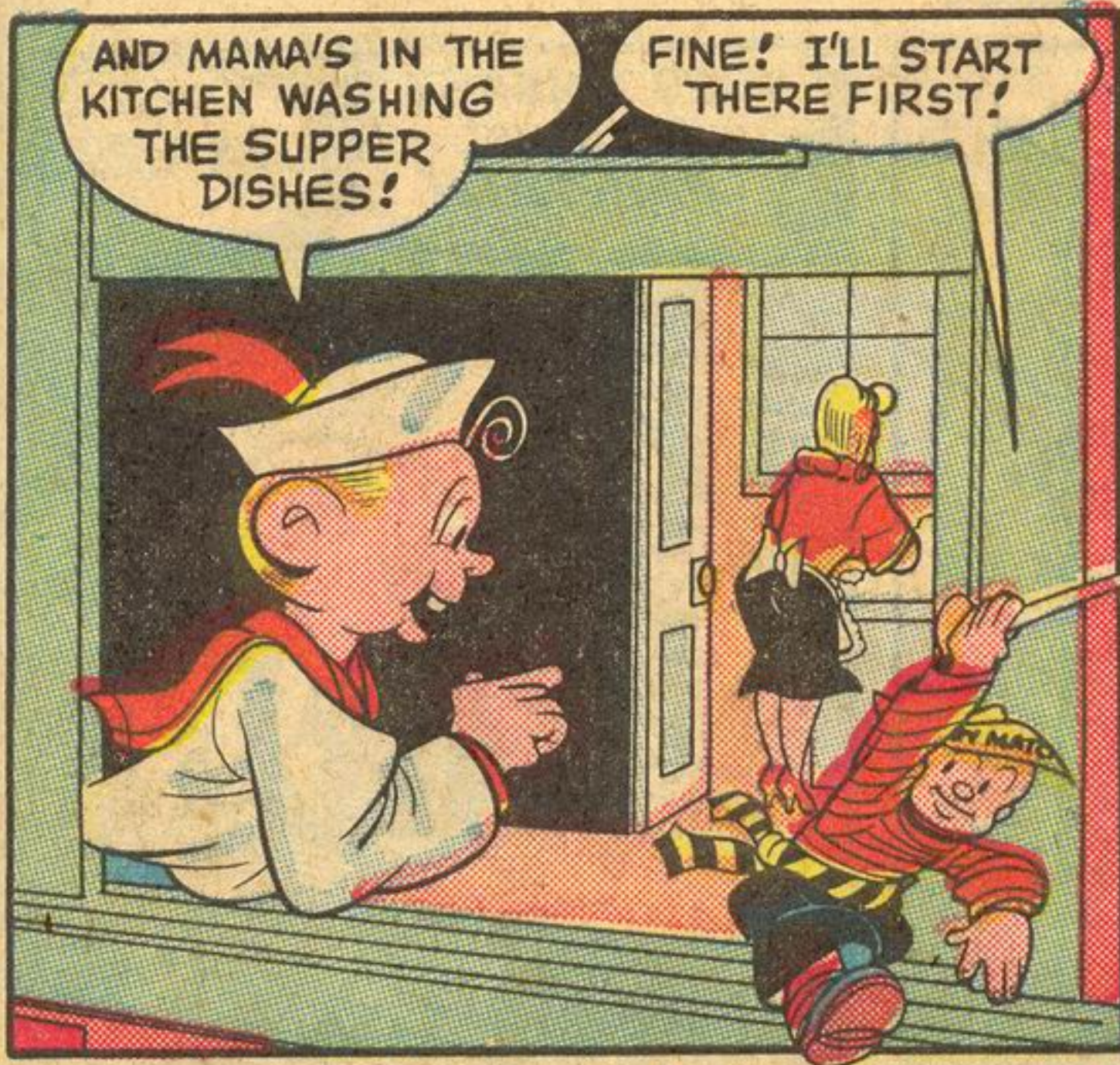


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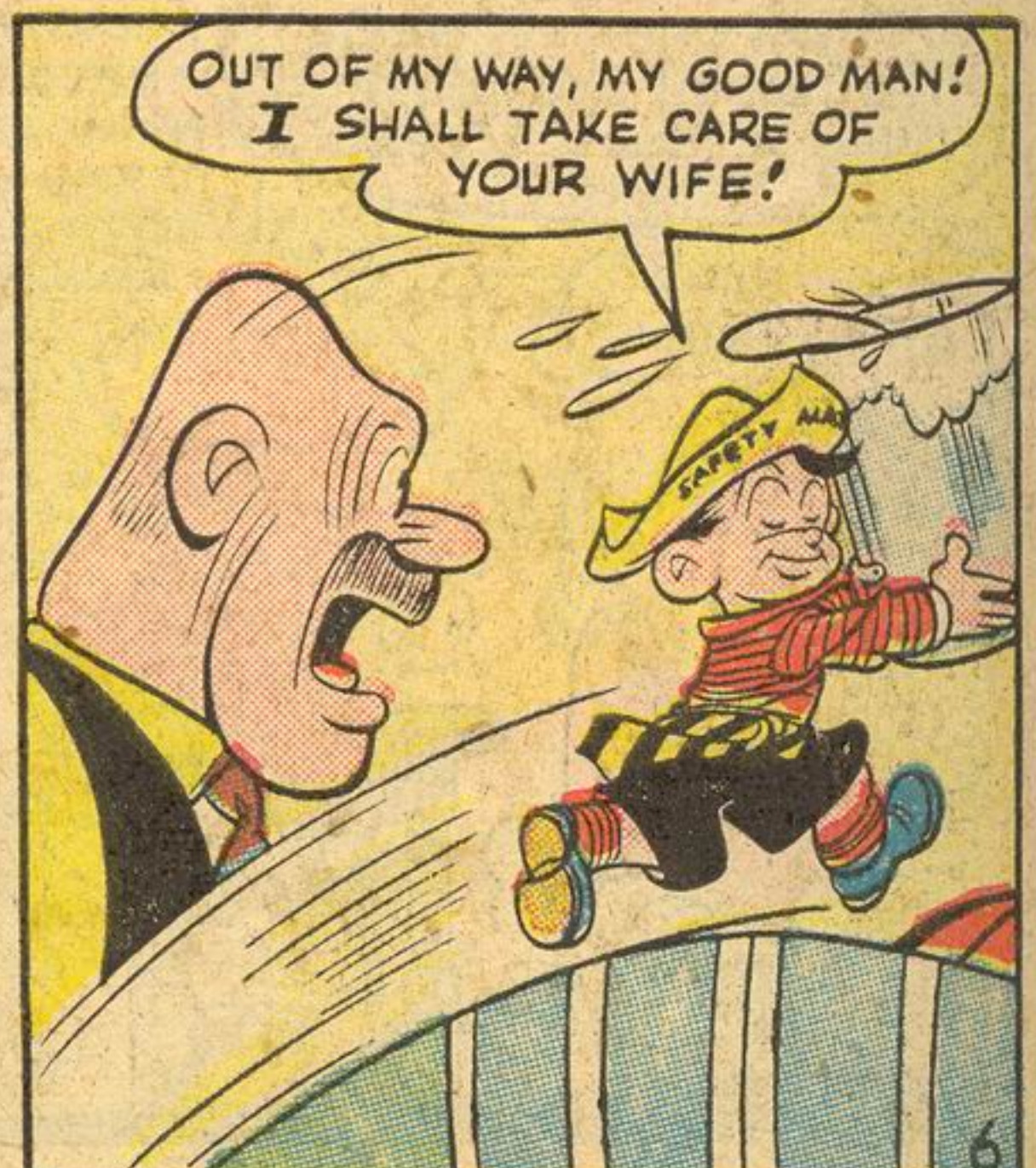
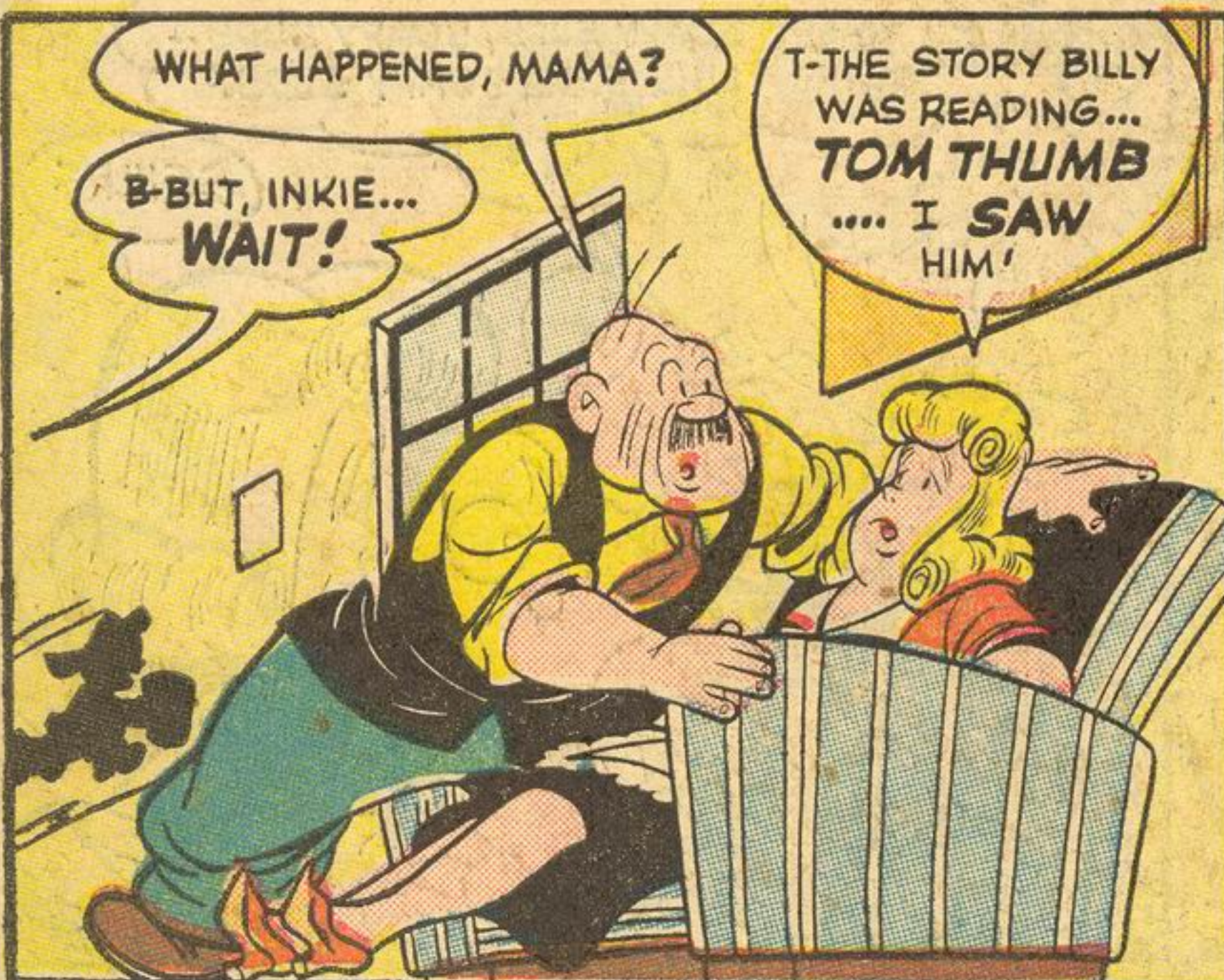
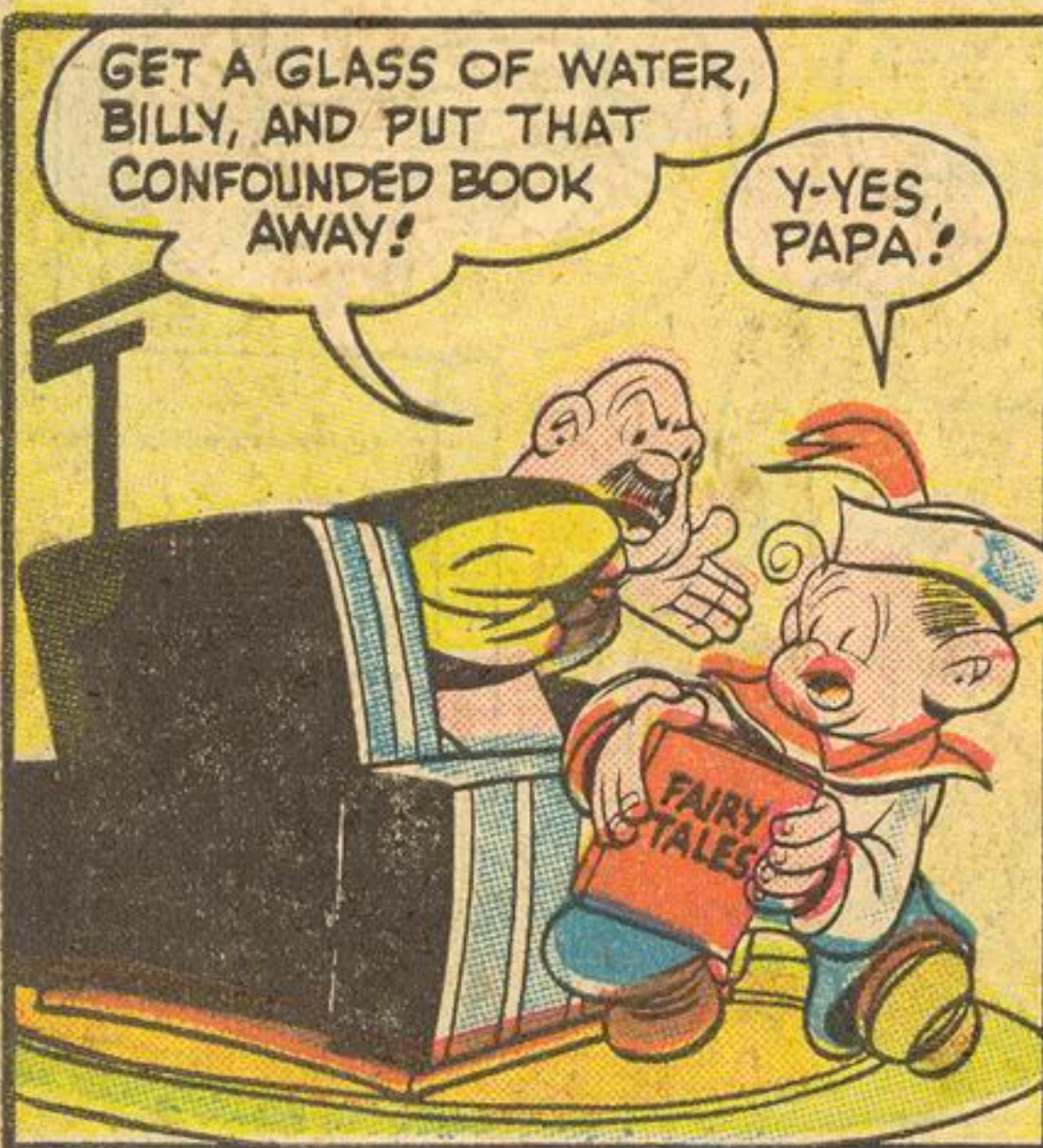
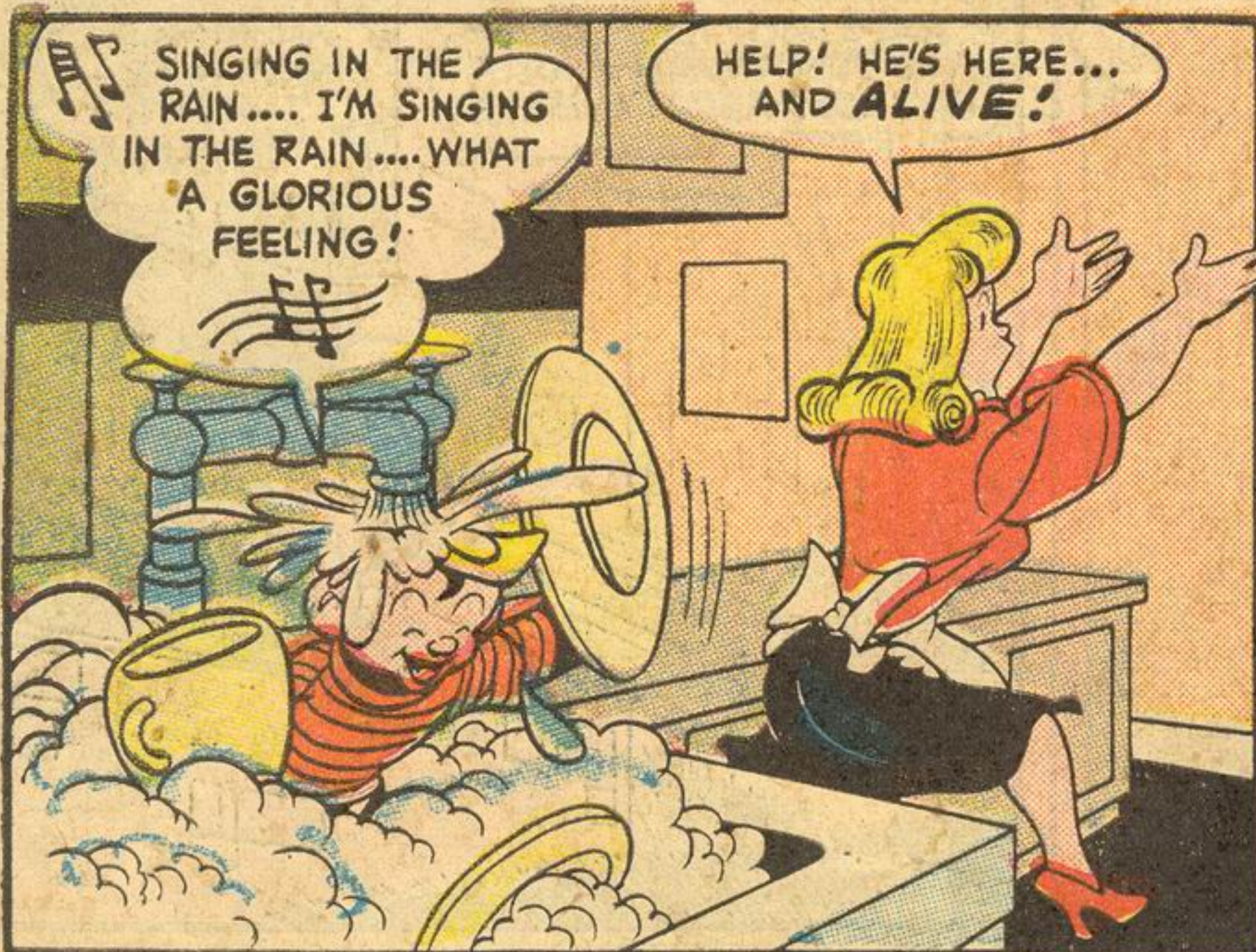


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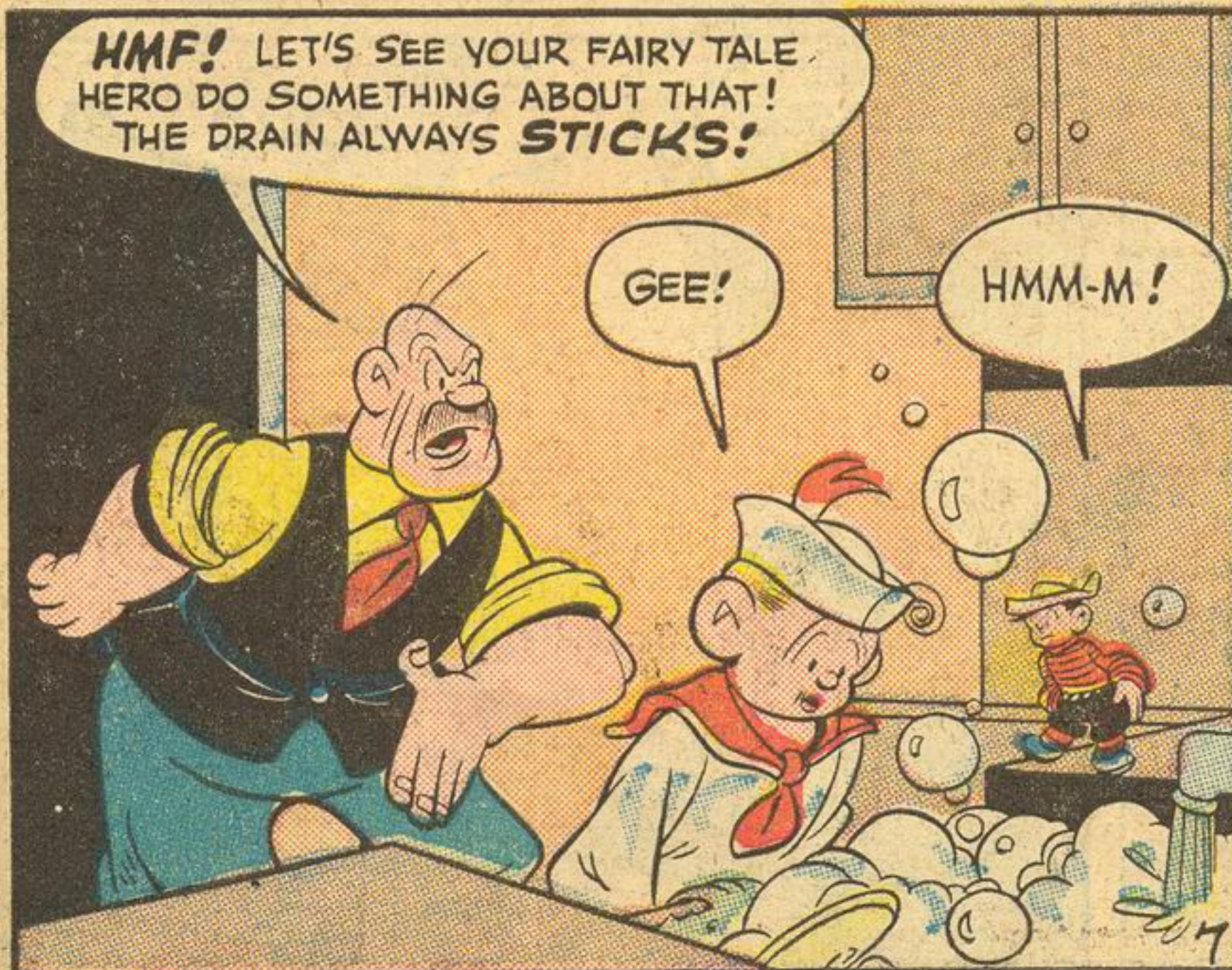
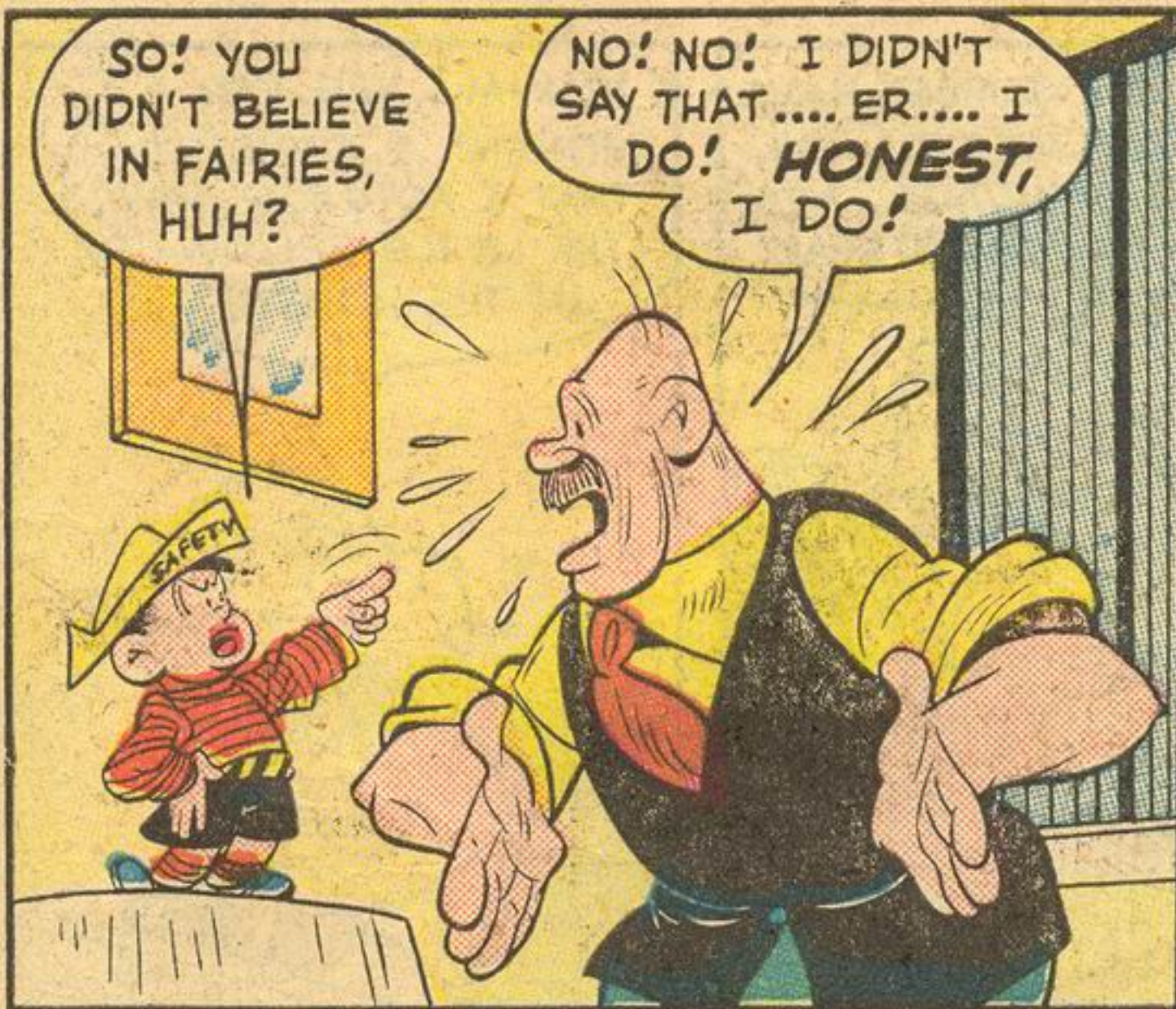
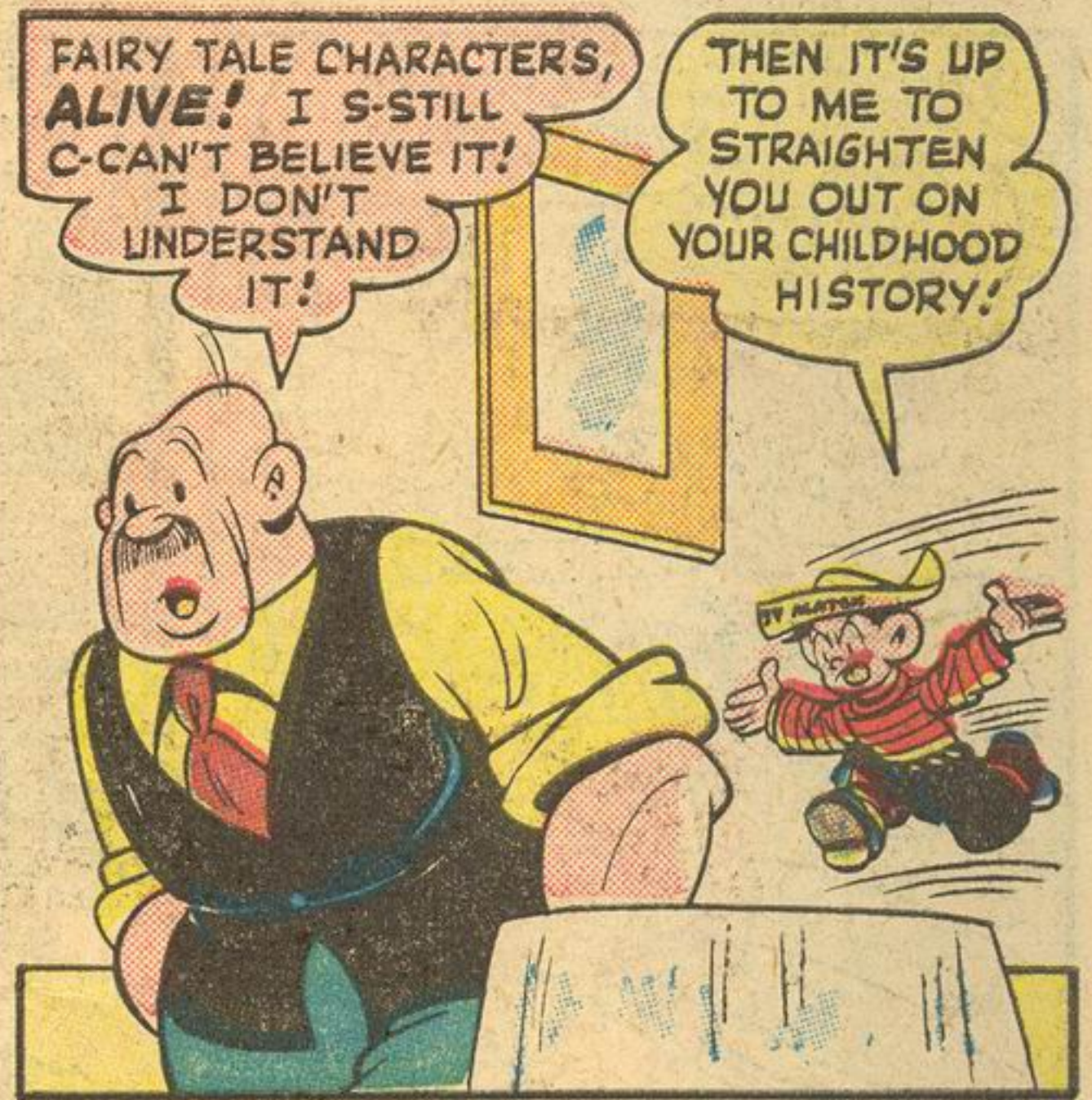
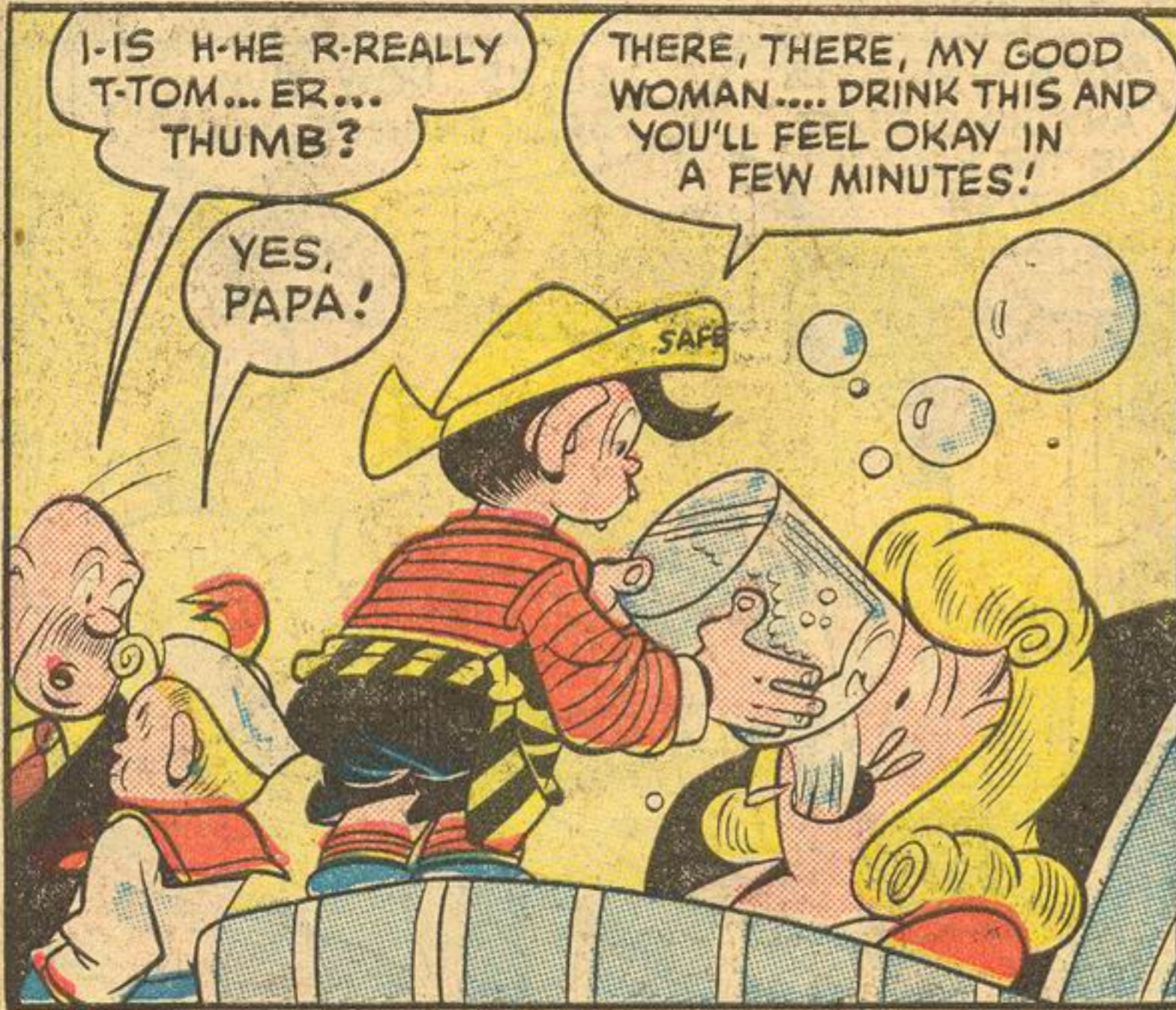




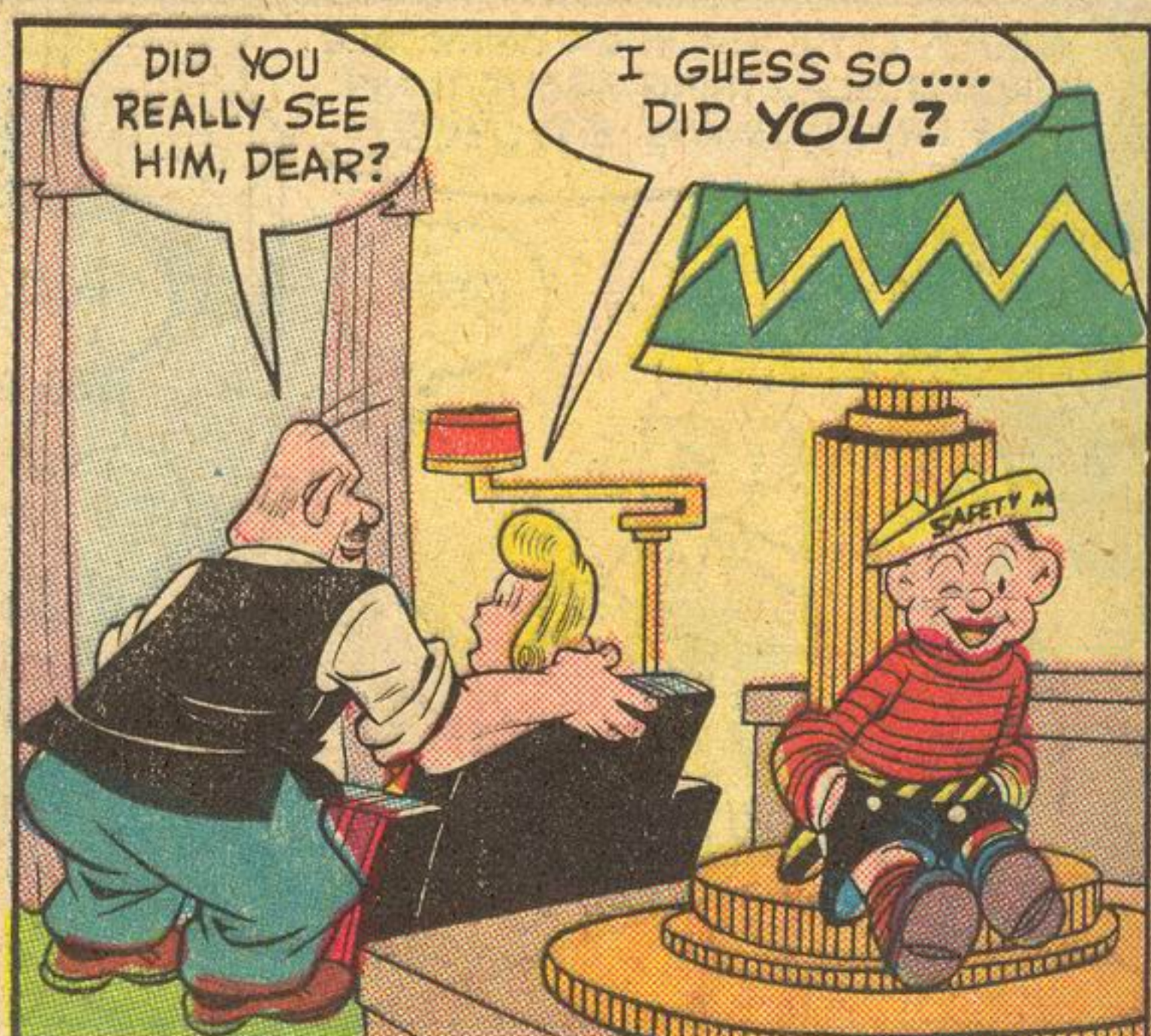
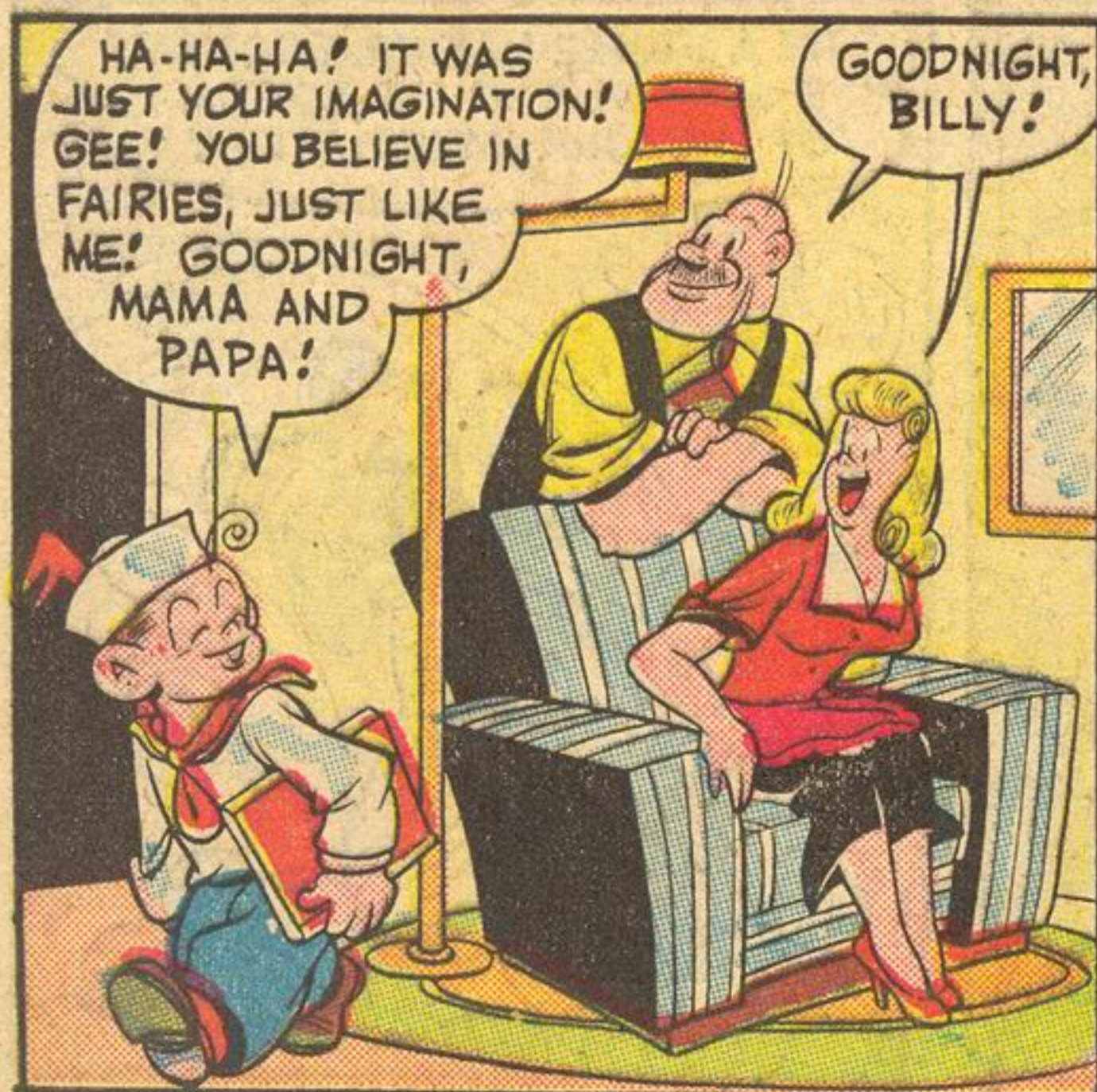
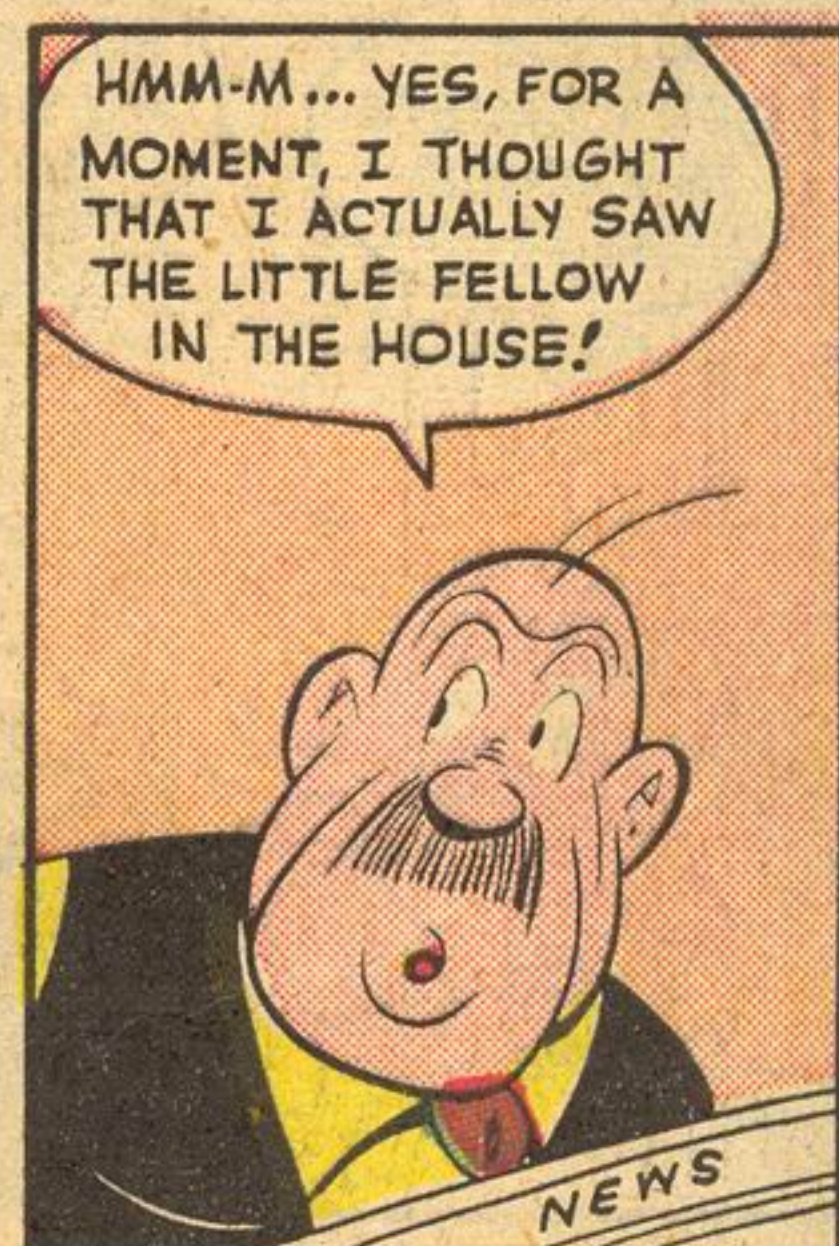
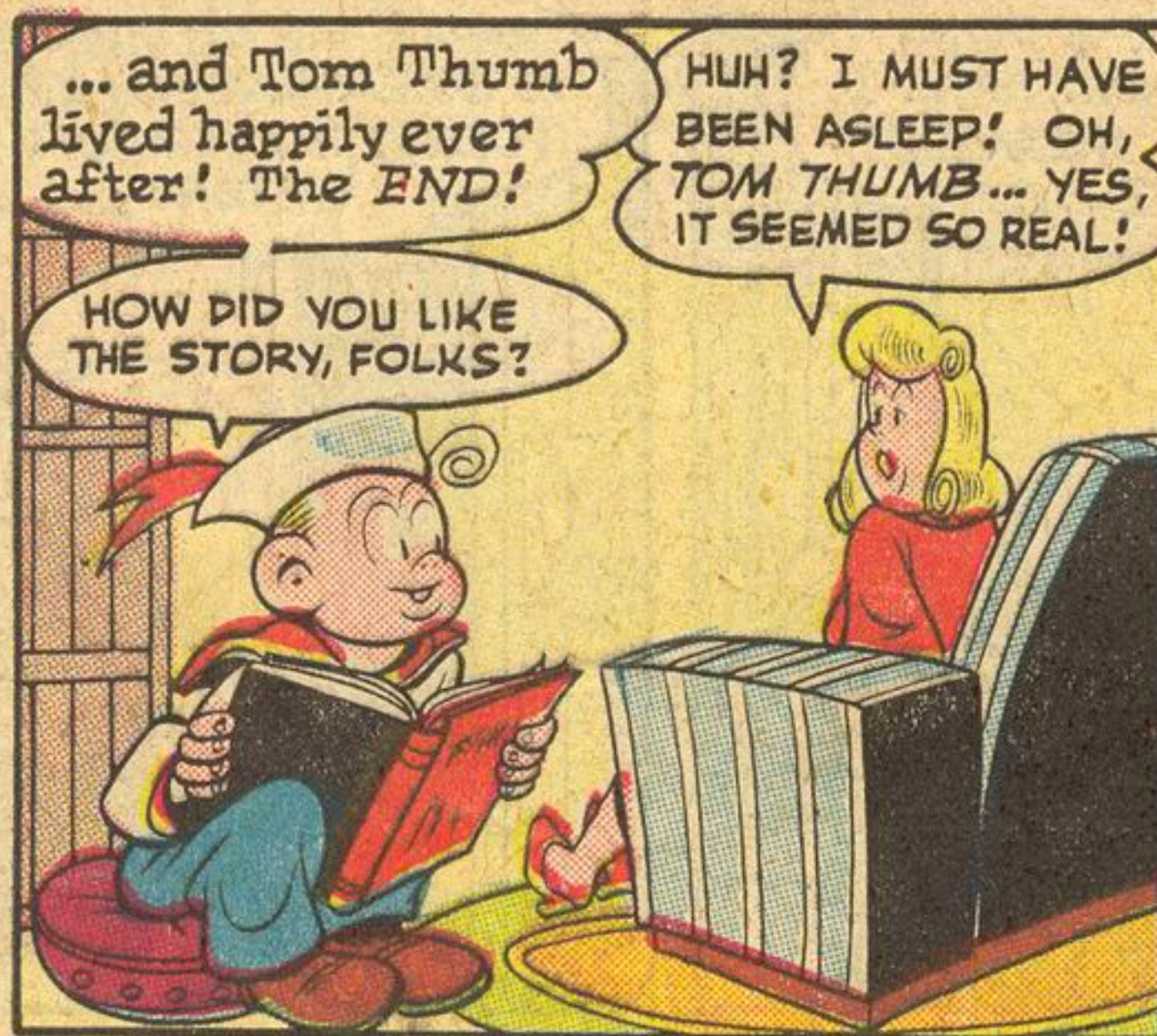
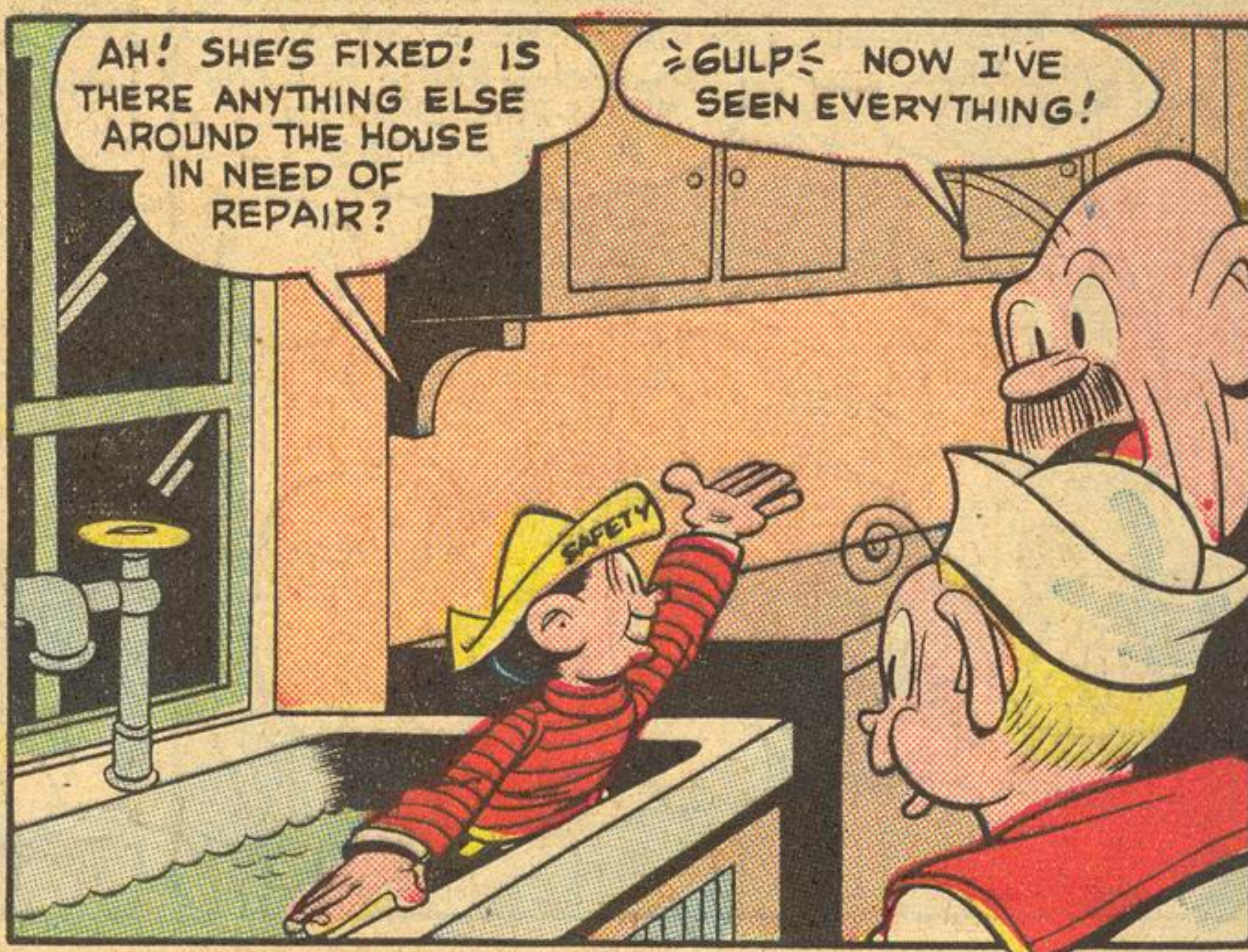
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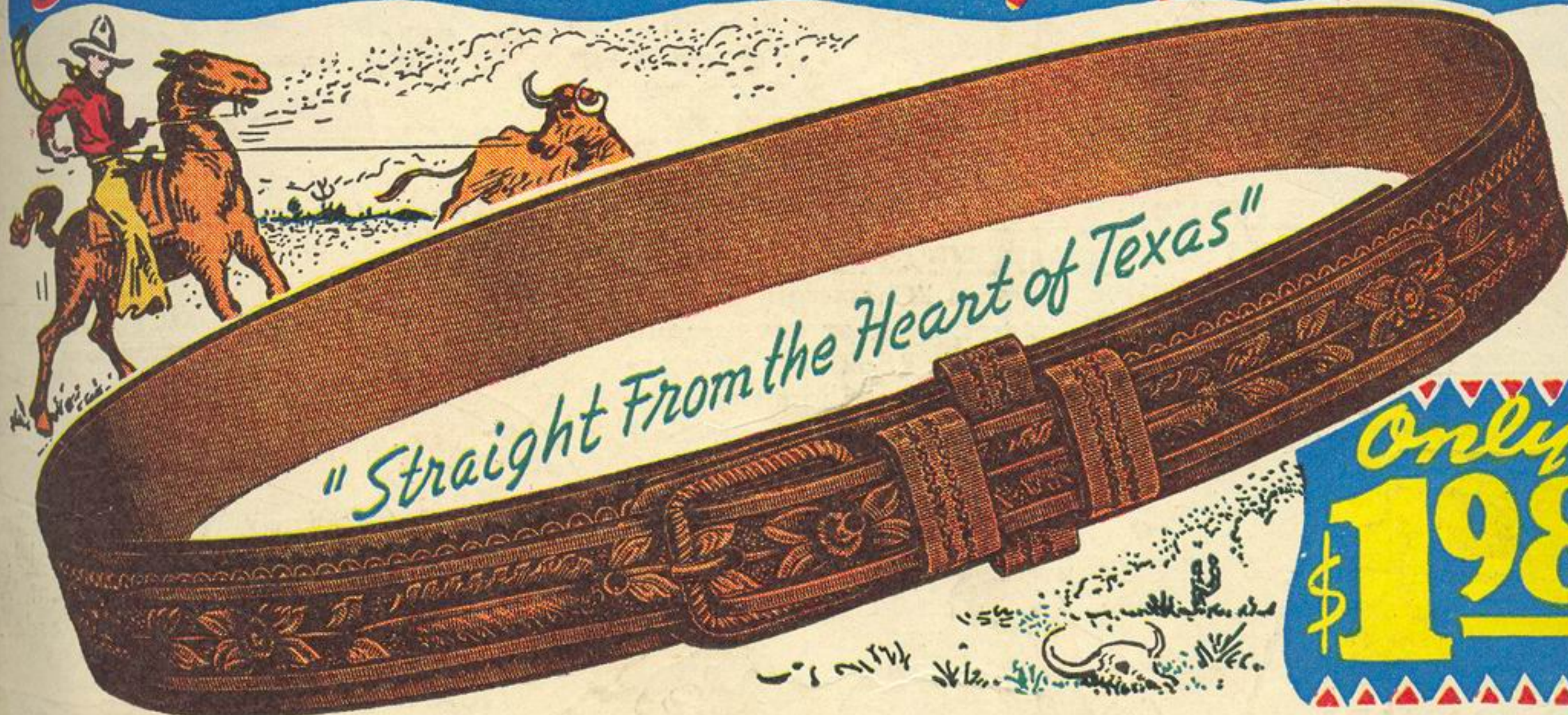
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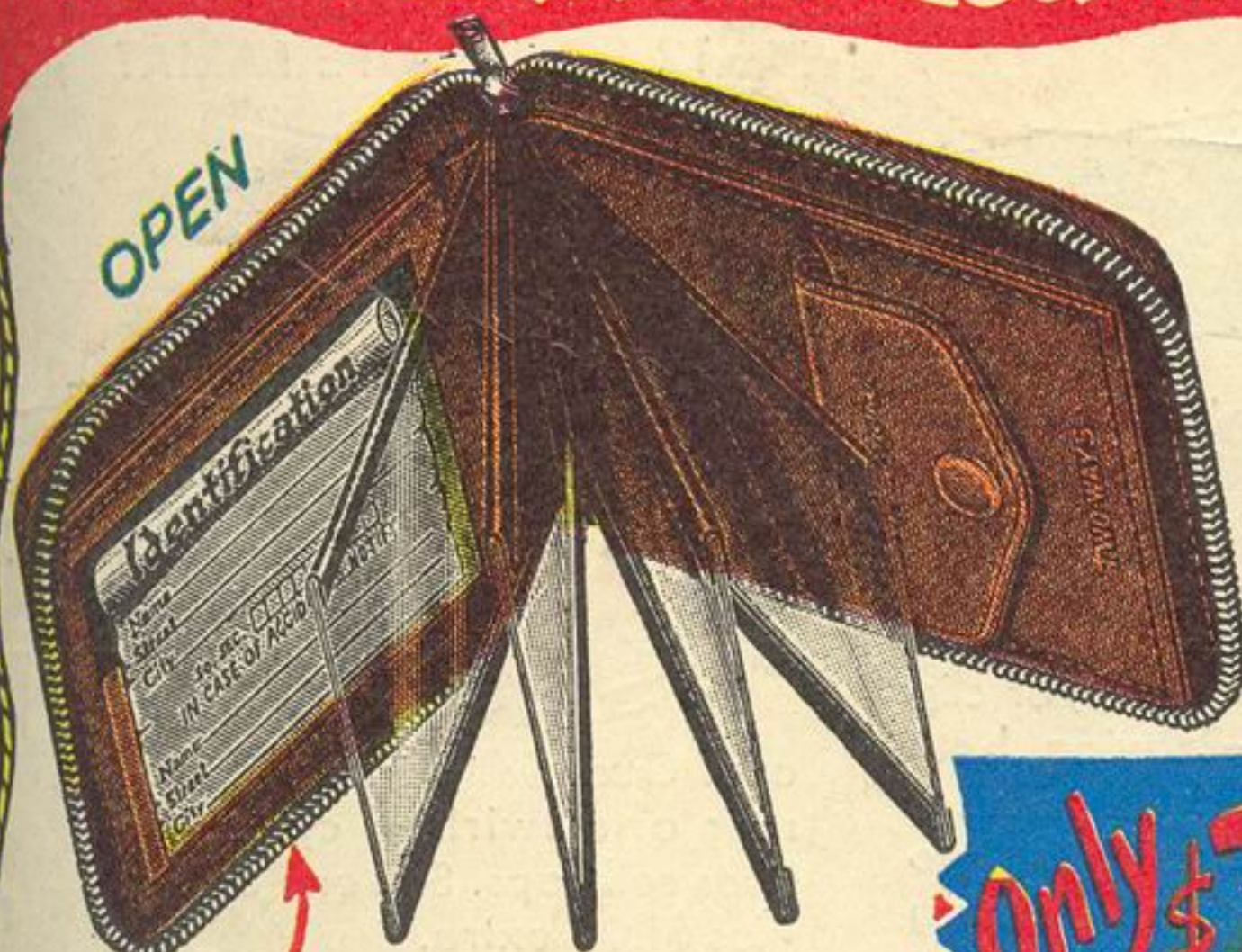
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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.

LEATHER WALLETS GIVEN



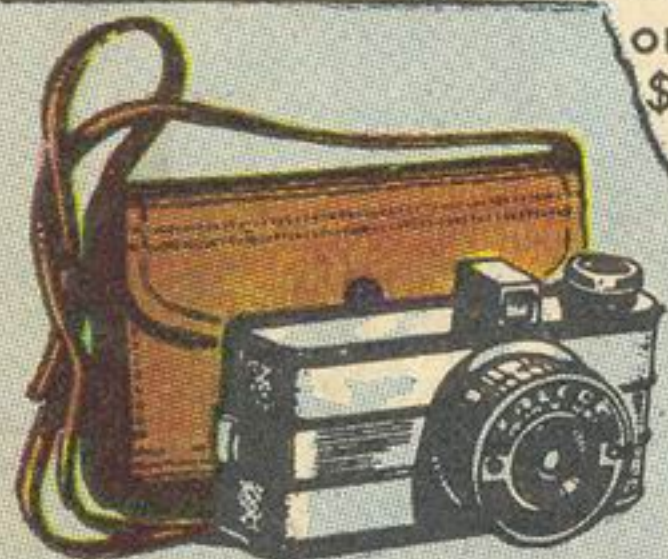
American Lady Wallet for Girls. Initials in gold. Also secret Compartment Wallet for Boys. Sell one order.



TOUCHDOWN!
OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL
Sell one order. QUANTITY LIMITED.



A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE, with Leather Sheath.
Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.



FALCON CAMERA
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



PEN & PENCIL SET

A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



STURDY AXE, with Leather Sheath.
Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order.

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Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



Roy Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

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BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 Sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

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State _____

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POOL TABLE
ALARM CLOCK
POCKET WATCH
ARCHERY SET

OUR 28th YEAR